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March 22, 1930

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

James B. Connolly
Alan Le May

Dana Burnet
Sax Rohmer
John Erskine

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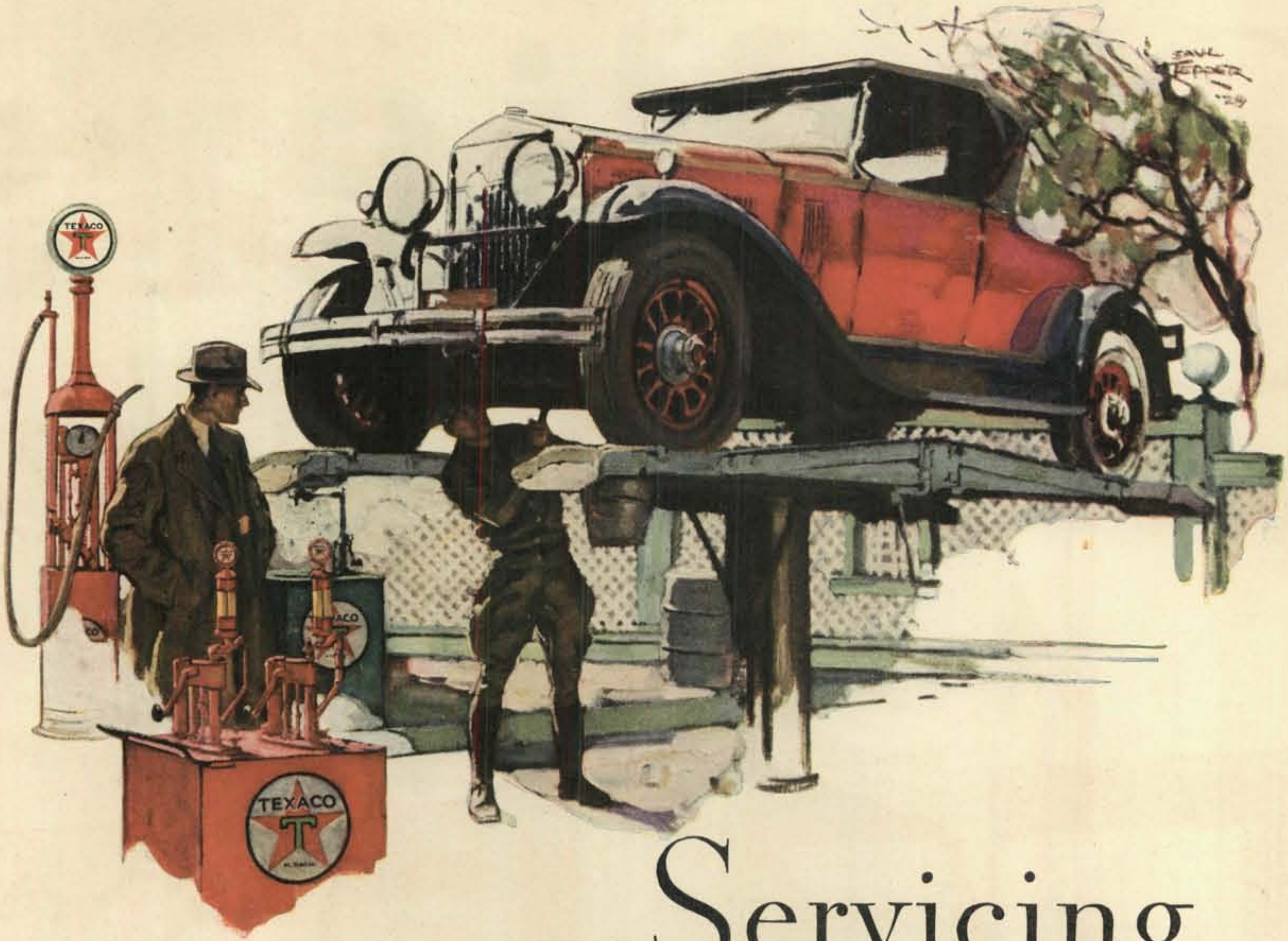
March 22 1930



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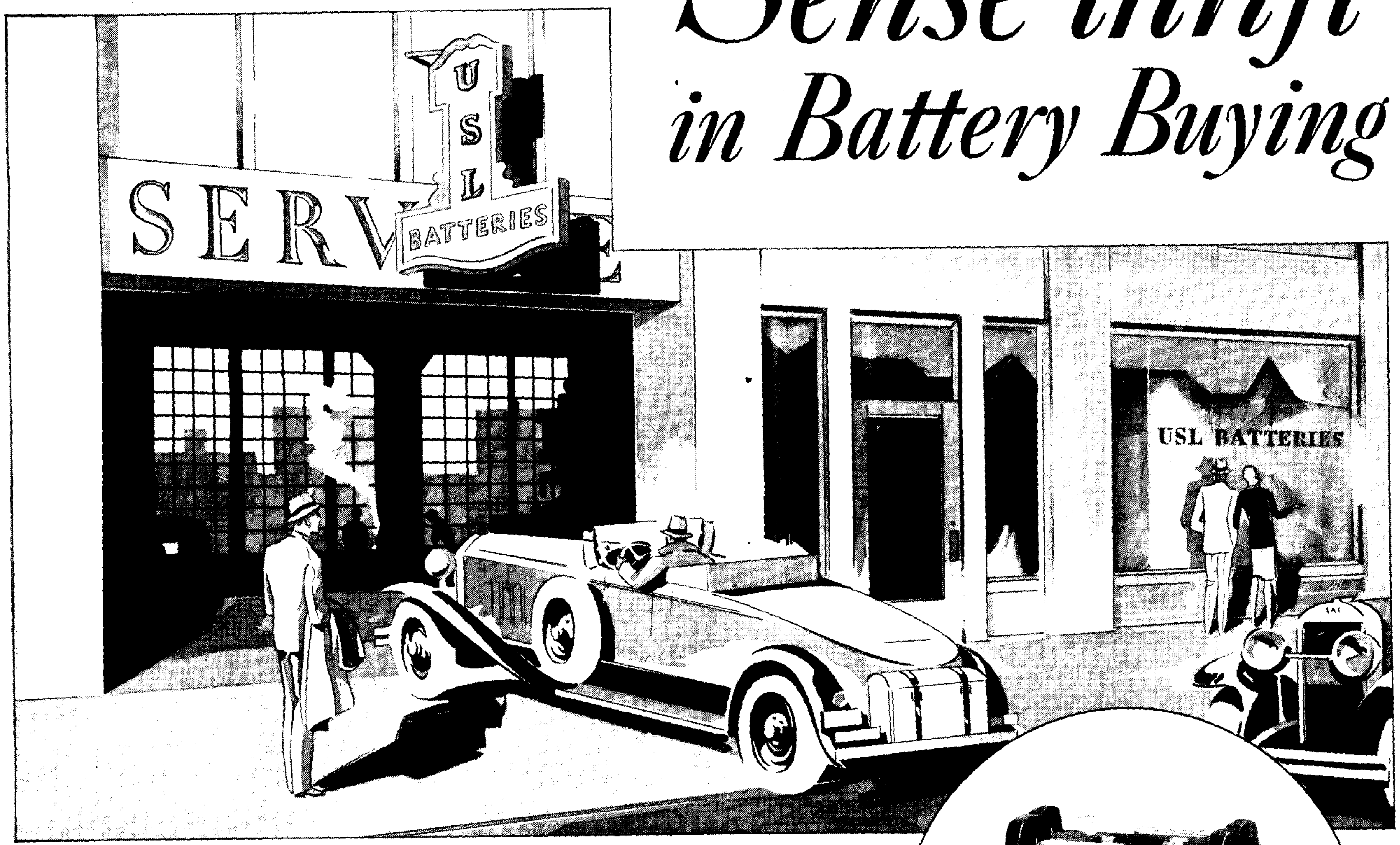

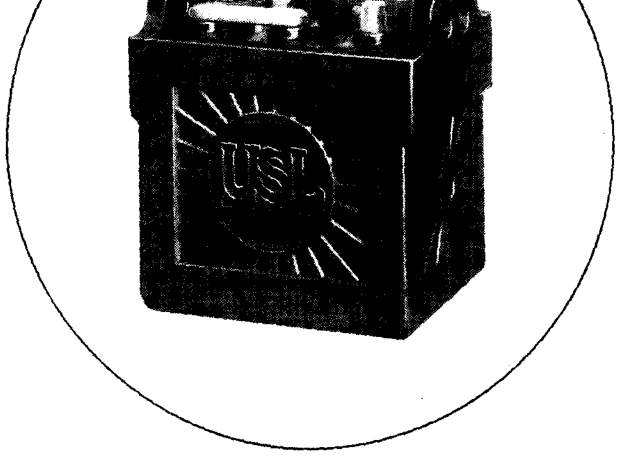

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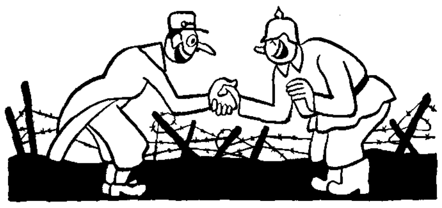
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE, the young German who took the world by the ears with his "All Quiet on the Western Front," contributes a story that will remain long in your memory. He has the gift of clarity and a heart full of compassion—two things which account in no small measure for the tremendous success of his book. You will find both, too, in "The Enemy," a poignantly told episode of the war. If you are an accomplished raconteur (and who isn't?) you will add the story to your repertoire although we warn you now that millions will read it and you are likely to be interrupted by someone who thinks he can tell it better than you.

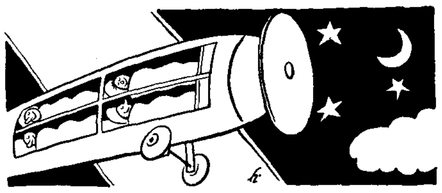
Mr. Remarque's work will appear frequently in Collier's this year.



"OH, WHAT a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive"—a momentary lapse into the highly moral poetry of our childhood, for which we blame May Edginton's new serial, "Reckless Cinderella." It's about a personable young woman whose unquenchable desire for the comforts and luxuries of great wealth lead her into what can only be called hot water, even though some of the scenes are laid in a swimming pool. The story contains a moral, but we shouldn't tell you about it now. It's an exciting tale; we've never seen difficulties multiply faster. Several times we gave the girl up for lost. We were wrong, of course.

—

BUT we weren't wrong about the girl in Jerome Beatty's story "Texas Good Girl." We knew right off she was going to make good in the movies. But we weren't prepared for the method. Riding a horse in Texas will merely get you from one place to another, but in Hollywood it will get you the most incredible things.



FOR the air-minded and those who are bringing themselves to that point we recommend "Flight Savers," by William P. MacCracken, Jr., former Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aëronautics, and W. B. Courtney. The boys tell what the public doesn't know about the work being done by the government to make airways safe. It's becoming difficult to get yourself into an accident on a licensed passenger plane. Moreover, our young Mr. Courtney tells you how to detect unsound flying if you should meet it. Being a licensed pilot, he knows all about that.

—

FROM there you might nose into a number of things without going into a tailspin, including "Fu Manchu's Daughter" (a bit unnerving, but safe), Grantland Rice's sport article, Wallace Irwin's Short Short Story, William J. Neidig's short story. And so on and on. Good flying weather.

THIS WEEK

March 22, 1930

Cover—E. M. Jackson

Page 7—Alan LeMay
Old Thunder Pumper: Man's best friend in a star part.

Page 10—Thomas D. Campbell interviewed by Owen P. White
Such a Relief: One of our largest farmers talks very interestingly.

Page 12—Octavus Roy Cohen
The Bright Shadow: A moving picture love story.

Page 14—James B. Connolly
The Captain's Holiday: Down to the sea with gyps.

Page 16—H. I. Phillips
How to Make a Hole in One: Instruction by a lucky stiff.

Page 17—Dana Burnet
Bus Driver's Dream: A short story.

Page 18—Sax Rohmer
Fu Manchu's Daughter, Part III: Don't bet on the villains.

Page 20—Damon Runyon
Social Error: Night life in the more unrestrained circles.

Page 22—Wallace Irwin
Capitol Fun: Write your own music.

Page 23—Richard Connell
The Memory Course: The Short Short Story.

Page 24—Helen Z. Smith
Stepdaughters of War, Part VI: The war ends for Miss Smith.

Page 26—W. Lock Wei
The Once-Over: What the former Chinese Tennis Captain sees in us.

Page 31—Betty and Edward Stuart
Room for Improvement: Helpful information.

Page 32—Grantland Rice
I Saw Them Play: And very good they were, too.

Page 35—John Erskine
Uncle Sam, Part XI: The conclusion.

Page 44—Word Hunt
You Get the Answers Next Week

Page 50—Colliergraphs
Mixed with a Dash of Ingenuity

Page 71—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
And George Did It: That is, Senator George Norris.

Page 81—Milton C. Work
How Would You Play It?

Page 82—Editorial

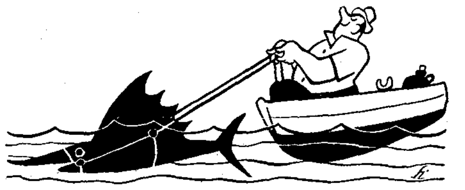
Any Week

"PETE OMER of Sanborn, Iowa," writes Mr. Robert Gibson of Sioux Rapids, "declares that large pickerel in Spirit Lake, Iowa, are actually bulldogging young calves as they drink from the lake. Numerous incidents have been reported where the devastated remains of calves have been found in the lake nearly devoured by the hungry pickerel."

Now had Mr. Gibson stopped right there we'd have understood him, inasmuch as we like a bit of fishing ourselves and once had our glasses snatched right off our nose by a passing flying fish. But Mr. Gibson knows no restraint.

"A farmer," continues he, "found a very large pickerel attached to the nose of a very large steer which was dashing madly around the field."

Intelligence of this sort has fattened our mail ever since President Hoover temporarily deserted the trout nooks of the Rapidan for the big game of the Florida keys. The President had scarcely landed his first sailfish when Cap'n Mark Towdy of the trawler Big Mary Portugee informed us that his grandpappy, adrift in an open boat in the Caribbean back in '72, lured a sailfish close enough to slip a hook through the nape of the beast's neck and thus held it on the surface while it towed him to the Isle of Pines, there being a spanking breeze blowing at the time.



AN UNUSUAL number of anonymous letters has arrived this week. One informs us that the writer has been reading articles in newspapers and Collier's for three months and because of this research "I have changed my mind as to what my greatest ambition is. Before I wanted to become an electrical engineer and architect but now I have decided to become a United States senator and help the farmers repeal the Eighteenth Amendment."

Another sends us our editorial cartoon of February 15th, which depicts a rather discouraged Dry making a dismal failure of bailing a sinking boat with a small tin cup.

"Ordered published by European Booze Histers," he or she declares. "How much foreign money did you get for it?"

We published that cartoon without saying a thing to a single European booze hister. Thought we'd show our independence and surprise them. As for the amount of money we got from those dirty foreign bribers, we'd rather not make that public. But if our correspondent will send a self-addressed and stamped envelope—

—

MISS EUNICE C. WELLS of Troy, New York, rejoices that "it remained for a woman, Miss Helen Z. Smith, to write the best war story yet—'Stepdaughters of War'—now glorifying the pages of Collier's." As for ourselves, "Stepdaughters of War" is going to be one of our favorite stories for a long while to come. And Sergeant Ben White writes from Fort Sill that it makes him think of one night when a shell took two wheels off the ambulance he was in and that he "was scared until the girl driver picked herself out of the ditch, lit a fag, stuck it in his mouth and began whistling 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary'."

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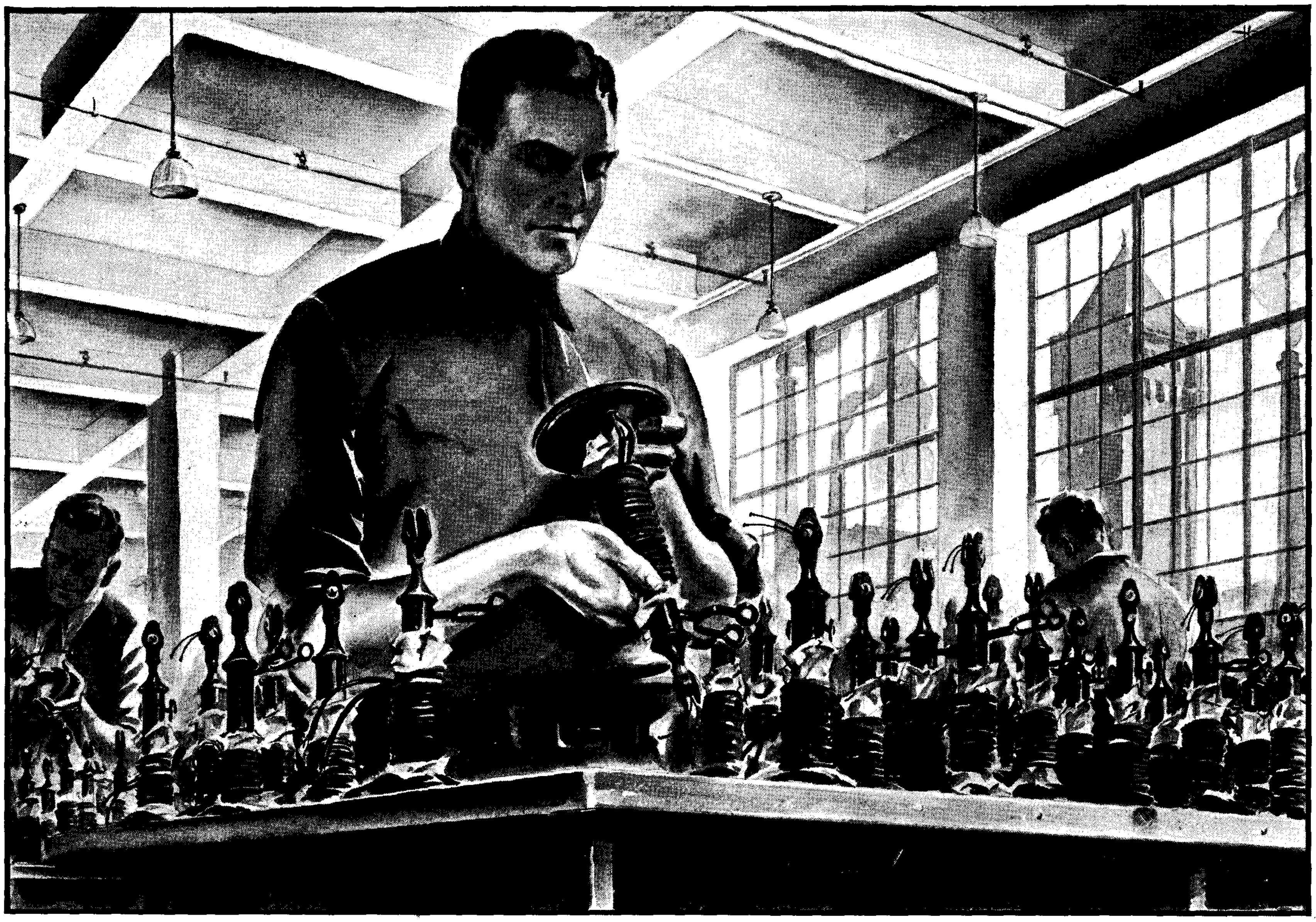


THE WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY SEARCHES THE WORLD FOR MATERIALS, AND FASHIONS THEM INTO THE EQUIPMENT OF A NATION-WIDE TELEPHONE SYSTEM

That time and distance may be subject to your voice

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

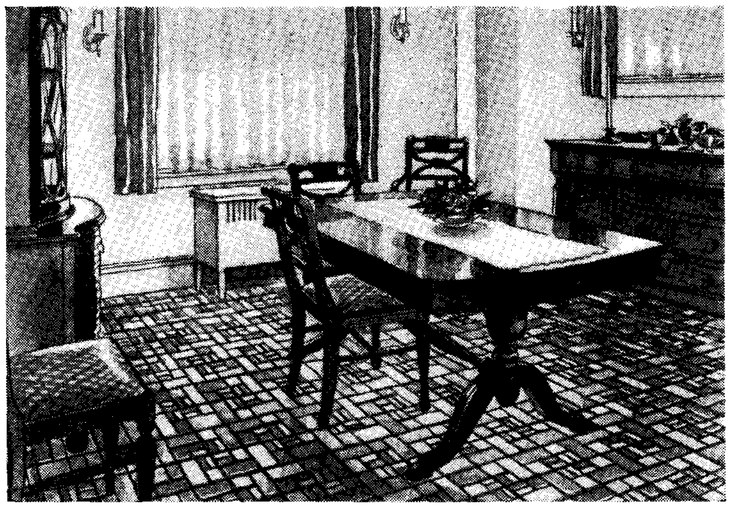
THE Bell Telephone System shapes the stuff of the earth to your communication needs. It delves into the forces and methods that enable you to project your voice where you wish. It searches the world for the materials needed to put its discoveries at your command, and fashions them into the connected parts of a nation-wide system. It has dotted the nation with exchanges, and joined them and the connecting companies with the wires and cables which enable you to talk with anyone, anywhere.

Each of the 24 operating companies of the Bell System is attuned to the needs of its area. Each is local to the people it serves and backed by national resources in research, methods and manufacture. Each has the services of the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is continually developing improvements in telephone operation. Each has the advantage of the specialized production of the Western Electric Company. This production embodies the results achieved by the scientific staff of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, one of the great industrial research institutions of the world.

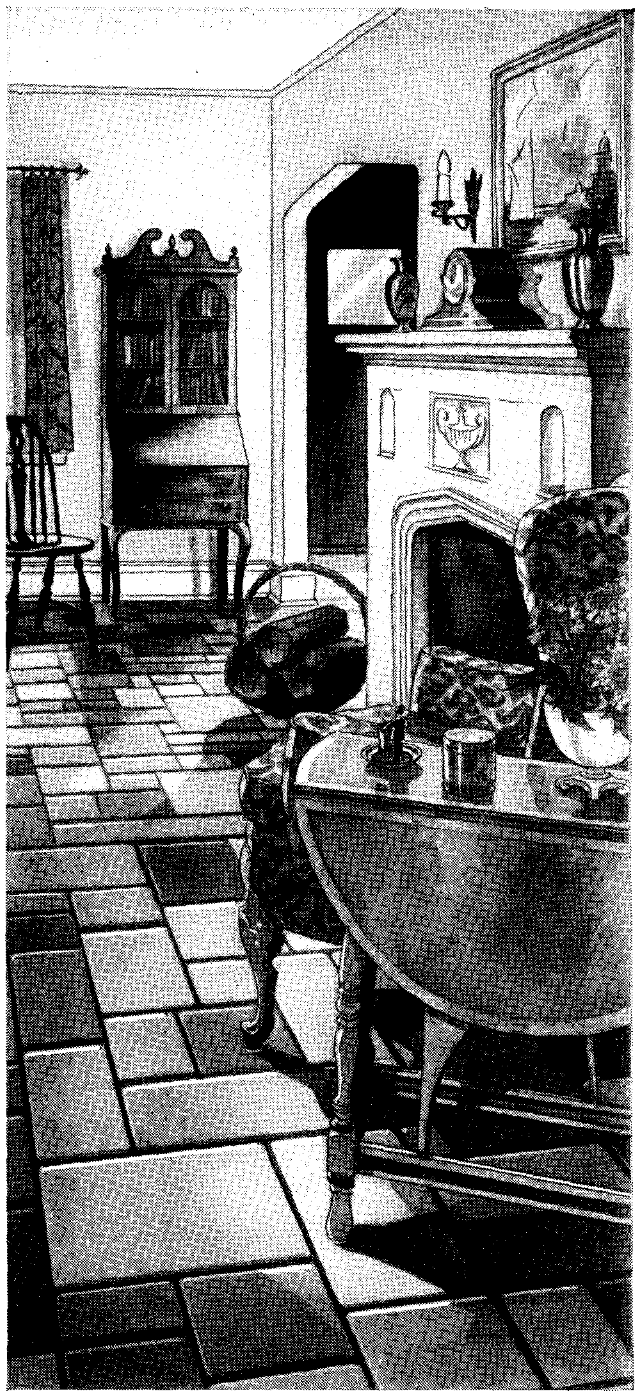
Your telephone company is in a position to offer you the service which you have today because the Bell System is organized to meet your growing communication needs with increasing satisfaction and economy.

Architect designs Chamber of Commerce Model Home

Selects Armstrong's Linoleum for every room in the house



FOR THE DINING-ROOM, *William Clifford, Jr., Architect, chose Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Linoleum, Design No. 6033.*



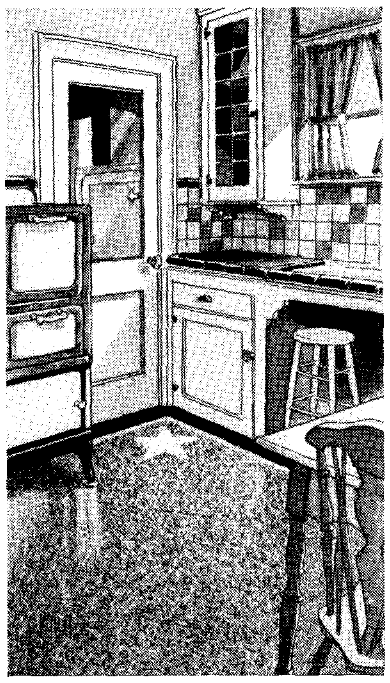
AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT *floor fashion, but the same easy-to-clean Accolac-Processed Armstrong's Linoleum was chosen for this cozy living-room. It is a large, irregular flagstone effect, Embossed Inlaid No. 6042.*

WHAT'S new in home building, in home decoration, in home comfort and convenience? So many things, decided the Elizabeth, New Jersey, Chamber of Commerce, that a model home was designed to demonstrate the best and latest ideas.

One of the outstanding features of this fine home is the very modern treatment of the floors. From room to room as you pass through, you are greeted by eye-appealing surfaces underfoot that convince you of the new importance of floors in home decoration.

These Armstrong's Linoleum Floors, as William Clifford, Jr., architect, will tell you, are more than merely pretty to look at. They are warm floors, for one thing. Another modern comfort is the way they quiet and cushion each footstep. Then the way they are installed, too—cemented in place over linoleum lining felt—assures permanence and a smart, trimly tailored appearance.

Still another up-to-date advantage of these Armstrong Floors is their spot-proof, stain-proof Accolac-Processed surface. Light waxing and polishing keeps it gleaming. Or, should washing become necessary, merely renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Our laboratory experts tell us not to lacquer over wax.)



NOTE THE FEATURE BORDER *and novel star insert in this attractive kitchen floor. Field is Armstrong's Granite Linoleum No. 6.*

⁂

A visit to local department, furniture, or linoleum stores will disclose many smart suggestions for modernizing your floors. And if you would like to see these latest Armstrong Floor fashions in many fine interiors, write for Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, *"New Ideas in Home Decoration."* This color-illustrated book also brings you an offer of the author's personal help in planning your own model home. Send 10 cents to cover the cost of mailing. (In Canada, 20 cents.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 929 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
for every room in the house

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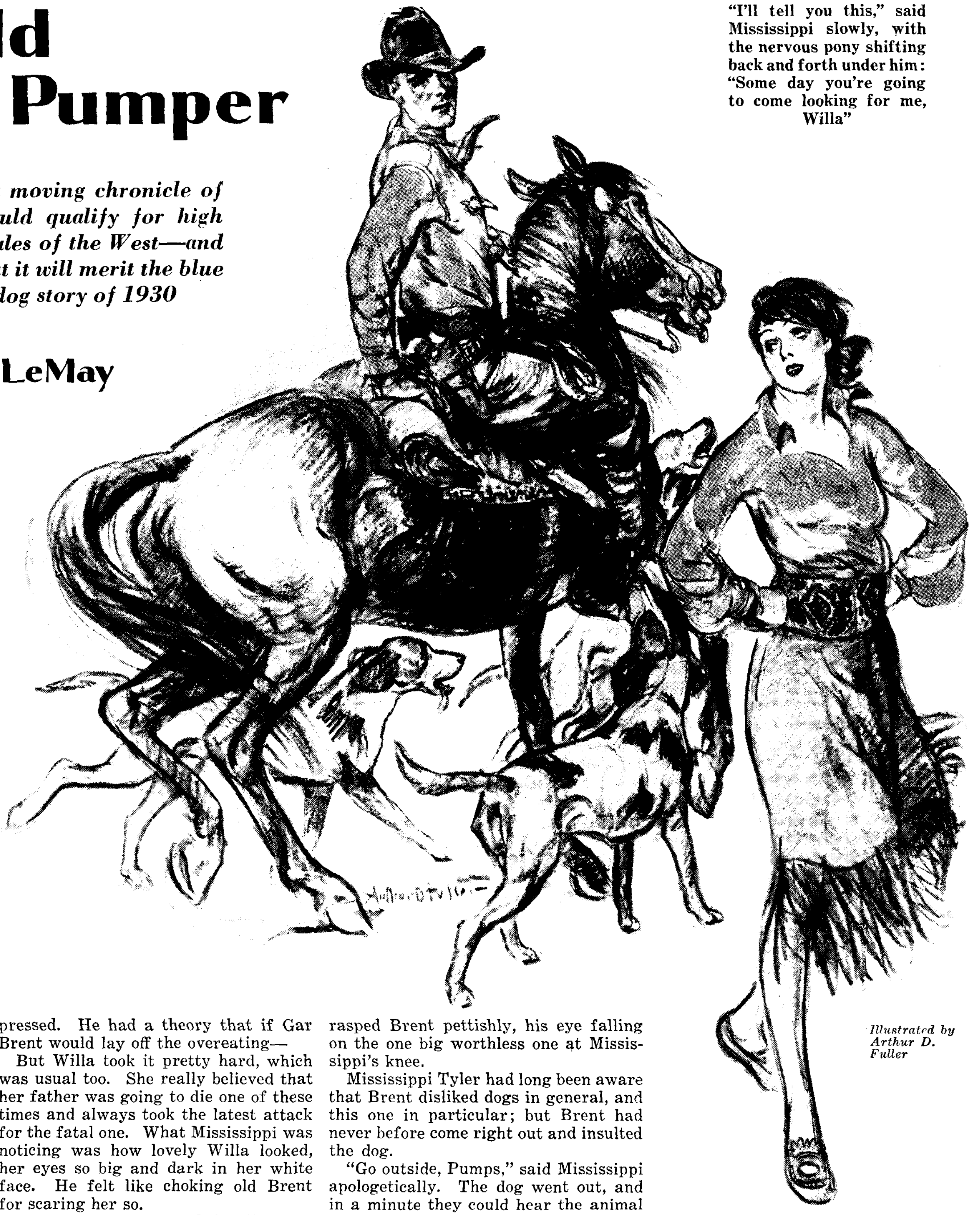
Collier's

The National Weekly for March 22, 1930

Old Thunder Pumper

If this were not such a moving chronicle of young romance, it would qualify for high place among the best tales of the West—and yet we are confident that it will merit the blue ribbon as the best dog story of 1930

By Alan LeMay



"I'll tell you this," said Mississippi slowly, with the nervous pony shifting back and forth under him: "Some day you're going to come looking for me, Willa"

Illustrated by Arthur D. Fuller

ORDINARILY, good luck stuck just as close to Mississippi Tyler as did that big foolish hound of his that was the laughingstock of the Rimrock country. But, now that he needed it more than he ever had in his life, that luck seemed to peter out, leaving only the ubiquitous hound for solace—and the hound, of course, was useless.

It was a funny thing about Mississippi's luck. It had first picked him up when he had come to the Southwest ten years before, at the age of fourteen. Just as a sample: he had been tricked into paying five dollars for a three-year-old pony that had a bowed tendon, and hence was worthless; but the tendon turned out to be merely sprained, and when it was well the pony proved one of the fastest in the Arizona Rimrock, and Mississippi sold him for five hundred dollars.

The luck was still holding three years later when he sent back to Mississippi for a pack of redbone hounds, and became a lion hunter. Mountain lions drew a bounty of a hundred dollars a head, put up by the Rimrock ranchers; wolves the same; bears the same, with an added hundred for each bear pelt. In the first month of his hunting he went after a deep-canyon silvertip that had baffled the best hunters of the Rimrock; and at the very first stab walked right into—not the one bear, but two together, that stood looking at him out of a berry patch; and on the way home his dogs treed a mountain lion, making it a five-hundred-dollar day. Things like that, always, throughout the whole of his ten years in the Southwest.

Old Gar Brent was the barrier against which Mississippi's luck broke. You couldn't do much with Gar Brent, because the old man had a weak heart, and an attack was likely to come on him at any time. An attack was on him now, as Mississippi Tyler stood, hat in hand, in the Brent cabin, with that big, worthless hound of his peering out from behind his legs.

Willa Brent, old Gar's daughter, was fussing around her father, her slender, capable hands tucking a blanket around Brent's knees, and offering him hot water and soda.

"My time's come—this time—" old Brent gasped out. No question about it, his breath was mighty labored; and there was nothing natural about the flush over his cheekbones, nor the peculiar glassy brightness of his eyes. "Played out my string—this time— for sure—"

Mississippi Tyler, who had heard Brent say the same thing perhaps ten or a dozen times before, was unimpressed. He had a theory that if Gar Brent would lay off the overeating—

But Willa took it pretty hard, which was usual too. She really believed that her father was going to die one of these times and always took the latest attack for the fatal one. What Mississippi was noticing was how lovely Willa looked, her eyes so big and dark in her white face. He felt like choking old Brent for scaring her so.

"Shut up them damned dogs!" Brent ordered.

Mississippi's good pack of redbone hounds was making considerable noise all right. There were twelve of them, of a fox-hound size and look, but with coon-dog in them too, so that they were of all colors from solid black to pinto. And it was almost comical how little it took to set them yelling; they all belled effortlessly, from any position and at the least excuse.

Willa shot Mississippi a compassionate look as he went to the door and told the dogs to shut up—he'd be out in a minute. It pleased him that Willa had a liking for those hound voices. He didn't know, though—and if he had it would have surprised him—quite how much Willa did love the belling of those dogs; nor how often she had listened for the first sound of them, off over the range, musically sending word downwind that Mississippi was on the way.

"What's that mutt doing in here?" rasped Brent pettishly, his eye falling on the one big worthless one at Mississippi's knee.

Mississippi Tyler had long been aware that Brent disliked dogs in general, and this one in particular; but Brent had never before come right out and insulted the dog.

"Go outside, Pumps," said Mississippi apologetically. The dog went out, and in a minute they could hear the animal muttering to himself in deep bass tones, like no other hound. The sound seemed to annoy Gar Brent out of all reason.

"The Thunder Pumper," sneered Brent irrationally. "The Thunder Pumper! Pumping noise is all he's good for. I know all about him. He's never treed a lion yet, nor stood a bear, and he eats for three! A good sample of Mississippi worthlessness is what he is!"

"Dad, be quiet—rest yourself," Willa murmured.

MISSISSIPPI reddened. Not many things ever angered him, but this did because it was true, and no one knew it better than he. The Thunder Pumper had been sent him by mistake along with some others, and he was certainly too slow for lion work. When the pack took a hot trail, running full cry, the Thunder Pumper could be found miles to the rear, baying each individual track after a close, conscientious inspection. "Sniff, sniff—he set foot exactly here. Bloo-oop! Sniff—here is his next step. No, wait. Yes, I am sure. Bluh—wowp!"

Like as not the pack would tree the lion, and Mississippi—himself left far behind, but riding as hard as was practical in that deep-cleft country of the Mogollon—would come up and shoot the lion, and skin it, and the dogs would eat it. Then, five or six miles down the back-trail they would perhaps meet the Thunder Pumper, still painstakingly baying out the trail of that lion that was already out of this world and digested. And unless pulled off the trail by force he was quite likely to walk right on through the returning pack, oblivious to everything but the trail beneath his nose.

Yet Mississippi had a deep, understanding love for that huge useless dog with the homely, sorrowful face and trailing ten-inch ears. Perhaps because Mississippi always looked a little like a misfit himself.

As he stood in Brent's cabin there was white Southwestern dust all over him—alkali on his worn neckerchief, on his broad slouch-brimmed hat, on the fancy stitching of his high-heeled boots. He loomed mighty big, loose-jointed, and kind of lazy-looking, like a true Westerner. But in his sun-whipped blue eyes was always a lazy laughter: the laughter of another country mellower than rimrock and desert, a country where mild gentle river vapors take the edge off the sun and draw blue songs up out of brown water.

"*Up levee, down levee, Mississippi water—*
Brown water, high water, back water slack—"

The syncopated rhythms of the Mississippi bottoms breathed out of him; and as soon as you heard him singing blues to himself you knew at once why this man looked out of place: that here was a big hunk of Mississippi a thousand miles from home and the mud not dry.

"This is the end of me," said Gar Brent again, fixing glassy eyes on his daughter.

"Maybe in the morning—" suggested Mississippi politely.

"I've just got two requests," said Gar Brent, disregarding him. "Willa, git me that box there, under my bunk."

"Requests?" echoed Mississippi. "From who?"

"Requests to make!" Gar Brent snapped. From the shoe box of odds and ends that Willa brought him he rummaged forth a sealed letter. "This here is to your second cousin at Red Stick. If I pass in my chips, promise you'll send this to him."

"I promise," whispered Willa.

"THAT'S Henery Brent, the widowed fellow with the five young kids?" Mississippi inquired. He was disregarded again.

"My will is in that, and my instructions," said Gar Brent. "Henery is to work this horse ranch for you, and hold it in trust until you're thirty-one years old."

"Don't you mean twenty-one, Mr. Brent?" Mississippi offered.

"Thirty-one, I said!" Gar Brent paused to catch up with his laboring breath, and glared at Mississippi Tyler; then at the Thunder Pumper, who had sneaked back in, and once more regarded Brent with dolorous interest, from behind Tyler's legs.

"I got one other last request," Brent went on. "I know that what you promise, Willa, that you'll do; I know I can depend on that. From here out, I want you to *have nothing more to do with this Mississippi Tyler.*"

There was a moment's struck silence, while the labored breathing of Gar Brent continued regularly. Then Willa said slowly, her voice low: "Why, Dad—"

"This," said Gar Brent, "is the last thing I'll ever be asking of you. It's for your own good; and you owe me that much, Willa, if only so's I can die in peace."

"But—" began Willa, her voice queer; and stopped.

"I reckon," said Mississippi, "I'll be going now. Don't answer him yet, Willa; I don't want to hear this, I guess."

"Wait, Mississippi," said the girl.

"You hadn't ought to ask me," said Tyler. "The Tylers live forever; and I don't want to be remembering your answer to that, all the long way."

"Moo-woh," commented the Thunder Pumper in a dolorous moan.

"Shut up, Pumps!"

"Take that dog out and shoot it!" snarled Gar Brent.

"Pardon me, Mr. Brent?"

"If you think I'm joking, I'll put it like this," said the strained voice of the old man: "shoot that damned worthless hound, and I'll take my request back!"

"That's ridiculous, Mr. Brent."

"It ain't the dog," said Brent, "so much as the principle of the thing. It's a test, to see if you can choose between Willa and your own worthless ways."

"It's a plumb tyrannical old whim," said Mississippi; "and even if it wasn't I wouldn't have anything to do with it."

"If you like that dog better than Willa, that's up to you."

"But," the girl put in, her eyes dark with an unreadable emotion, "if he'll get rid of Pumps some other way—"

"No," Mississippi supplied; "I'm not going to get rid of Pumps, not in any way at all." It did not occur to him that there was any choice about it. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go."

"And you don't need—" the raving voice of Gar Brent followed him—"you don't need to come back! Worthless—Mississippi hound-pusher—"

When Mississippi Tyler had mounted, however, he delayed a bit. The little half-broke mustang on which he sat kept jigging and skittering sideways, anxious to be gone; only Tyler's easy-going, good-natured hands, which automatically took half the tangle out of any horse he mounted, made it possible to manage the animal at all. But Mississippi held him in, and waited.

He had a hunch that Willa was going to come out and speak to him, just once more. And after a minute or two she proved him right.

He swung off his pony as she came out to him, never noticing its rearing plunge as he stepped clear; and when he saw that Willa Brent's lips were quivering, and that her eyes were full of tears, he took a step toward her to pick her up in his arms. But, for some reason, he did not.

"I'm sorry, Mississip'; I've liked you—a lot; I guess you know."

He waited.

"I guess I'll have to ask you not to come here any more, though, now."

"He's not dying," Tyler said. He had known that Willa would feel that it was to her father that she owed the first debt; but it came hard just the same. "He's not dying any more than I am," he said again. "But I'll do like you say." He turned suddenly, and brought down the head of the pony with such a heavy hand that for a moment the little beast stood motionless, in sheer amazement, while he mounted.

"I'll tell you this," said Mississippi slowly, with the nervous pony shifting back and forth under him: "Some day you're going to come looking for me, Willa. God grant us I be there, that's all."

"Never!" she cried furiously. "Not if you were the last man in the world!"

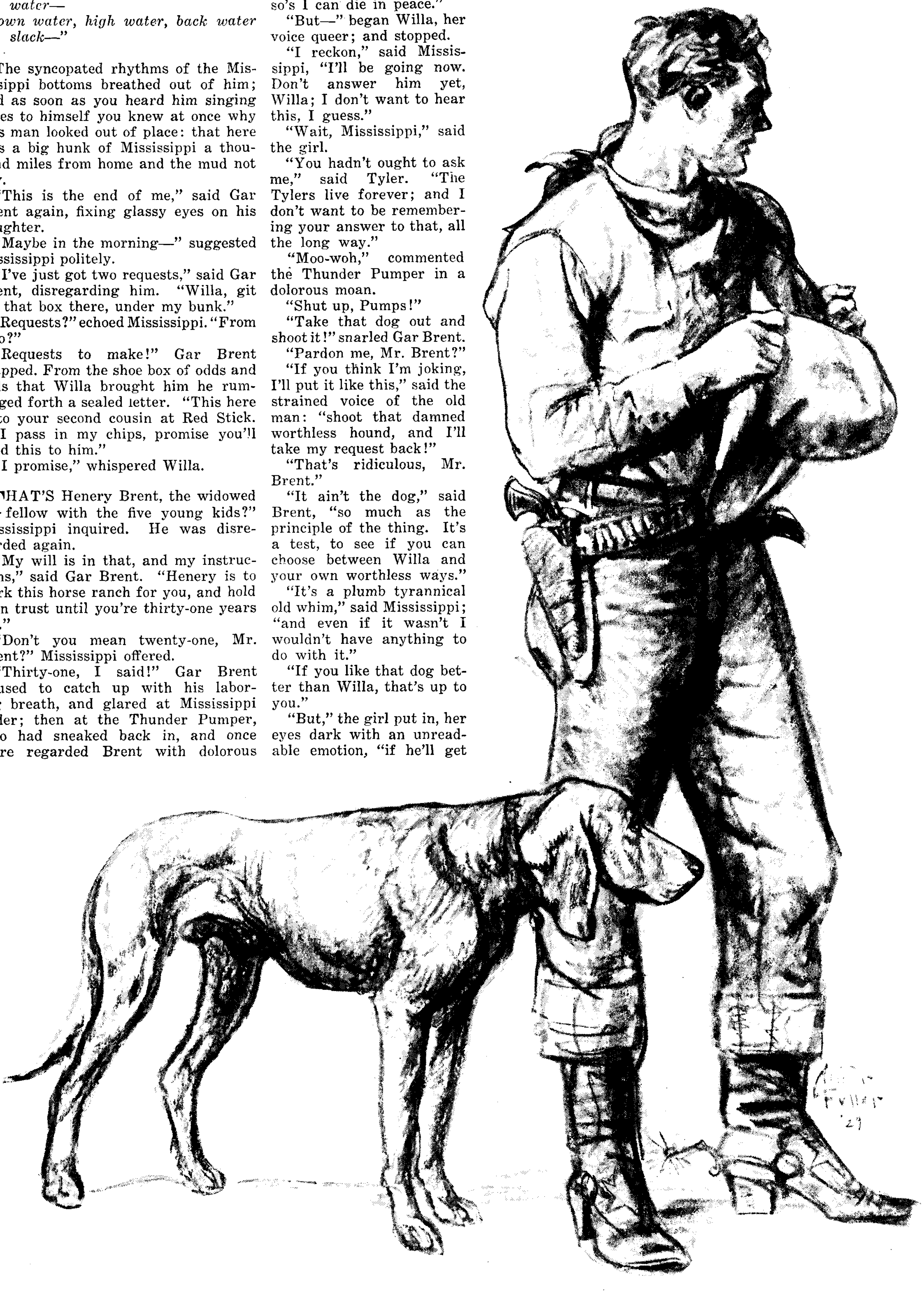
Back in his cabin above the Mogollon rim he remembered that, and believed it, too; and he wondered what had ailed him, that he should have said what he did. The setting sun was striking redly through the door of his cabin, and by its light he looked about him curiously, as if he were just coming out of a dream and found himself in a strange place.

Slowly he packed his mule. Then he rummaged in his traps until he found an old rusty padlock and hasp, which had somehow come with the other stuff from Mississippi, and with this he locked the door. That was something else that was new in the Rimrock, for a man to lock his door.

"L-i-on-n-n!" he told the dogs. They always answered when you spoke to them in certain tones, and though he had heard that absurdly unanimous chorus answer his voice thousands of times it always tickled him, and made him smile. He smiled now. "Time to move on," he told them, setting loose those hair-trigger bell-voices again.

The key to the cabin he threw into Rustler's Gulch.

He had no way of knowing that Gar Brent died that night, actually pushing in his chips at last, after all those false alarms.



Mississippi was gone a month. His hunting did not take him more than a few days' ride from his cabin, but he did not return to it. And though no misfortune of a positive nature overtook him it was one of the most luckless and vacant months he had ever known.

THE redbone pack picked up no sign of lion or bear. Sometimes the pack bayed a hot trail, but Mississippi could tell by their voices what the quarry was, and each time he pulled them off some trail of no worth.

Bob and Flora disgraced themselves by crying "Bear!" for nine miles, at the end of which they surrounded a porcupine. And young Three led the whole pack into five sight-runnings after deer—the worst outrage a trail pack can descend to, since it leads to ruination of their usefulness.

The end of the month found Mississippi dirty, bearded, and in morose temper. He had carried a picture of Willa Brent's face in his mind ever since he had first seen her, three years before, and it had cast a glow over the commonplaces of his rigorous life. But now he was trying to shut that picture out, and the light was gone out of the Rimrock. He was just another of those men who are tougher than lobos in the face of male opposition or hardship, but somehow can be downed without a struggle by a woman's adverse word. He didn't care much any more whether the pack spoiled itself or not.

Then one night as he called in his dogs the long trombone blast of the cowhorn he used was answered by signal shots a couple of miles away; and by the time he had lit his fire he was joined by Clem Harky, an old acquaintance of the Lazy Y outfit.

"Right glad to see you, boy," Mississippi told him. "I—" He paused suddenly, for as the rider came into the firelight Mississippi saw that he was haggard and weary. "What's bust?" he demanded.

"You ain't heard?" said Harky.

"How would I?" growled Mississippi. "I suppose I've seen two men in a month."

"Willa Brent's lost."

"Lost? What do you mean? *How* lost?"

"She's missing a week already, today."

"What—how—where was she seen last?" Mississippi finally got out.

Harky squatted on his heels and filled one cheek with Copenhagen snuff, before, with his eyes on the fire, he answered slowly, seeming to test his words:

"A week ago today I seen her riding up that Mogollon trail towards your cabin. She was too fur to speak, but I waved, and she waved back. That night I rode over to see her. She never come home." He paused uneasily, as if he realized that he had linked Mississippi with the disappearance in a way he did not intend. But in a moment he went on:

"I waited up for her at the Brents'; and seeing she didn't come in, I took the up trail about three in the morning. I got to your shack about six. The fresh tracks of her pony was there. But the door was locked; she hadn't been in. I followed on down her trail. Afterward, it seemed like to me, she was following the old trail of your horse and mule, but I didn't think anything about it then. Willa's slept out before; there wasn't anything specially peculiar about it. Only, being interested in her, kind of, I followed along to make sure she was all right.

"By and by I begun to worry; and pressed along pretty hard. So before night I come on her night camp. She seemed to have shot something to eat; they'd told me, back at her house, she didn't have any grub along.

"Next day, early, I found her pony in Cross Canyon. He'd fell and busted a leg, and she'd shot him through the head. I'd have supposed she'd turn back, but, instead, she'd walked on."

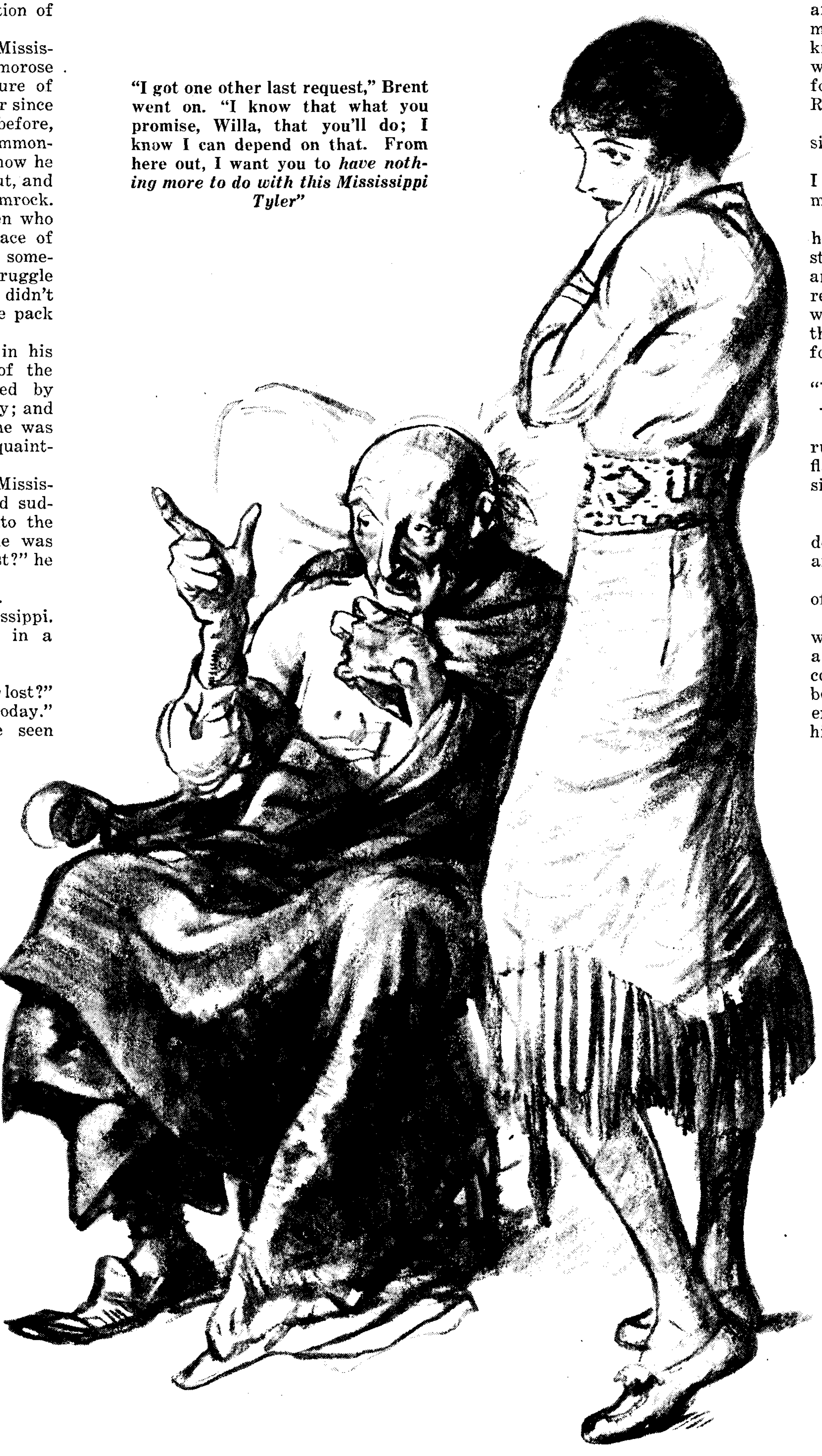
Mississippi was counting back. "That would have been about last Tuesday," he computed. "Why—I was within two miles of Cross Canyon that morning!"

"That maybe accounts for her walking on," said Harky, talking to the fire. "Heard your hounds, likely, and hoped to borry an animal to go back on. Did she signal you, that you know of?"

"I heard shots, over thataway; thought it was somebody hunting," said Mississippi in a strained voice.

"And then—well, now that you mention being over there, it looks like she'd just kind of followed you on. . . ."

"Oh, good God!" burst out Mississippi. He remembered that he had worked all up and down and across that ragged and forbidding country of pine and broken granite; and he could imagine how often Willa had heard his hounds, sometimes near, then presently far away again, taunting her like a will-o'-the-wisp of sound. . . .



"I got one other last request," Brent went on. "I know that what you promise, Willa, that you'll do; I know I can depend on that. From here out, I want you to *have nothing more to do with this Mississippi Tyler*"

"I managed to work out the trail to within a few miles of Crackman's Rocky before I lost it in the rocks. The trail had got kind of wandering and uncertain by then, like as if she wasn't going to be able to go on much more. Mississip', we've combed the Crackman country with a currycomb since then. There's been about twenty fellows searching last few days; we've hallooed and fired off guns fit to raise the dead. It's a wonder you didn't hear."

"I've been working a long ways beyond the crest," Mississippi told him. "I was only near Cross Canyon a day and a half. You'd have heard me as easy as I would have heard you, I guess, the way the dogs moan out."

"But she's disappeared into thin air," Harky concluded. "Today I heard your dogs coming nearer all day; and I rode to meet you, to see if maybe you'd picked her up, or knew of her. Or else—I thought we might give the dogs a try at following her across Crackman's Rocky."

"We're starting now," said Mississippi.

"Pony can keep on a little more, I guess. It'll be fifteen, eighteen miles."

When Mississippi had saddled he whacked off a couple of long strips of yesterday's venison roast and gave Clem Harky one. The rest of the haunch he left behind with the dogs, knowing that when they had finished it they would follow.

"I CAN'T figure why on earth she should take it in her head—"

"Can't say I blame her much for running out," said Harky, his voice flat and hard with fatigue. "Ever since Gar Brent died—"

"Since Gar Brent *what?*"

"You didn't know her paw was dead? Why, you was there the afternoon he was took!"

"I supposed it was just another of those wolf-wolf conniptions."

"Yeah, that's what any of us would of thought. Well, she sent a letter he'd writ to her second cousin at Red Stick; and Gar hadn't been buried a week when this Henery Brent moved in on her with his five kids. Quite a heap of washing and cooking to come down on a girl, all in a lump. And Henery, he put me in mind of a half-breed Piute the way he just set around watching her work, and wearing out his pants. And, Mississip' boy, them hell-raising kids! Still, she told me she was going to be able to stick it, providing he cut out making love."

"Making *love?*"

"Kind of peculiar position a second cousin is in. He's blood kin enough so's he can move in his family without causing talk, especially since it was at the request of her paw; yet from another angle he ain't so much blood kin as to keep him from getting pretty fresh romantic. I could see how she might get smoked out of house and home, all right."

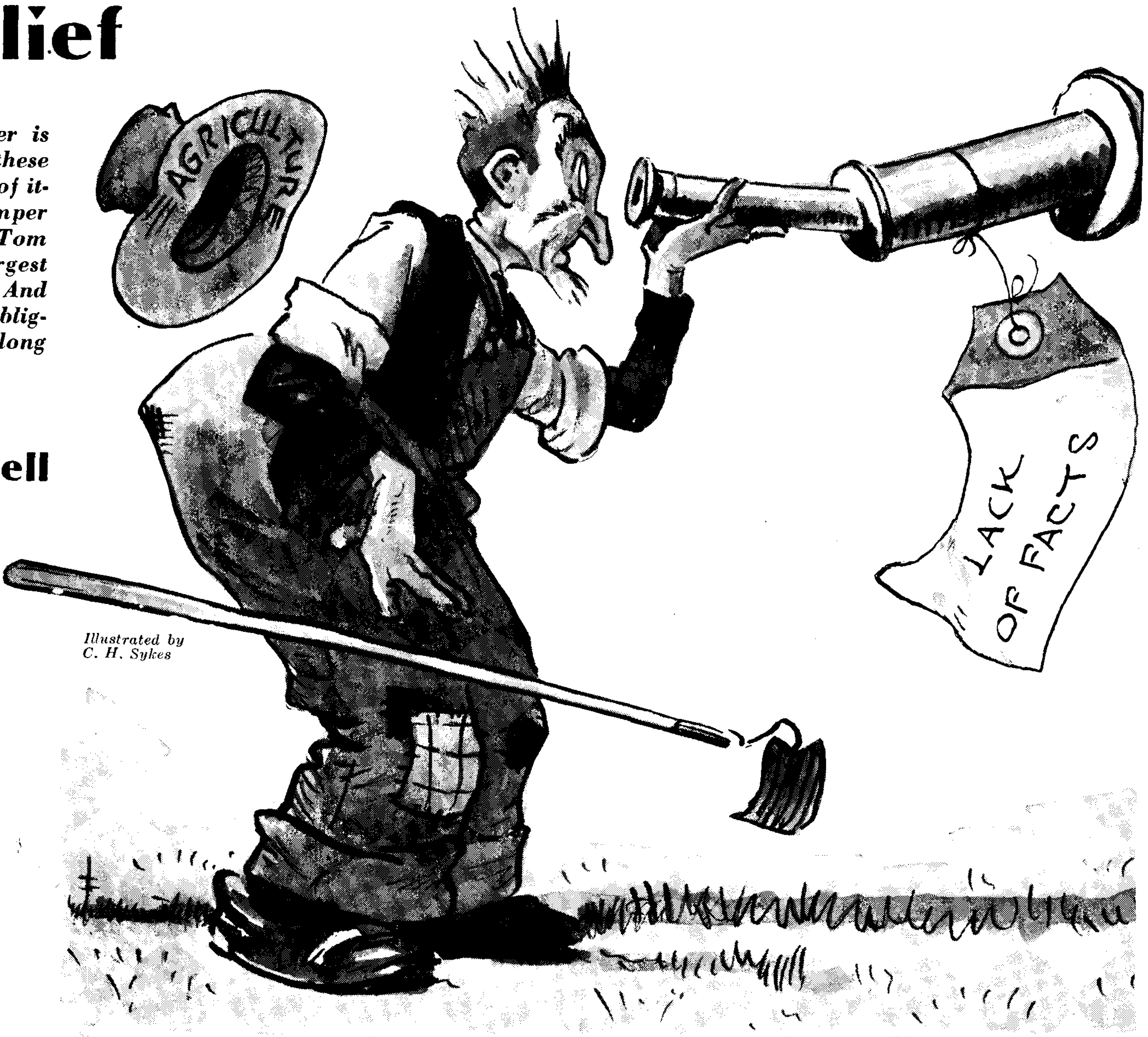
"And me gone hunting," Mississippi almost wept. "I should have kept better track, Clem. Only—her paw made her promise she wouldn't have anything to do with me. I should be shot for paying any attention to it."

(*Continued on page 59*)

Such a Relief

We honestly believe the farmer is about to be relieved—after all these years. Even Congress, in spite of itself, has raised, along with a bumper crop of oratory, the hopes of Tom Campbell, one of the world's largest and most successful farmers. And in this article Mr. Campbell obligingly passes the good news along to his fellow plowmen

An interview with
Thomas D. Campbell
By
Owen P. White



Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

Even the industrialists themselves until now have overlooked the fact that the solution of the

According to an old proverb, he who knows, and knows that he knows, is a wise man to whom it will be well worth while to pay much heed, whereas he who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a ——.

However, as I am not hankering after the heat of hell fire (see Matt. 5:22), I will not complete the comparison. Instead, I will merely say that during the late unpleasantness in Washington when the farm relief bill was the *casus belli,* and our ten-thousand-dollar-a-year Solons were endeavoring to relieve the economic distress of our national backbone by pasting thereon a political mustard plaster, it was my doubtful privilege to sit in the press gallery day after day and listen to our learned senators as they discussed the needs of the American farmer.

After a long, long period of this martyrdom I was no better informed than I had been prior to the beginning of the oratorical deluge. In other words, I didn't know any more about the farm problem than I had known before all the talk started. Hence I came to the conclusion that either I am naturally stupid or the United States Senate knows not (and knows not that it knows not) what to do for the aid of American agriculture.

But does anyone know? And if so, does he know enough about it to be able to step up to the wire and qualify as a wise man to whose opinions it would pay to listen?

I think so. At least I can say this: I was able to get more information regarding the pitiable plight of American agriculture out of Mr. Thomas D. Campbell, of Hardin, Montana, in one hour than the entire Senate had been able to orate into me during long weeks of intense suffering. I was also able to get more hope for the farmer's future out of just a few minutes of Mr. Campbell's conversation than I ever expected, even if some of the senators had had their way, and had presented their soil-tilling constituents with scoop-shovels and the keys to the United States Treasury.

But who is Thomas D. Campbell? Well, to be brutally frank about it, he is NOT one of those fellows who plow and plant on the top of a mahogany desk, talk about it in the Congressional Record, and later on, at election time, harvest in a huge crop of rural votes. On the contrary, Tom Campbell, who incidentally works a wee bit of dirt out in Montana, just a measly 95,000 acres, and therefore holds the magnitude record as the world's biggest farmer, doesn't care a thing on earth about how anybody votes. What he is interested in is INDUSTRIALIZED AGRICULTURE, and:

"There's a greater future in it," he said, "than in any other industry in America. And mark this," he paused for emphasis, "I speak of farming as an industry because it actually IS an industry, the magnitude of which is but dimly realized by the people of this country. How many voters are there, for example, who know that our exports average $480,000,000 a *month,* and that *half* of that vast wealth comes, either directly or indirectly, from our farms? How many realize that 26,000,000 people live on those farms, or that NINETY BILLION dollars is invested in them, or that it takes more power to plow them up every year, within proper season, than it does to turn every wheel in all of our other power-driven industries, including our railroads, combined?"

All in the Same Boat

I expressed my astonishment at the size of these figures, because no senator had ever mentioned any half so impressive in my hearing. Mr. Campbell went on:

"Yes, most people simply do not realize the bigness of the farming industry, and naturally they have very sketchy ideas, if any, as to what ought to be done about its problems. Even the industrialists themselves, keen business men and captains of finance though they are, until now have seemingly overlooked the fact that the solution of the farm problem is vital, not only to the future prosperity of this country, but to their own future existence as well.

"As I have just pointed out, more than one half of the current wealth of this country is being produced by the farmers, and yet within the last eight years, during which period the purchasing power of industrial workers has increased tremendously owing to increased wages, the purchasing power of the *farmers has diminished to the extent* of NINE BILLION dollars because of the decline in prices of raw products.

"Analyze that situation and what do you find? Of course it's apparent at first glance that the farmers, who are producing more in dollars and cents than all our industries combined, are not getting a square deal. But there's another side to it, namely, that the nine-billion-dollar shrinkage in the farmers' buying power represents that amount of business actually lost to the manufacturers—and what are the manufacturers going to do about that part of it?

"Sitting on their own doorstep, so to speak, the manufacturers of the United States have potential customers who are the owners of a NINETY-BILLION-DOLLAR industry, and yet they can't sell them anything because these people have no surplus money with which to buy the manufacturers' products. Now doesn't that make it clear that the farm problem is not an isolated but a general one, and that its solution is vital to all forms of industry?"

"Yes," I replied, "but what about the $500,000,000 bill for farm relief which Congress has just passed; isn't that going to have the prophesied effect of putting the farmer on his feet again and placing him in a position where he can make money? That's what the Administration in Washington, represented by the Federal Farm Board, has hoped, and maybe still hopes it will do, but will it?"

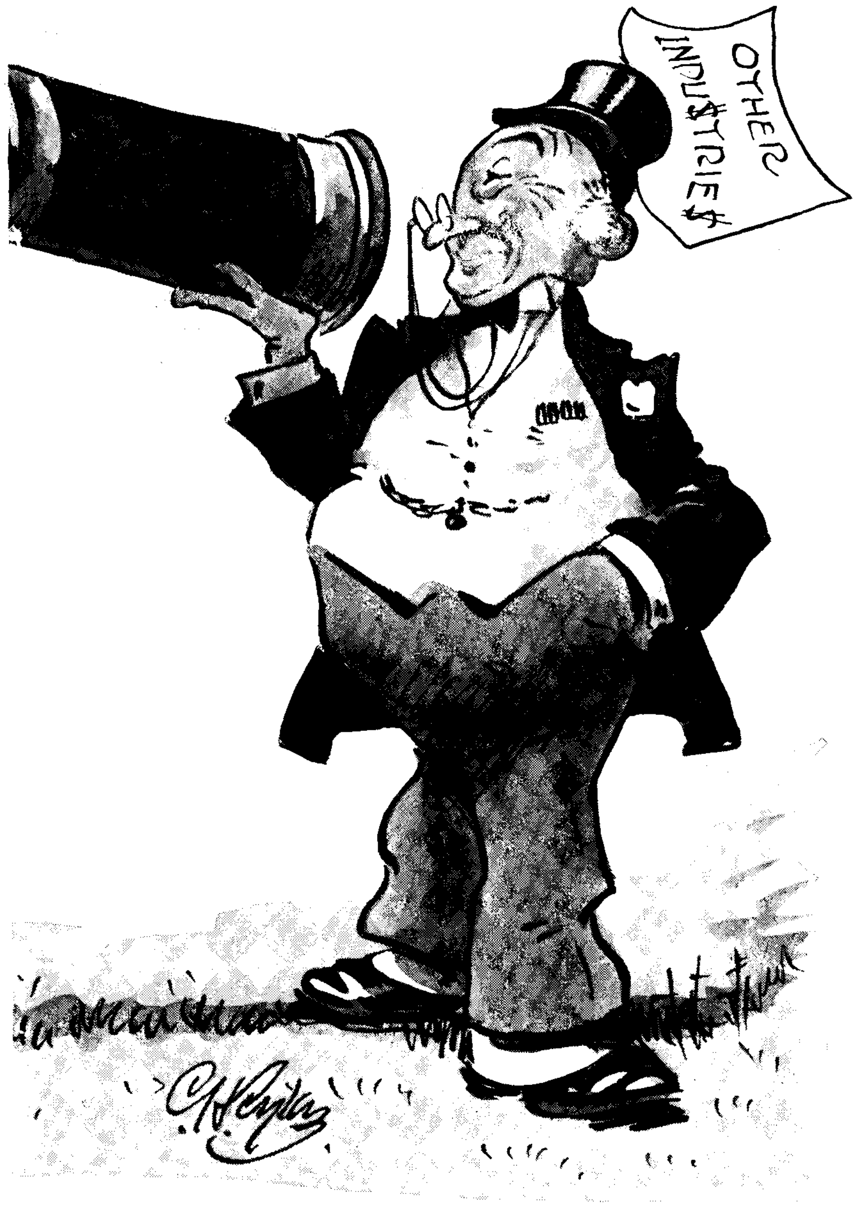
Mr. Campbell shook his head thoughtfully and said: "No, as I see it, the bill for farm relief hasn't solved the farm problem and isn't going to solve it completely. In fact, special legislation in the form of debenture subsidies, *McNary-Haugen bills or anything else* of that nature is not what the farming industry needs to pull it permanently out of the hole. Special legislation at its best is only a makeshift device to carry any industry over a period of stress. If the general conditions are not right they cannot as a rule be made right by any kind of legislation.

"Therefore, it would be a mistake for the readers of Collier's to assume that because a farm relief bill has been passed it has actually relieved the farmer. To some extent it has relieved the *politicians* of their much-discussed obligations to the farmer, but it hasn't so far relieved the farmer of his obligations to his bank, his family or his implement dealer."

"But," I interrupted, "you say that 'so far' it hasn't relieved the farmer. Do you believe that in the end it will relieve him?"

Legislation Won't Help

Mr. Campbell hesitated. "Look here," he finally answered, "you're asking me a question that is too big to be answered in the short space of a single magazine article. However, I will say this much: The bill for farm relief was the best one that could be agreed upon by the politicians to fulfill the promises they had made in their platforms and so satisfy the clamorings of the public who were demanding a square deal for agriculture.



farm problem is vital to their own future existence

"The powers and appropriations under the act are liberal. The intent and the spirit of it are satisfactory, and the President, who is thoroughly in sympathy with the farmers, has chosen in most instances as capable a group of men as could be assembled and has placed at their head, in the person of Mr. Legge, a man of outstanding ability.

"All this is undoubtedly true; the ultimate prospects, then, for a certain measure of relief for the farmer are very bright, but, as I said a moment ago, they have not yet been realized. Wouldn't it be expecting too much, though, of any group of men to think that in six months they could restore prosperity to an industry which supports 26,000,000 people, and which (according to the politicians) has been headed directly toward peasantry, pauperism and bankruptcy for the past seven years?

"Of course it would, and while I don't believe legislation is going to solve the farm problem completely, neither do I think the Federal Farm Board should be criticized at this time. It is too early for anyone to do that, and business organizations, business men, and writers who have recently been critical of the board's policies and actions should withhold their judgments until results are more clearly defined. This goes also for members of Congress, because as the Farm Board's plans for benefiting agriculture are still in the formative state it seems to me that the board is entitled to the sympathetic aid, and not the censure, of the men who framed the act which gave the board its power."

"Can you tell me," I inquired, "in just what way, after it does get into its stride, the Farm Board is going to be able actually to help agriculture?"

"Yes," he replied. "I can, but I can also tell you that the board members are not going to have an easy time doing it. In organizing and financing coöperatives they are bound to run up against two difficulties. Independent grain dealers and handlers of produce don't like the coöperative idea because it hurts their business, and on top of that comes the fact that unless a majority of the farmers, representing a majority of the crop produced, join the coöperative organizations they will surely fail.

"The coöperative idea, you see, is not new. It has been tried time and again, and although it has always failed, because of the inability of independent organizations to sign up a majority, there is now quite a probability that with the Federal Farm Board behind it the movement will be a success. It should succeed; it is a constructive effort and I for one am convinced that the present Farm Board will accomplish more in solving the farm problem than any previous legislation has done. While we have had plenty of previous farm law, nearly all of it, especially those sections which had to do with boards of trade, the grading of grain, and the operations of the flexible tariff, have all been rigorously ignored and it hasn't done us much good.

A Job for Economists

"But, to get back to the subject of coöperatives, even if all the farmers do sign, the general situation, including the unfair relationship between farming and all other industries, would only be artificially altered. The basis for agricultural distress would still be there, and until some sound measures, not legislative however, are adopted which will restore to the farming industry its lost purchasing power, both the industry and the manufacturing interests of the country will continue to suffer.

"This is a problem to be solved by economists and not by politicians. In other words, what the farmer needs is the sympathy and aid, NOT of the lawmakers, but of the business men of the United States. Give that much to the farmers and then they won't need anything more than fair tariff legislation to put them permanently where they have the right to be."

"But how," I inquired, "even if the business men do understand their problems, and sympathize with them, are the farmers going to better their situation? I can see that the agricultural industry is not getting a fair break, and that every time it loses a dollar of its purchasing power our manufacturers lose what would be their legitimate profit on that dollar. Thus the whole industrial situation, including farming, ties itself together in such a way that it is up to all other forms of national enterprise to see that agriculture, the greatest one of them all, is put on a paying basis. But how is that to be done?"

Mr. Campbell straightened up and his eyes sparkled. I had asked him a direct question to which he *knows* the correct answer. At any rate if he doesn't know it nobody does, because during the four lean years in this country when farmers everywhere were going broke, when prices of farm lands were tumbling to nothing, when country banks were failing by the hundreds, and when politicians, *just to save those banks and a few pet land companies,* were concocting the McNary-Haugen Bill and the debenture scheme, Mr. Tom Campbell has been successfully operating his 95,000-acre farm on an average production of fourteen bushels of wheat and seven bushels of flax per acre!

Now any man who can do that is certainly qualified to answer the question: "How can agriculture be made to pay?"

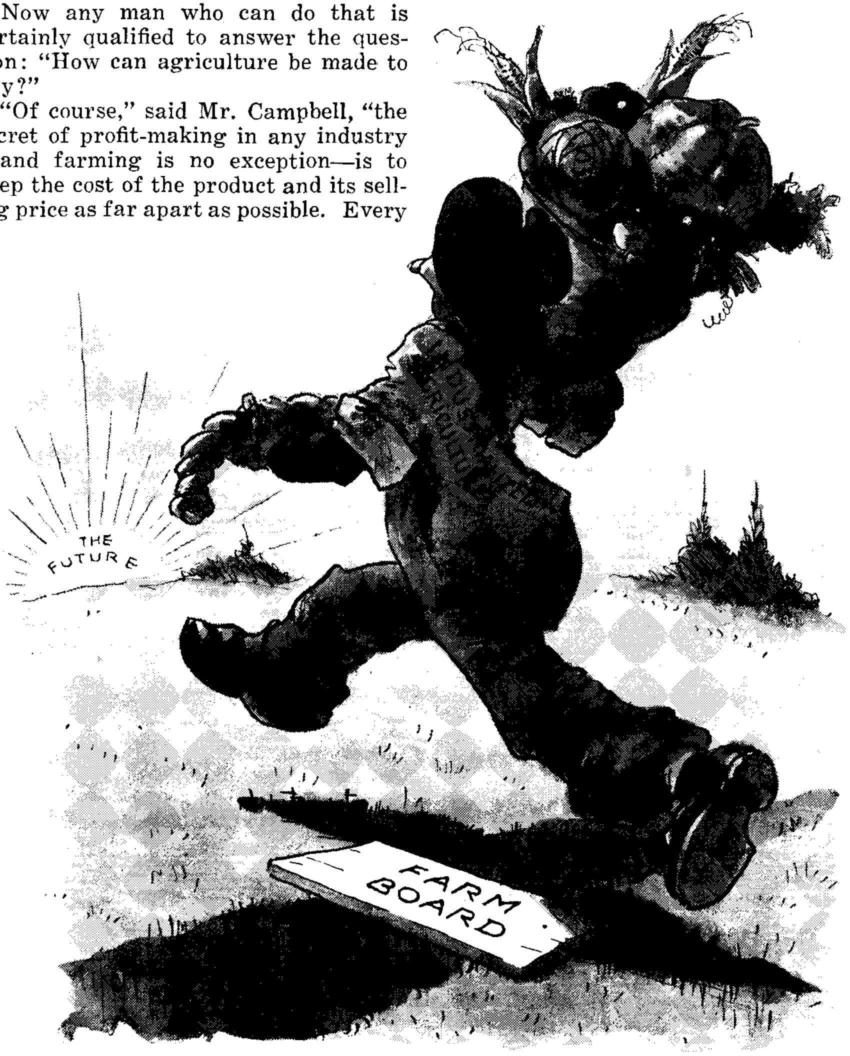
"Of course," said Mr. Campbell, "the secret of profit-making in any industry—and farming is no exception—is to keep the cost of the product and its selling price as far apart as possible. Every business man knows that, and so does every farmer. But in his endeavor to reduce his costs the farmer has to face a terrific handicap which most men in other forms of industry do not have to cope with at all. It is this, the greatest drawback to successful farming: the thing that hurts it more than floods and dry spells, corn-borers and hailstorms, boll-weevils and politicians, all combined, is the *general belief that there is no such thing as successful farming.*

How to Make Farming Pay

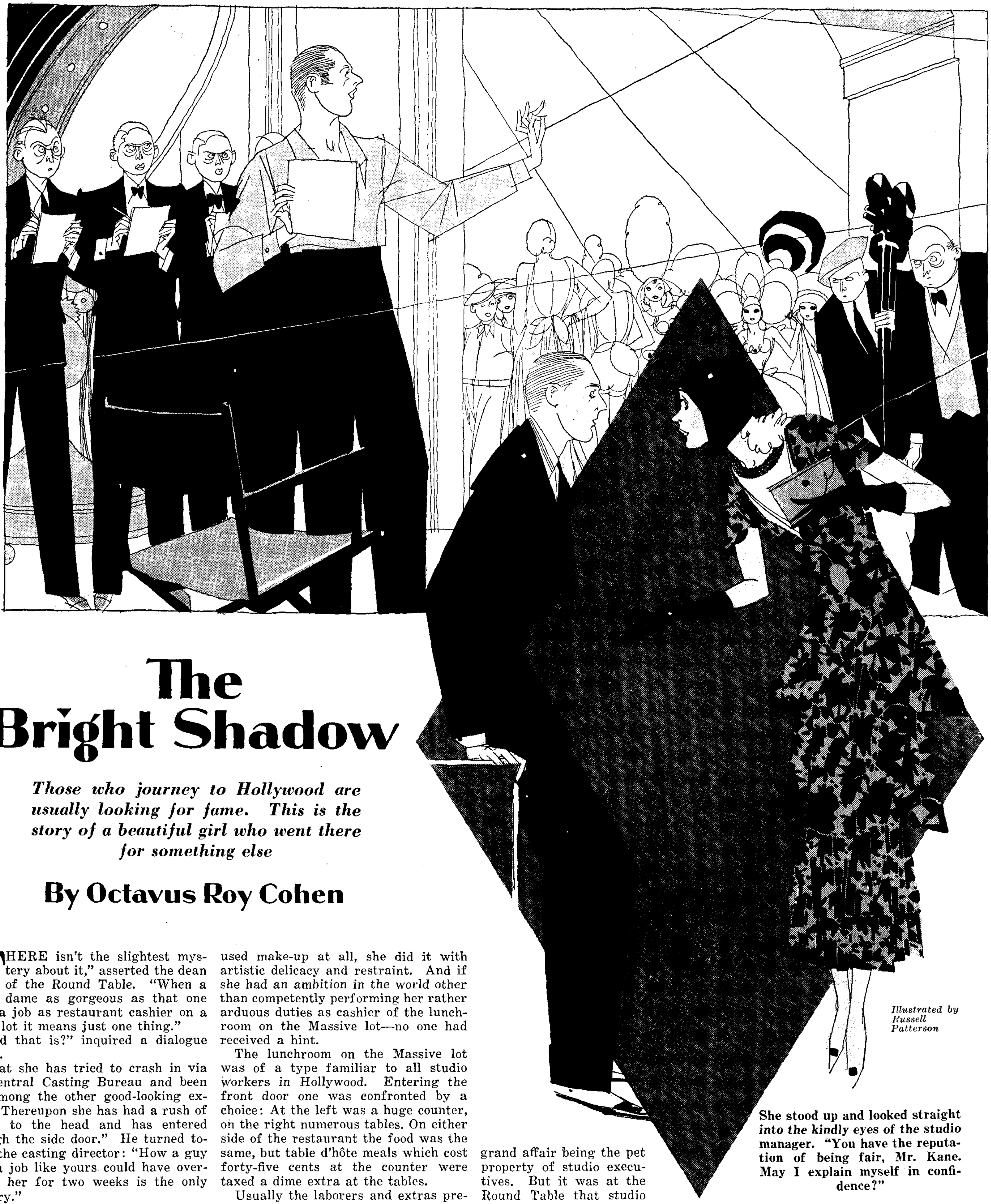
"On all sides one hears it said that the farmer just *cannot* make money. And with that kind of talk filling the air, he can't. The bankers hear it, the manufacturers hear it, the general merchandise dealers hear it, the implement and seed men hear it, the senators hear it—and make the Capitol dome ring with it—the farmer hears it himself, and the first thing you know they all believe it. Then they are all discouraged, and the net result is that the farmer is not only afraid to ask for financial backing but he couldn't get it in sufficient quantity to do him any good if he did ask for it. Consequently what happens? He struggles along as best he can, fights his dirt with antiquated, horse-drawn machinery, plants poor, cheap seed which produces a poor crop, harvests that crop by hand and thus runs the actual cost of his products up to a point that is above his selling price. This continues for a few years, and then, regardless of how dear to him his life in the country may be, the farmer's common sense tells him to give up and try to make a living in some other way.

"According to statistics several million people, I don't recall exactly how many, have given up farming in the last few years and thus we hear the familiar cry, that good farmers are leaving the soil, that peasantry is upon us and that agriculture as a progressive industry

(*Continued on page 72*)



It is now quite probable that the coöperative movement will be a success



Illustrated by Russell Patterson

She stood up and looked straight *into the kindly eyes of the studio* manager. "You have the reputation of being fair, Mr. Kane. May I explain myself in confidence?"

The Bright Shadow

Those who journey to Hollywood are usually looking for fame. This is the story of a beautiful girl who went there for something else

By Octavus Roy Cohen

"THERE isn't the slightest mystery about it," asserted the dean of the Round Table. "When a dame as gorgeous as that one takes a job as restaurant cashier on a movie lot it means just one thing."

"And that is?" inquired a dialogue writer.

"That she has tried to crash in via the Central Casting Bureau and been lost among the other good-looking extras. Thereupon she has had a rush of brains to the head and has entered through the side door." He turned toward the casting director: "How a guy with a job like yours could have overlooked her for two weeks is the only mystery."

The casting director, a chubby young man with peculiarly shrewd gray eyes, focused his attention on the object of their discussion.

No question that the girl was beautiful; also there was no arguing the fact that she possessed that indefinable something which is known as "class." She was above medium height, slender—yet with a provocative figure. Her hair was golden, but not aggressively so; her complexion a radiant blonde. If she used make-up at all, she did it with artistic delicacy and restraint. And if she had an ambition in the world other than competently performing her rather arduous duties as cashier of the lunchroom on the Massive lot—no one had received a hint.

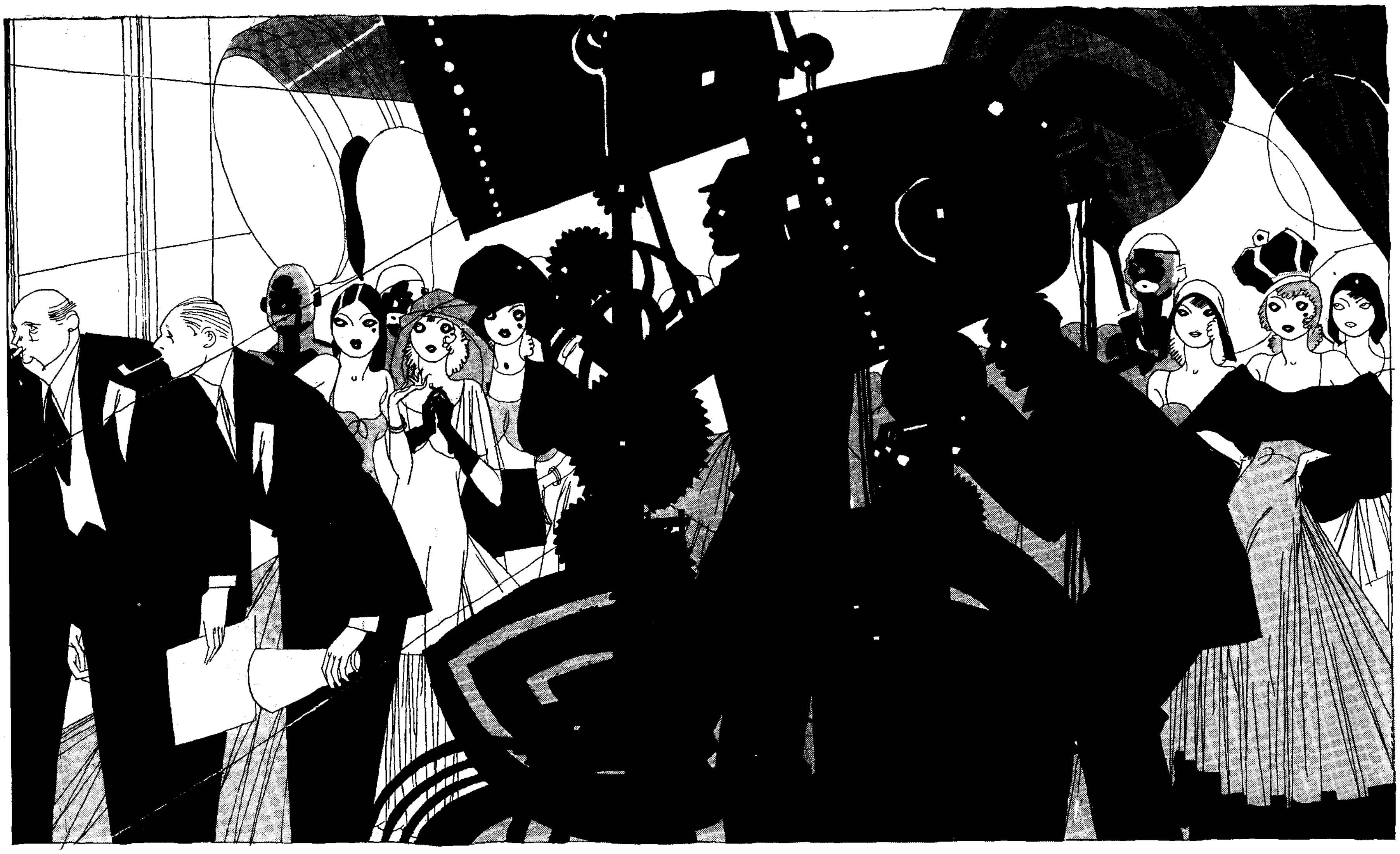
The lunchroom on the Massive lot was of a type familiar to all studio workers in Hollywood. Entering the front door one was confronted by a choice: At the left was a huge counter, on the right numerous tables. On either side of the restaurant the food was the same, but table d'hôte meals which cost forty-five cents at the counter were taxed a dime extra at the tables.

Usually the laborers and extras preferred the cheaper and more informal counter. But the salaried actors, the executives, writers, composers and technical experts flocked to their pet tables precisely at noon and remained there for at least one hour.

As a rule there were no more than four at a table; the Round Table itself being the notable exception. This table was very close to the cashier's desk, and was located next to the only other large table in the place, this second grand affair being the pet property of studio executives. But it was at the Round Table that studio gossip and scandal were aired; that persons of prominence on the lot had their reputations enhanced or torn to shreds; that internal politics were fomented and discussed. Here, daily, dined a few directors who were classified as good fellows; the best of the regular and imported authors; one or two actors and, occasionally, a technician who was also a human being. One could familiarize himself with studio conditions and problems in a fortnight at the Round Table, whereas, ordinarily, it was a matter of months. The talk was unrestrained and graphically profane. But it was always intelligent.

The casting director asked a question without removing his eyes from the girl at the cashier's desk.

"Just what do you fellows know about that girl? Who is she—and why?"



"He has surrounded himself with a staff of yes-men who have a contempt for him but are riding on the band wagon of his success"

"Her name," answered one of the men, "is Doris Lake. Unless I'm cock-eyed, she's both educated and a lady. My guess is that she's about twenty-two years of age, and if she isn't the prettiest thing that ever stepped past a gateman, then I'm a tomato. She showed up behind that desk two weeks ago, and since then every gimmick on the lot has been on the make for her. That goes for the big fellows, too. She's been nice to everybody—and played no favorites. I tried my own hand at it, and was turned down so sweetly that I didn't begin to shiver for an hour afterward. Of course, it's a ten-to-one bet that she isn't ambitioning to be a cashier for life—not that dame. With her looks and class, I figure that she's looking for a break in the acting department."

"Humph!" said the casting director. "So far as I'm concerned, she can have a test any minute she wants it."

"Keno! And believe me, if more girls had her sense, we'd have more stars to pick from. Seems to me that the primary thing to do in crashing this Hollywood game is to get oneself on the lot. Then the breaks can be made instead of hoped for. But one thing I'll say, Dickie . . . if she makes the grade, we'll lose the best cashier we've ever had. So far as the naked eye can see, she hasn't a thought in the world beyond being nice to everybody and doing her job in the best way possible."

The casting director deposited a quarter on the table for his waitress, picked up his lunch check, chose a time when no one else was at the cashier's desk and sauntered up. He introduced himself and was rewarded with a radiant smile.

"Of course I know who you are, Mr. Foster."

"Thanks. . . ." He lighted a cigarette. "We've been discussing you."

She gave a light little laugh. "I know it. I can hear almost everything that goes on at your table . . . and so I suppose I had better say 'Thanks for the compliments.'"

"If you want. But they were all genuine. Now, listen: If you'll give my phone a buzz any afternoon I'll be glad to arrange a screen test for you. You look like a million dollars to me—speaking officially, of course."

"I understand. And thank you."

"You'll come over?"

Her hazel eyes smiled into his. "No, thanks."

He dropped back a step. "You won't?"

"No. I'm really not the least bit interested in acting."

"Aw say. . . . If that's so, just what are you doing on the Massive lot?"

"Acting as cashier."

"But you've got something else up your sleeve, of course. A girl as beautiful as you . . ."

"I haven't, though; really. And now, if you don't mind . . ." She turned her attention to a half dozen men and women who were waiting to pay their checks, and the casting director drifted away, shaking a mystified head.

A fairly accurate report of his interview spread like wildfire over the lot, and now indeed Doris Lake became the center of gossip. Obviously, she was above her job. And if she didn't want to act . . . Eventually, John Kane, the young and highly efficient studio manager, had a long talk with the casting director and subsequently requested Miss Lake to report at his office.

HE INVITED her to be seated, smiled at her in friendly fashion, and came directly to the point.

"I'll not mince matters, Miss Lake: this entire studio is buzzing with conjecture about you. I refuse to accept your statement that you are satisfied to remain in your present job. I know people pretty well—and that isn't your level. I understand that you definitely have refused the offer of a screen test despite the fact that you apparently have every qualification. And because there is a mystery here, I must ask you for an explanation."

For a few moments the girl hesitated, then she stood up and looked straight into the kindly eyes of the studio manager.

"You have the reputation of being fair, Mr. Kane. May I explain myself in confidence?"

"Certainly." He was keenly interested, and her first words snapped him to attention.

"Unless I am all wrong, Mr. Kane, Massive is about to release the star who was their best box office attraction up to eight months ago. Is that correct?"

"You mean Kenneth Rayley?" Kane was no equivocator, and this girl commanded his respect.

"Yes. Back East I was in love with Kenneth Rayley. We were engaged for a while, though that engagement has since been broken off. But I still love him and came here to save him from himself."

"I see. . . . And in what way?"

"I know that man, Mr. Kane, better than anyone on this lot can possibly know him. And thanks to the fact that your table and the Round Table are both within earshot of the cashier's desk, I have been able to confirm the suspicions I had before I came here and waited for this job—or any other job which would give me daily access to the lot where he was working.

"Kenneth has always been vain, and his startling success when he was first elevated to stardom has fed that vanity until it bids fair to ruin him. My understanding of the situation is that his present contract permitted him a free hand in selecting stories, cast and director. He is a great actor, but that is all. The result is that he has surrounded himself with a staff of yes-men who have a contempt for him but are riding on the band wagon of his success.

"I happen to know that he has passed the peak. I happen to know that you are planning to let him go when the renewal date on his contract is reached. And from both your standpoint and his that is a mistake. Once brought to his senses; once taught that for his own good he must bow to the superior judgment of studio executives in the selection of stories and directors—he will again be your best box office bet. Am I correct?"

"Absolutely. In fact, you are rather bewilderingly accurate. And as I understand it—because you love this man, you wish to put his feet on the right path before he ruins himself irrevocably."

"That is it."

KANE shook his head sympathetically. "You have undertaken a rather hopeless task, Miss Lake. Success has turned the heads of better men than Rayley. He'll never realize his mistake until he is on the down grade. That is unfortunate—but true—particularly in this industry."

"Would you care to have him rescued from this slump?"

Kane smiled. "I can only tell you that if we are permitted to alter Rayley's contract so that we can select his director and his stories, he will be worth a million dollars a year to us. But unless we have a free hand we cannot afford the luxury of keeping him. His last three pictures have been artistic successes and box office flops—and under his contract our hands have been tied."

"And I may do what I can?"

"With my best wishes . . . and my help, if you need it." He hesitated for a moment. "May I ask you a personal question, Miss Lake?"

"Certainly."

"Hasn't Rayley seen you on the lot?"

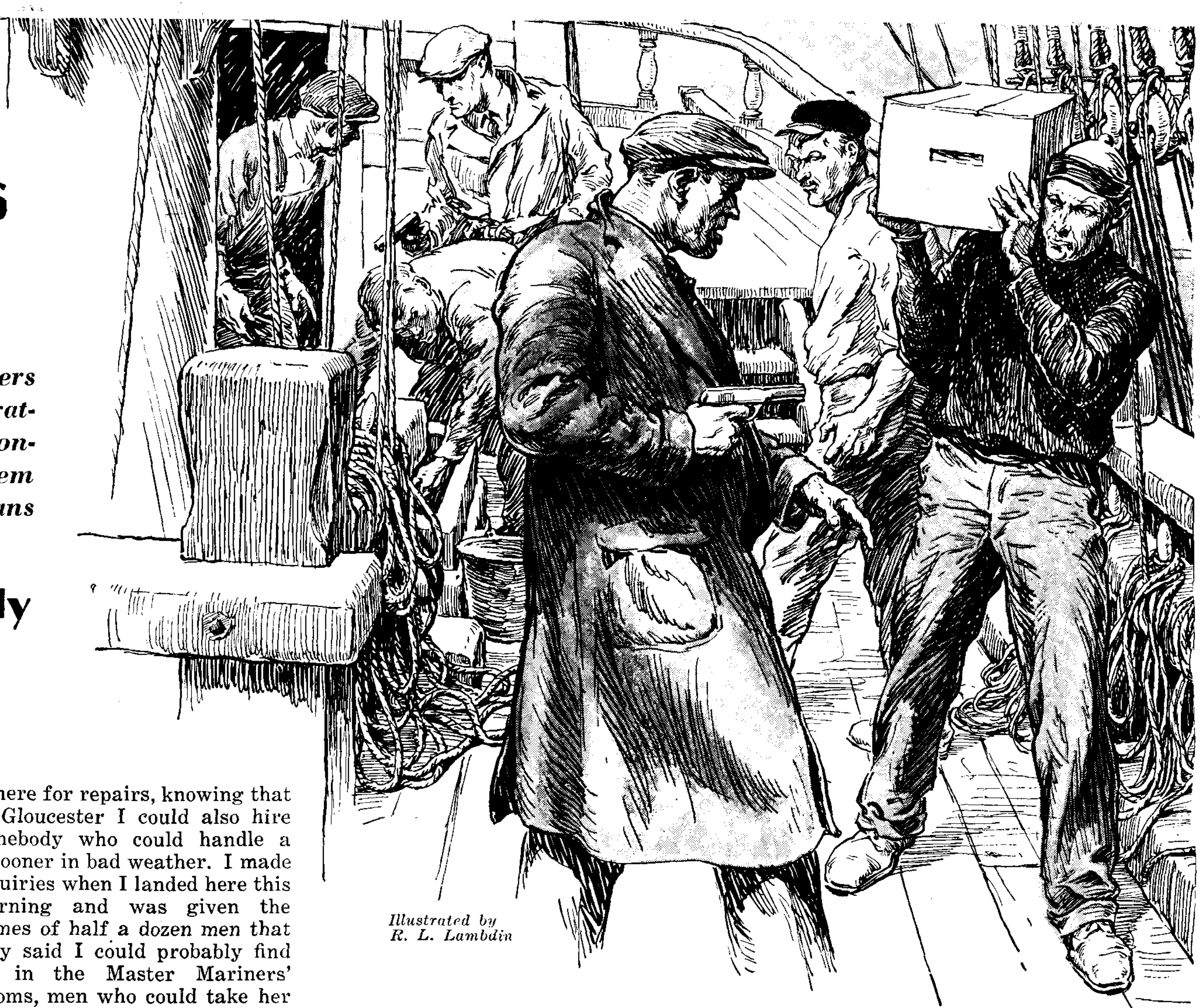
She flushed. "Certainly. He has

(Continued on page 74)

The Captain's Holiday

It strikes us that few racketeers are up to much in the way of strategy. What they need is a good honest seafaring man to teach them some really smart shenanigans

By James B. Connolly


Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

I put the vessel alongside, and standin' over 'em with guns they make the crew of the brig load the cases of Scotch onto our deck, where our gang stow 'em below

IT'S late October, which is between fishin' seasons in Gloucester, and there's maybe a dozen of us, who'd been seining or salt bankin' since spring, loafing up in the Master Mariners' Rooms. We're having a few days ashore before putting out for winter trawlin'—those who ain't forelaying, I mean, to stay home for the winter after a big spring and summer fishin'.

There's a long flight of stairs comes straight up from the street and into the middle of the Master Mariners' big loafing-room. Anybody who wants to can walk up. This stranger drifts in this morning, looks around, spots a bunch of us playin' smudge, and takes a chair behind Cozy Johnnie Hines and me to watch the game.

There's a hand dealt and Charlie Harty bids two. Cozy Johnnie, who's to wind'ard of Charlie, bids three. I'm to wind'ard of Cozy and I'm dealing. With an ace and nine spot I pitch it for three. My first swing ketches the Jack. I swing my nine spot and ketch low for my third point. Cozy begins to roar, saying: "If I'd only pitched my Clubs for four, I'd caught Charlie's lone Jack first swing, and my Queen'd cleaned up the trumps, and I'd smudged easy. Why didn't I pitch it out?"

"I dunno," says Charlie. "Why didn't yuh?"

A couple of times again it happens that Cozy tries to buy it too cheap, and me up to wind'ard of him, I pitch it out. I hear the stranger chucklin' behind me when Cozy begins to belch at his hard luck, and when we break up to go to lunch he walks out with me, askin' me if I'm Captain Corning and have I time to walk along with him to Gorton's Wharf.

His name is Meaker, he says, and when we get to the wharf there's a good-lookin' ninety-ton auxiliary schooner yacht, the Ariadne of Halifax, N. S. Some riggers are lacing her foresail to a new gaff. I ask him what happened to his old gaff.

He tells me how he'd bought the yacht at a bargain in Halifax, and was then talked into hiring a man who used to teach navigation to go master of her. "He may have been a navigator," says Meaker, "but that let him out. We got caught in a storm and I thought we were gone. Besides breaking our fore gaff we had both our dories washed overboard. After the storm we found ourselves within fifty miles of here, so I tell my fancy navigator to put into here for repairs, knowing that in Gloucester I could also hire somebody who could handle a schooner in bad weather. I made inquiries when I landed here this morning and was given the names of half a dozen men that they said I could probably find up in the Master Mariners' Rooms, men who could take her in or out of any port on the North Atlantic coast, night or day, besides being able to handle her in any kind of weather. One of the names, Captain, was yours, and after watching you play smudge this mornin' I think you're just the man I'm after."

"After for what?" I says. "And what's playin' smudge got to do with handling a vessel?"

And he says: "I'm a bit of a psychologist, Captain, and your way of playin' smudge proved to me that you were the adventurous type, a man to take a chance."

"BECAUSE, I pitched it out on Cozy? That wasn't taking a chance. When Cozy pitches it for three, Mr. Meaker, the rest of us might's well fold up our cards and mark up a smudge for him. No, no, taking the bid away from Cozy with nothin' much in my hand wasn't being adventurous—that was safety first for the rest of us."

"Have it your own way, Captain, but I know you are the man I'm after." He asks me then if I have any plans for the winter, and I tell him I'm thinking of going fresh halibuting.

"Captain," he says, "how about your taking my schooner around to New York instead? And then—I have friends in New York I must consult—then perhaps you could go master of her for a winter cruise in Southern waters."

"What about the sailin' master you got now?"

"I paid his way back home this mornin'. I don't want to be guessing whether I'm going to the bottom or live the night through. I'll advance you a hundred dollars now for taking the schooner to New York, and your expenses back to Gloucester, and if a friend of mine in New York agrees, I'll hire you to go master of the yacht for a winter cruise south, for five hundred dollars a month and all expenses, Captain."

To which I say: "The five hundred dollars a month and expenses prospect is pleasing, and the one hundred dollars advance will help out, because for a family man like me to talk to the wife of winter cruising in the sunny South and she staying home in the frozen North—why, I ought to have a mollifying explanation or two to go with it. The one hundred dollars will buy the wife a new fall rig," I says. "I'll take your vessel to New York."

There's a light easterly breeze blowing off Cape Cod, which turns into half a gale over Nantucket Shoals. It soon makes into a gale, but it being a fair wind I drive her. And we're making great leaps of it to the west'ard when Meaker comes on deck and asks me for God's sake to put in somewhere out of the storm.

He certainly has a fear of bad weather, though this ain't too bad—just wind—but I put her in the lee of Block Island, and lay there till it moderates. We up anchor and go our way in the mornin', and that afternoon, with the sun shining and a smooth sea, we're reaching along for Sandy Hook when through the haze ahead of us ten or a dozen craft of one kind and another loom up. Meaker asks me if they're the Rum Fleet, and I say probably, at least that's where they used to be when I ran mackerel to the New York market in the spring.

"What d' y' say, Captain," he says then, "if we give them the once-over?" And I sail in and out among 'em. There's steam and sail both, some jogging under easy headway, and some to anchor. One of 'em to anchor is a little Norwegian brig.

"I think I'll go aboard that Norwegian and sample his liquor," says Meaker. Two of the crew row him to the Norwegian. He stays there a little while and comes back with a bottle of Scotch. He's smiling to himself and I ask him what's the joke.

"I was thinkin' of the old squarehead captain of that brig," he says. "I'd read about him in Halifax, but I couldn't believe it. The very first day that he joined Rum Row somebody gave him counterfeit money for a hundred cases of Scotch. Since then he takes nothing but gold. I had to give him a five-dollar gold piece for this bottle of Scotch. The damn' fool keeps the gold in an iron box in his cabin."

We make our way up the harbor and tie up to a dock pretty well uptown on the North River side. It's then dark and after we've had supper Meaker says: "What d' y' say, Captain, if we go and look up this friend of mine I've been telling you about?"

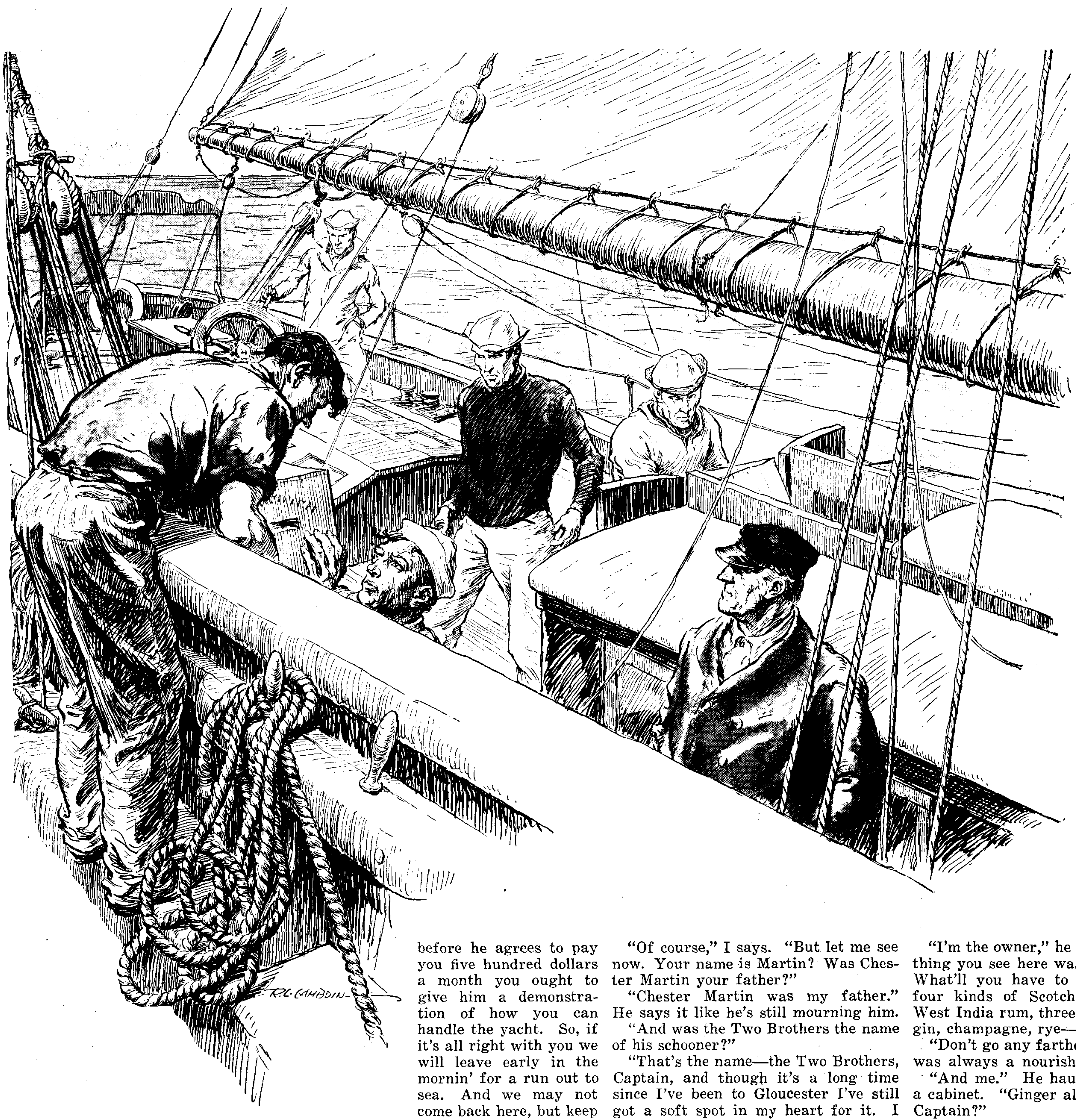
We go ashore and take a taxi to a big hotel on Broadway. He nods to the clerk of the hotel, walks over to the telephone girl and asks if Mr. Hinkson is in his room, telling her to say it's Mr. Meaker with Captain Corning from Gloucester.

The girl telephones and soon says that Mr. Hinkson is waiting for us. We go up, and Meaker introduces me to Hinkson, explaining that "he's an old yachting friend of mine." I wouldn't 've ever picked him for an old or any other kind of yachtsman myself, but then I wouldn't 've picked Meaker either.

"WE CAN sleep easy in our bunks out to sea now, Hinkson," says Meaker, "knowing we have a Gloucester skipper to look out for us in bad weather. How about a little drink?"

Hinkson presses the button and when the bell-hop comes he passes him a dollar bill for a bottle of ginger ale and some cracked ice. "Make it two ginger ales and plenty of ice," says Meaker, and slips the boy another dollar bill.

When the bell-hop is back, Hinkson unlocks a trunk, gets out a half-empty



bottle of Scotch and we have a couple of highballs, though Meaker has to give him a strong hint before we get the second one. Hinkson, who I can see is the boss, and who's been sizing me up and not lookin' like he's too sure about me, gives Meaker a sign, and they go into the other room, leaving the door half open behind them. Pretty soon I hear Hinkson saying: "It's all right about him being able to handle a schooner, but what I want to know is—will he stick when he finds out what kind of a yachting trip it's going to be?"

"Don't worry," I hear Meaker saying. "He's no damn' fool to be giving up five hundred bucks a month in a soft climate for a rough and dangerous winter on the North Atlantic fishin' banks."

It sounds too much to me like they're easing me into the right frame of mind for whatever it is they want to put over, so I sing out to Meaker that if he's got nothing more to say to me I'll be going along. There's a few words then too low for me to hear, and Meaker comes out, saying:

"Mr. Hinkson thinks, Captain, that before he agrees to pay you five hundred dollars a month you ought to give him a demonstration of how you can handle the yacht. So, if it's all right with you we will leave early in the mornin' for a run out to sea. And we may not come back here, but keep on going to the South."

So I say, "All right. Good night," and leave them to take the elevator for below decks.

I'm passing out by the telephone girl below when she smiles and holds me up to say: "Captain Corning, there is a gentleman here who wants to meet you." She looks up to a swell-dressed young fella, though not too young, who's standing by, and he steps up, saying: "You don't know me, Captain Corning, but I was born in Gloucester. My name is Martin and my father was a Gloucester captain like yourself. He was drowned when his schooner went down on the Grand Banks. I was a little boy then and my mother moved away from Gloucester before I grew up."

A real Gloucester boy would never have said a man is drowned. He'd 'a' said lost, and he'd 'a' said vessel, not schooner, but his being a long time away from Gloucester could maybe explain that.

I ask him the name of his father's schooner, and he says: "Let me see. No, I can't recall her name, Captain. I was pretty young, remember."

"Of course," I says. "But let me see now. Your name is Martin? Was Chester Martin your father?"

"Chester Martin was my father." He says it like he's still mourning him.

"And was the Two Brothers the name of his schooner?"

"That's the name—the Two Brothers, Captain, and though it's a long time since I've been to Gloucester I've still got a soft spot in my heart for it. I never see anybody from Gloucester but I want to talk to him. Going any place in particular now, are you, Captain?"

I tell him I ain't charted any sailin' course for the evenin' yet, and he says: "Then how about taking in a show?"

I SAY all right, he hails a taxi and we go along. It's one of those musical girl shows where people pay more attention to the girls than the music. After the show he asks me would I like a drink of good liquor. I ask him where is it, and he hails a taxi and we go to a swell-lookin' building with a doorway wide enough to sail a vessel through. And there's plenty of deck room inside the entrance, and a colored lad with about eight rows of buttons on him at the telephone place and another colored lad with another dory load of buttons running the elevator.

It's an apartment house and Martin's quarters, when we get there, are jammed to the hatches with expensive-lookin' furniture. He notices me lookin' around and asks me what I think of the place, and I tell him it's fitted out like some successful owner is paying the bills.

"I'm the owner," he says, "and everything you see here was paid for by me. What'll you have to drink? I've got four kinds of Scotch, three kinds of West India rum, three kinds of Holland gin, champagne, rye—"

"Don't go any farther," I says. "Rye was always a nourishin' drink to me."

"And me." He hauls a bottle out of a cabinet. "Ginger ale or plain water, Captain?"

"Is it all right?" I ask him.

"All right? The rye?" He looks peeved. "It's the best—pre-war. Look," showing me the label.

"Then why spoil it?" I says. "I'll take mine straight."

He laughs, saying that every word and move I make reminds him of his father and the men back in Gloucester.

We had our drink, and another, and then I said: "I've always heard that there's enough bad liquor sold in this port every week to float the Leviathan, but this tastes like the pure stuff."

"There's plenty of the good stuff to be got if you know how to get it," he says.

"It's none of my damn' business," I said, "but what do you have to pay for stuff like this?"

He smiled. "You'd be surprised, Captain, if I told you just what that cost me. But what you waiting for? Help yourself to another drink."

To which I say: "As a Gloucester boy, Mr. Martin, you ought to know that it's against all the shipping articles for a man to drink alone and anybody else

(Continued on page 48)

How to Make a Hole in One

By following these few thousand simple rules you can join perhaps the most exclusive—certainly the most unbearable—fraternity in the world. Provided—

By H.I.Phillips

The author, illustrating, approximately, the correct form for making holes in one

IN MAKING a hole in one I stand with the feet fairly wide apart and the weight evenly distributed on both heels. I use the interlocking grip, a three-quarters swing, a thirty-five-cent ball and the regulation prayer.

I generally wear light underwear, as there is nothing that will upset a stroke more than the itch that comes from a woolen or hair-lined undershirt at the moment of the up-swing, and prefer golf socks that are smart without being vulgar.

It is remarkable how many inquiries for help come to a man every time it leaks out, as such things will, that he has made a hole in one. Since I made my last one (I refer to it as my last purely because all my golfing friends insist it will be my last) I have had letters, phone calls and telegrams (collect) from all over the country pleading for suggestions and advice. I had no idea so many golfers were having trouble with this most satisfying stroke in golf. It seems to me there must be hundreds who don't quite get the hang of the hole in one.

The following is typical of the many letters I have received:

Dear Sir:

I am an American business man living with my folks and quite contented but for one great disappointment in life. For years I have wanted to make a hole in one, and while I have from time to time come close to it I have never realized my ambition. This feeling of a frustrated desire has preyed upon my mind until I am a shadow of the man I used to be before I put on short pants and let golf come into my scheme of things.

Yesterday I spoke to a friend who told me about your success in this respect and suggested that I write you and ask what I should do to succeed.

Any help from you will be greatly appreciated, and if it works I will be a new man.

Sincerely yours,
CASPAR STEUKLE,
Bisbee, Arizona.

Here's How It's Done

Mr. Steukle's voice is but one of thousands crying in the rough. It seems to me to be no less than a stern duty to give the great army of disappointed golfers the benefit of my experience and success.

My hole in one was made on September 21, 1929, on the number two hole at the Race Brook Country Club, Orange, Connecticut, at seven minutes after two, daylight saving.

[The editors of Collier's have investigated and found that the author is not lying. Mr. Ralph Walker, a fellow member of the Race Brook club and not related to the author by marriage or otherwise, was his partner on the day in question and gave an affidavit that Mr. Phillips made his hole in one as claimed. Mr. Bobby Pryde, father of Connecticut golfing, certifies that Mr. Walker is a gentleman of veracity.]

Most of the people in seeking advice on making a hole in one ask five questions:

First: Is it really difficult to accomplish?

Second: How long should a man keep trying for a hole in one before giving up and resigning himself to more than one stroke per hole?

Third: Is it a gift or an acquired instinct?

Fourth: Why make a hole in one?

Fifth: What's the secret?

The answers in the order named are:

1. Massachusetts.
2. Daniel Boone, August 2, 1712.
3. Appomattox Court House.
4. There are two reasons for making a hole in one. The first is that it is immensely labor saving. When you get the ball directly from the tee into the cup, it eliminates that most intricate and annoying feature of golf known as putting. Anything that will cut down the time used up in putting is helpful, and anything that will eliminate it entirely is like a bequest from a rich uncle in Calcutta. If you get the ball into the cup from the driving tee you are all washed up on that particular hole and do not even have to visit the green unless you want the ball back. If you do not get a hole in one and the ball lands, say, nine or ten inches from the hole you have to go to the green and take four or five putts. This is not only annoying but positively silly.

The other reason for making a hole in one is that it brings you a lot of free merchandise, gets your name in the papers and gives you some justification in trying to outtalk the other locker-room nuisances.

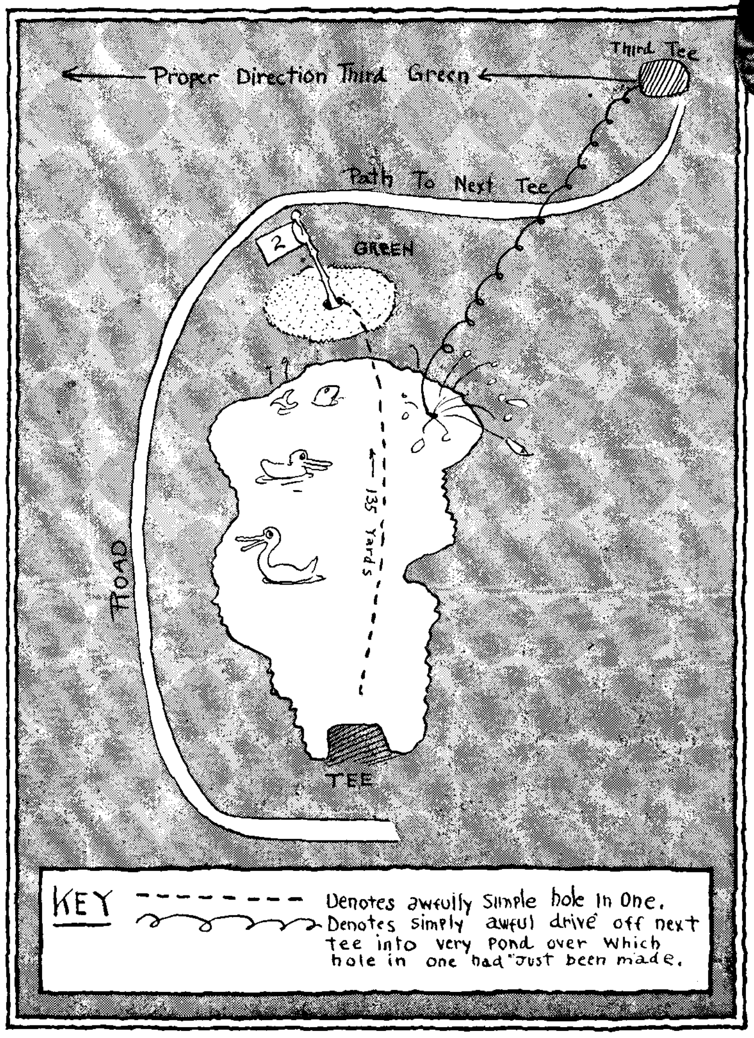
There may have been a time when a golfer got nothing but his name in the local paper and a few drinks of gin, but that era is no more. Today he is the recipient of enough stuff to furnish a flat. Before my feat had been announced in the papers more than a week, mail and express men began arriving at my home and office with awards from various big advertisers.

A golf ball company took the ball and mounted it in a glass case, suitably inscribed. A certificate of membership came from the Hole-in-One Club and with it a case of ginger ale. Then came two safety razor sets, a cigarette case, a humidor, a dozen golf balls, a load of wooden tees, a subscription to a golf magazine, an offer of a thirty per cent discount on a sweater, a fountain pen, two dozen razor blades, and an offer of marriage from a widow in Wyoming.

5. The secret of a hole in one is perseverance. As to stance, form, grip, etc., these are all matters of individual preference. If I were to emphasize one point to aspirants to membership in the Hole-in-One Club of America I should stress the advantage of short courses over long courses and the use, whenever possible, of courses where the greens have a tendency to slope from all sides toward the middle. Loose clothing is a distinct advantage. (I knew a man who missed a hole in one once through playing in a tight shirt that ripped as he went into his back-swing.)

Now, personally, I have a hole-in-one style that is not orthodox. I depend a good deal on psychology. I have to feel in the mood. It has been my experience that unless a golfer feels like a hole in one he cannot get the desired results.

In making my "ace" I always stand at right angles to the ball, bring the club back slowly and whip the clubhead through smartly, from left to right, using plenty of wrist action and not losing my balance until just before hitting the ball.


Third Tee
Proper Direction Third Green
Path To Next Tee
2
GREEN
135 Yards
ROAD
TEE
KEY
Denotes awfully simple hole in One.
Denotes simply awful drive off next tee into very pond over which hole in one had just been made.

There was no necessity of going anywhere near the pond on the drive from the third tee. Golf is full of surprises for the student

A good many golfers believe the open grip is better for hole-in-one purposes than the interlocking, but I use the interlocking because after making my "ace" I find I am less apt to drop my club in my excitement and run off without it.

I also prefer a wooden shaft over steel for this particular play and believe, too, from my experience that a hole in one is more easily accomplished in Nile green stockings of a medium weight and in roomy plus fours with no buckles missing.

It is my conviction also that the player should be relaxed physically and mentally, and not at the moment of the back-swing engaged in any argument with his partner over the score at the previous hole.

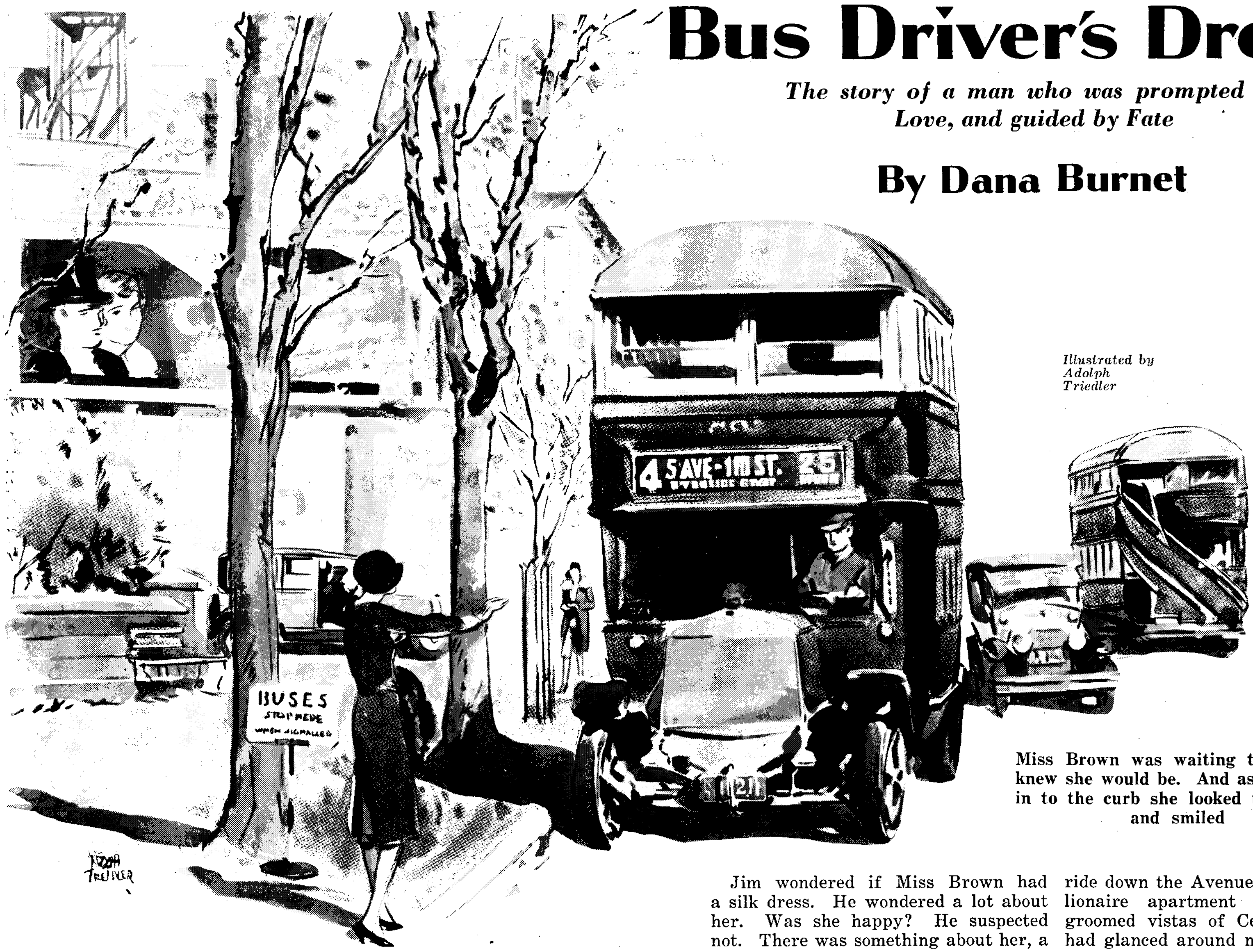
I make these statements for the benefit of the many golfers who have never made a hole in one and who do not seem to be making much progress in that direction. I, too, had difficulty attaining this goal. It did not come naturally to me. For years I struggled unsuccessfully to get the ball from the tee into the cup in one stroke. (As a matter of fact I was

(*Continued on page 73*)

Bus Driver's Dream

The story of a man who was prompted by Love, and guided by Fate

By Dana Burnet



Illustrated by Adolph Triedler

Miss Brown was waiting there. He knew she would be. And as he pulled in to the curb she looked up at him and smiled

JIM MACGRUDER was a driver for the Fifth Avenue Coach Company. For fifteen years he had steered his big green bus through the troubled highways of New York. His route was from 181st Street to 110th, across 110th to Fifth Avenue, down Fifth to Twenty-fifth Street and back again. That route was as fixed as the earth's orbit. It was stamped like a blueprint on Jim Macgruder's brain.

He was a conscientious, responsible man. His record was spotless. No passenger, of all the thousands he had carried, had ever been injured or unduly shaken by his carelessness or incompetence. He was as steady at the wheel as a helmsman on the bridge of a transatlantic liner.

Other lives than those of his passengers were dependent on his steadiness. He often considered that as he worried his van-load of human freight through the traffic. It wasn't the people riding behind him, strangers casually entrusted to his care, who made him feel most responsible. It was the thought of Mamie and the children. Mamie, his wife, and Jenny and James. . . .

Jenny was twelve. The boy was fourteen. They were good children, and smart in their studies. As for Mamie—

Well, Mamie was his wife, and the mother of the two. He could never get much beyond that, when he tried to visualize Mamie. The children he could see perfectly, but when he thought of his wife his vision blurred and his imagination ceased to function. Thus it was always a shock to him to come home at night and find her, a large, billowing woman with accusing eyes and a permanent note of complaint in her voice:

"Well, I don't know what made you so late! You get off the run at ha'-past five, and here it is way after six—"

Jim would look at her and want to say: "I walked slow because of the pain in my side." But he never said it. He never told Mamie about the pain. It had been getting worse lately. He had gone, in secret, to a doctor, and the doctor had given him some pills which he took, locked in the bathroom, every morning and night.

THE reason he did not tell Mamie was because when she got excited she started to faint. Jim did not want to see her faint.

At times he wondered if he might not have been happier with some other woman.

But there was no other woman in his life, except the brown-haired, brown-eyed one who got on his bus, two or three mornings a week, at the corner of 110th Street and Fifth Avenue. And she was no more a part of his life, really, than any one of the thousands who rode with him. She was just a passenger.

Yet he thought of her apart from all the others. He even invented a name for her. He called her—to himself—Miss Brown. And the mornings she did not hail him were somehow empty and lifeless and flat.

She appeared on the corner, however, with remarkable regularity. Apparently her life was governed by a schedule as rigid as his own. Jim was glad of that. But also he dimly resented it. He thought it too bad, in a way, that such a fine-looking young woman should have to live by the clock.

She worked for her living. He was sure of that. He had watched her, many times, get off his bus and go into a building at 26th Street and Fifth Avenue. It was a building occupied by wholesale silk concerns. No doubt she was a clerk or a stenographer in one of those offices devoted to the merchandising of silk.

Jim wondered if Miss Brown had a silk dress. He wondered a lot about her. Was she happy? He suspected not. There was something about her, a kind of weariness, a little droop to her shoulders. . . . And the way she put up her hand to hail him, not sawing the air like most people, but holding her whole arm out straight and still, like a child wanting the gift you've got hidden behind your back. . . .

Life had no hidden gifts for Miss Brown. It had none for Jim Macgruder.

They were no more eligible for joyous surprises than the cogs in the driving-gear of his bus. Time was their common master. They moved alike in the groove of an unescapable routine.

In his slow, sober way, Jim pondered these inexorable truths. He thought of the years he had spent driving a bus, stopping and starting, shifting gears, waiting for the cop's whistle, crawling monotonously forward to complete an endless ellipse.

He thought of Miss Brown, going daily to her job, getting on at her corner, paying a dime's worth of her youth to ride down the Avenue between the millionaire apartment houses and the groomed vistas of Central Park. He had glanced around more than once to see which way she looked. Her gaze, he noticed, was always to the right, toward the Park. Maybe she was from the country, and remembered the feel of earth under her feet.

It may have been a certain wistfulness in Miss Brown's eyes that started Jim brooding over his crazy notion. Or it may have been that nagging pain in his chest, which kept reminding him that a man doesn't live forever. Or it may have been simply the way the East Drive curved into the Park at the Seventy-ninth Street entrance. It was such a persuasive curve. Every time he passed it, going south, it beckoned to him; and every time it beckoned Jim Macgruder felt less able to resist the outlandish idea that possessed him.

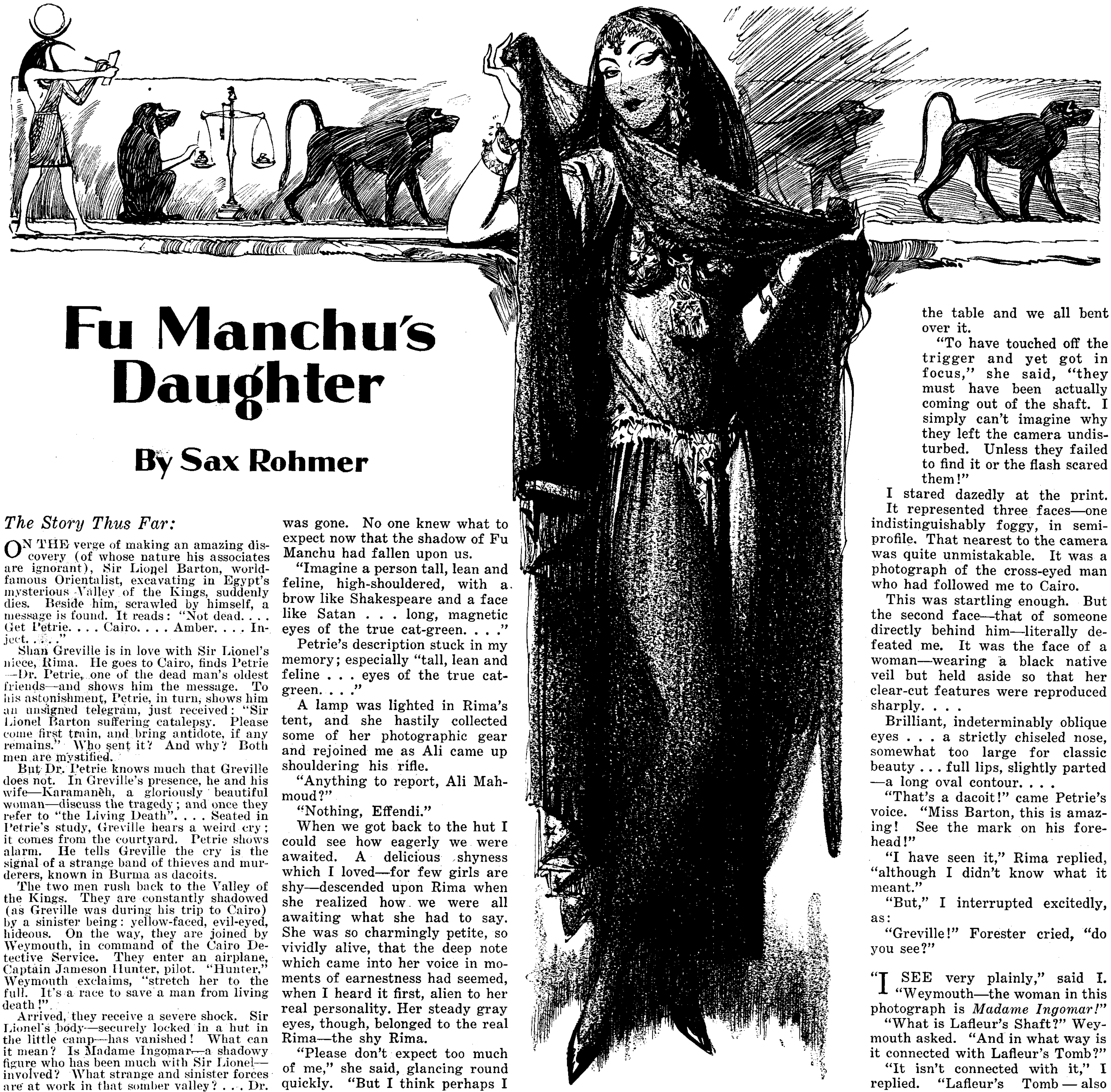
IT WASN'T an idea exactly. Ideas have some sense to them. It was just a temptation, an insane desire to twist his wheel to the right and go thundering into the Park with his bus-load of startled passengers. To veer from the sacred course, to shoot off at a new angle, to go dashing at full speed through the green—!

He pictured the amazement of the passengers. He pictured his own punishment. He would be arrested, sent to jail, sent away to an asylum. He knew it, and was very much afraid. I must quit thinking of this, he told himself; I must quit thinking, quit thinking. . . .

But the sweet curve of that Seventy-ninth Street entrance haunted his mind. It made a mark there, confusing the blueprint, the stencil of his prescribed route. No matter how he tried, he couldn't erase the curve. . . .

One spring night, lying awake with the pain very bad under his ribs and with the huge bulk of Mamie stretched out dormant beside him, Jim suddenly and clearly saw himself doing the thing he

(*Continued on page 63*)



This woman was the clue to the mystery. . . . It was she who had stolen the Chief's body!

Fu Manchu's Daughter

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE verge of making an amazing discovery (of whose nature his associates are ignorant), Sir Lionel Barton, world-famous Orientalist, excavating in Egypt's mysterious Valley of the Kings, suddenly dies. Beside him, scrawled by himself, a message is found. It reads: "Not dead. . . . Get Petrie. . . . Cairo. . . . Amber. . . . Inject. . . ."

Shan Greville is in love with Sir Lionel's niece, Rima. He goes to Cairo, finds Petrie—Dr. Petrie, one of the dead man's oldest friends—and shows him the message. To his astonishment, Petrie, in turn, shows him an unsigned telegram, just received: "Sir Lionel Barton suffering catalepsy. Please come first train, and bring antidote, if any remains." Who sent it? And why? Both men are mystified.

But Dr. Petrie knows much that Greville does not. In Greville's presence, he and his wife—Karamanèh, a gloriously beautiful woman—discuss the tragedy; and once they refer to "the Living Death". . . . Seated in Petrie's study, Greville hears a weird cry; it comes from the courtyard. Petrie shows alarm. He tells Greville the cry is the signal of a strange band of thieves and murderers, known in Burma as dacoits.

The two men rush back to the Valley of the Kings. They are constantly shadowed (as Greville was during his trip to Cairo) by a sinister being: yellow-faced, evil-eyed, hideous. On the way, they are joined by Weymouth, in command of the Cairo Detective Service. They enter an airplane, Captain Jameson Hunter, pilot. "Hunter," Weymouth exclaims, "stretch her to the full. It's a race to save a man from living death!".

Arrived, they receive a severe shock. Sir Lionel's body—securely locked in a hut in the little camp—has vanished! What can it mean? Is Madame Ingomar—a shadowy figure who has been much with Sir Lionel—involved? What strange and sinister forces are at work in that somber valley? . . . Dr. Petrie is deeply agitated. Everyone, he says, must arm at once, the camp must be well guarded. "We are dealing," he tells Greville, "with the agents of Dr. Fu Manchu!" He explains that the sinister Fu Manchu—believed to be dead—was master of a method of inducing artificial catalepsy. "I alone," he whispers, "possess a drop of the antidote. . . ." It is established that the person who removed Sir Lionel's body chewed betel-nut. Then Rima speaks. "I can show you the man," she says. "I think I have his photograph—*and the photograph of someone else!*"

III

I MIGHT have thought, during that strange conference in the hut, that life had nothing more unexpected to offer me. Little I knew what fate held in store. This was only the beginning. Dawn was close upon us. Yet before the sun came blushing over the Nile Valley I was destined to face stranger experiences.

I went with Rima from the hut to the tent. All our old sense of security was gone. No one knew what to expect now that the shadow of Fu Manchu had fallen upon us.

"Imagine a person tall, lean and feline, high-shouldered, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan . . . long, magnetic eyes of the true cat-green. . . ."

Petrie's description stuck in my memory; especially "tall, lean and feline . . . eyes of the true cat-green. . . ."

A lamp was lighted in Rima's tent, and she hastily collected some of her photographic gear and rejoined me as Ali came up shouldering his rifle.

"Anything to report, Ali Mahmoud?"

"Nothing, Effendi."

When we got back to the hut I could see how eagerly we were awaited. A delicious shyness which I loved—for few girls are shy—descended upon Rima when she realized how we were all awaiting what she had to say. She was so charmingly petite, so vividly alive, that the deep note which came into her voice in moments of earnestness had seemed, when I heard it first, alien to her real personality. Her steady gray eyes, though, belonged to the real Rima—the shy Rima.

"Please don't expect too much of me," she said, glancing round quickly. "But I think perhaps I may be able to help. I wasn't really qualified for my job here, but . . . Uncle Lionel was awfully kind; and I wanted to come. Really all I've done is wild life photography—before, I mean."

She bent and opened a paper folder which she had put on the table; then:

"I used to lay traps," she went on, "for all sorts of birds and animals—"

"What do you mean by 'traps,' Miss Barton?" Weymouth asked.

"Oh, perhaps you don't know. Well, there's a bait—and the bait is attached to the trigger of the camera. . . ."

"Perfectly clear. You need not explain further."

"For night things, it's more complicated; because the act of taking the bait has to touch off a charge of flash powder as well as exposing the lens. It doesn't work very often. But I had set a trap—with the camera most cunningly concealed—on the plateau just by the entrance to the old shaft—"

"Lafleur's Shaft!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. There was a track there which I thought might mean jackal—and I have never got a close-up of a jackal. The night before I went to Luxor, something fell into my trap! I was rather puzzled, because the bait didn't seem to have been touched. It looked as though someone might have stumbled over it. But I never imagined that anyone would pass that way at night—or at any other time, really."

SHE stopped, looking at Weymouth. Then:

"I took the film to Luxor," she said. "But I didn't develop it until today. When I saw what it was, I couldn't believe my eyes! I have made a print of it. Look!"

Rima laid a photographic print on the table and we all bent over it.

"To have touched off the trigger and yet got in focus," she said, "they must have been actually coming out of the shaft. I simply can't imagine why they left the camera undisturbed. Unless they failed to find it or the flash scared them!"

I stared dazedly at the print. It represented three faces—one indistinguishably foggy, in semi-profile. That nearest to the camera was quite unmistakable. It was a photograph of the cross-eyed man who had followed me to Cairo.

This was startling enough. But the second face—that of someone directly behind him—literally defeated me. It was the face of a woman—wearing a black native veil but held aside so that her clear-cut features were reproduced sharply. . . .

Brilliant, indeterminably oblique eyes . . . a strictly chiseled nose, somewhat too large for classic beauty . . . full lips, slightly parted —a long oval contour. . . .

"That's a dacoit!" came Petrie's voice. "Miss Barton, this is amazing! See the mark on his forehead!"

"I have seen it," Rima replied, "although I didn't know what it meant."

"But," I interrupted excitedly, as:

"Greville!" Forester cried, "do you see?"

"I SEE very plainly," said I. "Weymouth—the woman in this photograph is *Madame Ingomar!*"

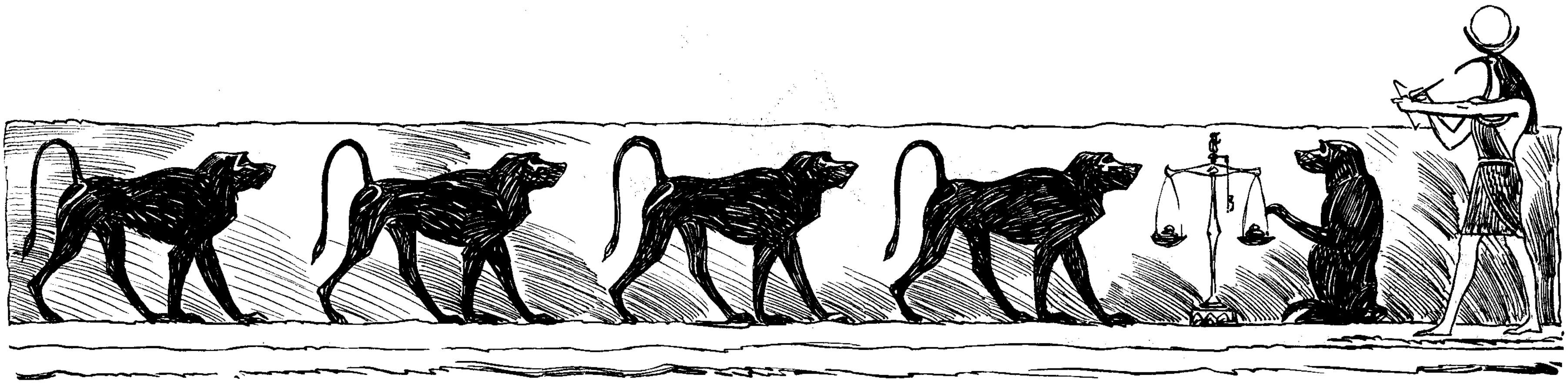
"What is Lafleur's Shaft?" Weymouth asked. "And in what way is it connected with Lafleur's Tomb?"

"It isn't connected with it," I replied. "Lafleur's Tomb — also known as the Tomb of the Black Ape—was discovered, or, rather suspected to exist, by the French Egyptologist Lafleur, about 1908. He accidentally unearthed a little votive chapel. All the fragments of offerings found were inscribed with the figures of what appeared to be a huge black ape—or perhaps an ape-man. There's been a lot of speculation about it. Certain authorities, notably Maspero, held the theory that some queer pet of an unknown Pharaoh had been given a freak burial.

"Lafleur cut a shaft into a long zigzag passage belonging to another burial chamber, which he thought would lead him to the Tomb of the Black Ape. It led nowhere. It was abandoned in 1909. Sir Lionel started from a different point altogether, and seems to have hit on the right entrance."

"Ah!" said Weymouth. "Then my next step is clear."

"What is that?"



"I want you to take me down your excavation."

"Good enough," said I, "shall we start now?"

"I think it would be as well." He turned to Forester. "I want Greville to act as guide and I want you and Petrie to look after Miss Barton in our absence."

"We shall need Ali," I said, "to go ahead with lights."

"Very well. Will you please make the necessary arrangements. . . ."

Accordingly I relieved Ali Mahmoud of his sentry duties and had the lanterns lighted. They were kept in the smaller hut. And presently Weymouth and I were on the ladders. . . .

The first part of our journey led us down a sheer pit of considerable depth. At the bottom it gave access to a sloping passage, the original entrance to which had defied all our efforts to discover it.

This was very commonplace to me, but I don't know how that first glimpse of the pit affected Weymouth. The night was black as pitch. Dawn was very near. Outlined by the light of the lanterns Ali carried, that ragged gap far below, to reach which we had been at work for many months, looked a likely enough portal to ghostly corridors.

An indescribable smell which characterizes the tombs of Upper Egypt crept up like a hot miasma. Our ladders were fairly permanent fixtures sloping down at easy gradients from platform to platform. The work had been fenced around; and, as we entered the doorway, watching the Arab descending from point to point and leaving a lantern at each stopping place, a sort of foreboding choked me. I breathed with difficulty.

It was unaccountable, or so I thought at the time, but it was well founded, as events were soon to show. I glanced at Weymouth. The big man was looking doubtfully at the ladders, but:

"It's safe enough," I said, "even for your weight. The Chief was as heavy. I'll lead the way."

And so we set out, descending slowly. When at last the rubble-covered floor of the tunnel was beneath our feet, Weymouth paused, breathing deeply.

"That's the way to the original entrance," I said pointing, "up the slope. But it's completely blocked fifteen yards along. There must be a bend, or a series of bends, because where it originally came out, heaven only knows. However, this is our way."

I turned to where the shadowy figure of Ali waited, a lantern swinging in either hand so that the light shining up on to his bearded face lent it an unfamiliar and masklike appearance. I nodded; and we began to descend the tunneled winding slope. At a point just before we came to the last bend Ali paused and held up one of the lanterns warningly.

"THERE'S a pit just in front of us, Weymouth," I explained. "It doesn't lead anywhere but it's deep enough to break one's neck. Pass to the left."

We circled cautiously around the edge of this mysterious well, possibly designed as a trap for unwary tomb robbers. Then came the sharp bend, and here Ali left one of his two lanterns to light us on our return journey. The gradient became much steeper.

"We were starting on a stone portcullis which the Chief believed to be that of the actual burial chamber," I explained, as we stumbled on downward in the wake of the dancing lantern. "He had a system of dealing with these formidable barriers which was all his own. Probably a few hours' work would have seen us through. Here we are!"

Ali paused, holding the lantern above his head. . . . And, as he did so, he uttered a loud cry.

I pushed past Weymouth in the narrow passage and joined the headman. He turned to me in the lamplight. His face was ghastly.

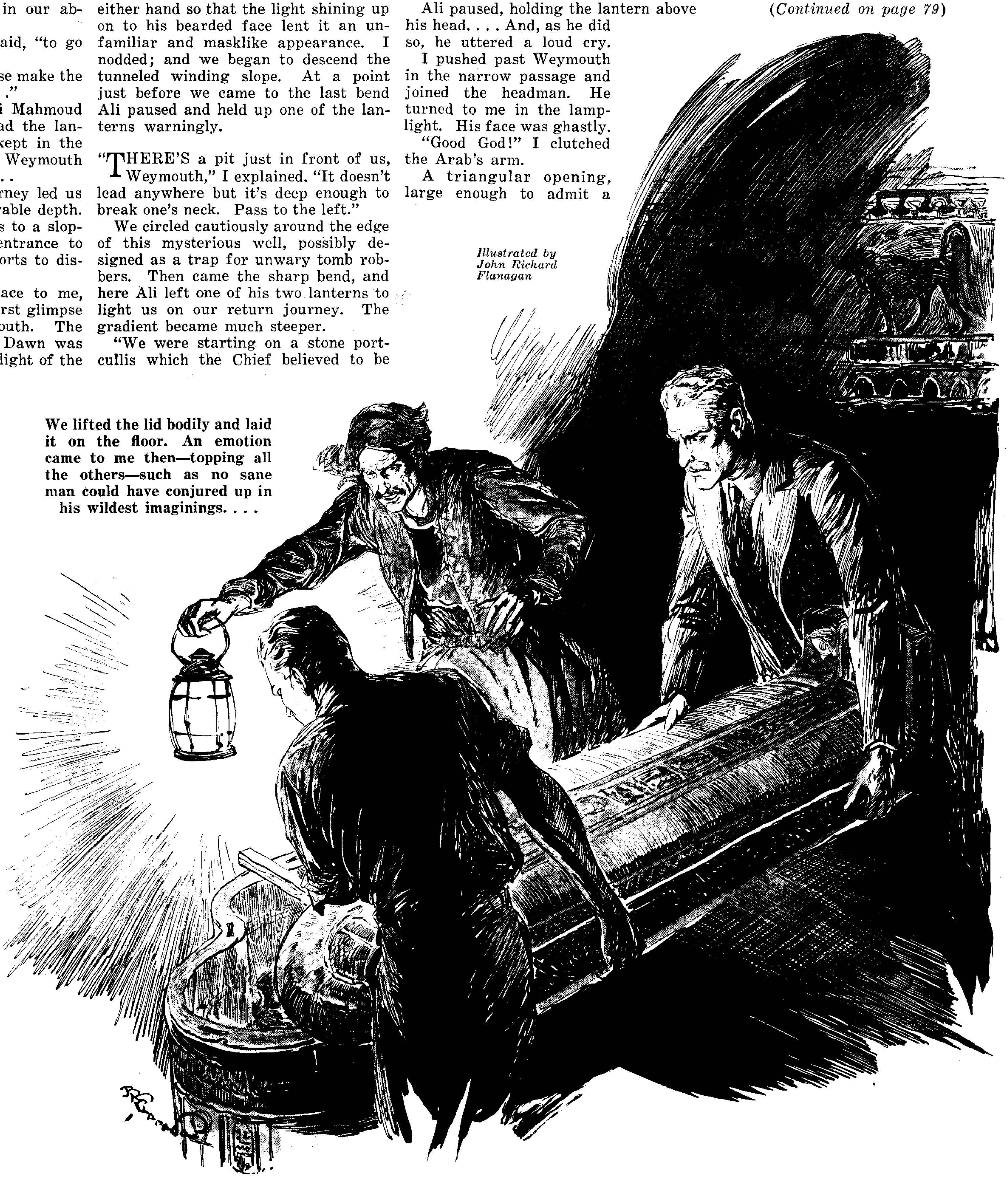
"Good God!" I clutched the Arab's arm.

A triangular opening, large enough to admit a man, yawned in the bottom left-hand corner of the portcullis!

Ali raised his lantern higher. I looked up at a jagged hole in the right top corner. . . .

"What does this mean?" Weymouth demanded hoarsely.

(*Continued on page 79*)



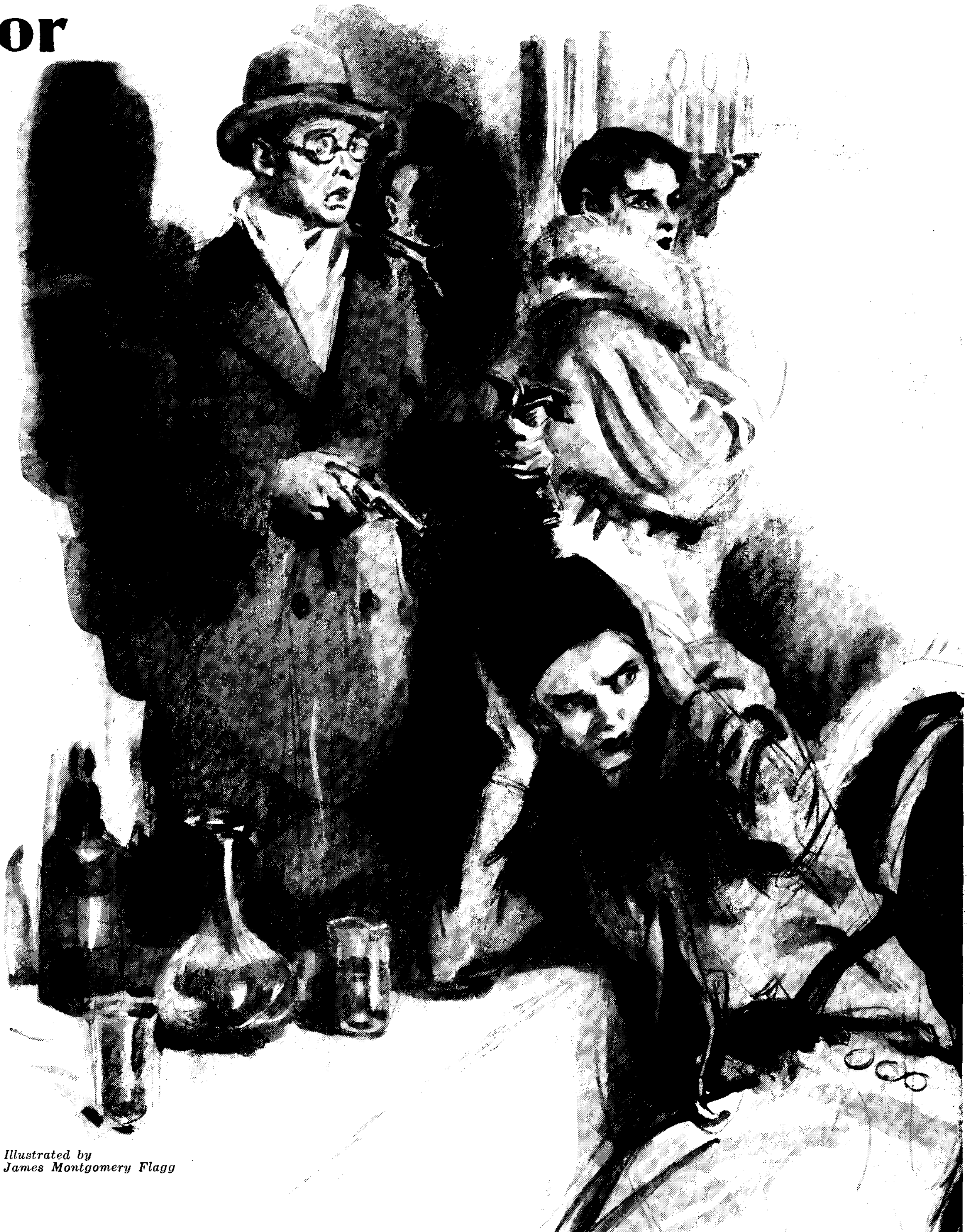
Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

We lifted the lid bodily and laid it on the floor. An emotion came to me then—topping all the others—such as no sane man could have conjured up in his wildest imaginings. . . .

Social Error

An extremely modern chronicle, being the singular adventures of two ladies, one gentleman and the toughest hombre in New York

By
Damon Runyon



Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Basil Valentine is standing by the door with the rod in his duke looking quite astonished and making no move to get Miss Harriet Mackyle out of the joint

WHEN Mr. Ziegfeld picks a doll she is apt to be above the average when it comes to looks, for Mr. Ziegfeld is by no means a chump at picking dolls. But when Mr. Ziegfeld picks Miss Midgie Muldoon, he beats his own best record, or anyway ties it. I never see a better-looking doll in my life, although she is somewhat smaller than I like them. I like my dolls big enough to take a good hold on, and Miss Midgie Muldoon is only about knee-high to a Pomeranian. But she is very cute, and I do not blame Handsome Jack Maddigan for going daffy about her.

Now most any doll on Broadway will be very glad indeed to have Handsome Jack Maddigan give her a tumble, so it is very surprising to one and all when Miss Midgie Muldoon plays the chill for Handsome Jack, especially when you figure that Miss Midgie Muldoon is nothing but a chorus doll, while Handsome Jack is quite a high shot in this town. But one night in the Hot Box when Handsome Jack sends word to Miss Midgie Muldoon by Miss Billy Perry, who is Dave the Dude's wife, that he will like to meet up with her, Miss Midgie Muldoon sends word back to Handsome Jack that she is not meeting up with tough guys.

Well, naturally this crack burns Handsome Jack up quite some. But Dave the Dude says never mind, and furthermore Dave says Miss Midgie Muldoon's crack serves Handsome Jack right for sitting around shooting off his mouth, and putting himself away as a tough guy, because if there is anything Dave hates it is a guy letting on he is tough, no matter how tough he really is, and Handsome Jack is certainly such a guy.

He is a big tall blond guy who comes up out of what they call Hell's Kitchen over on the West Side, and if he has a little more sense the chances are he will be as important a guy as Dave the Dude himself in time, instead of generally working for Dave, but Handsome Jack likes to wear very good clothes, and drink, and sit around a lot, and also do plenty of talking, and no matter how much dough he makes he never seems able to hold much of anything.

PERSONALLY, I never care to have any truck with Handsome Jack because he always strikes me as a guy who is a little too quick on the trigger to suit me, and I always figure the best you are going to get out of being around guys who are quick on the trigger is the worst of it, and so any time I see Handsome Jack I give him the back of my neck. But there are many people in this world such as Basil Valentine who love to be around these characters.

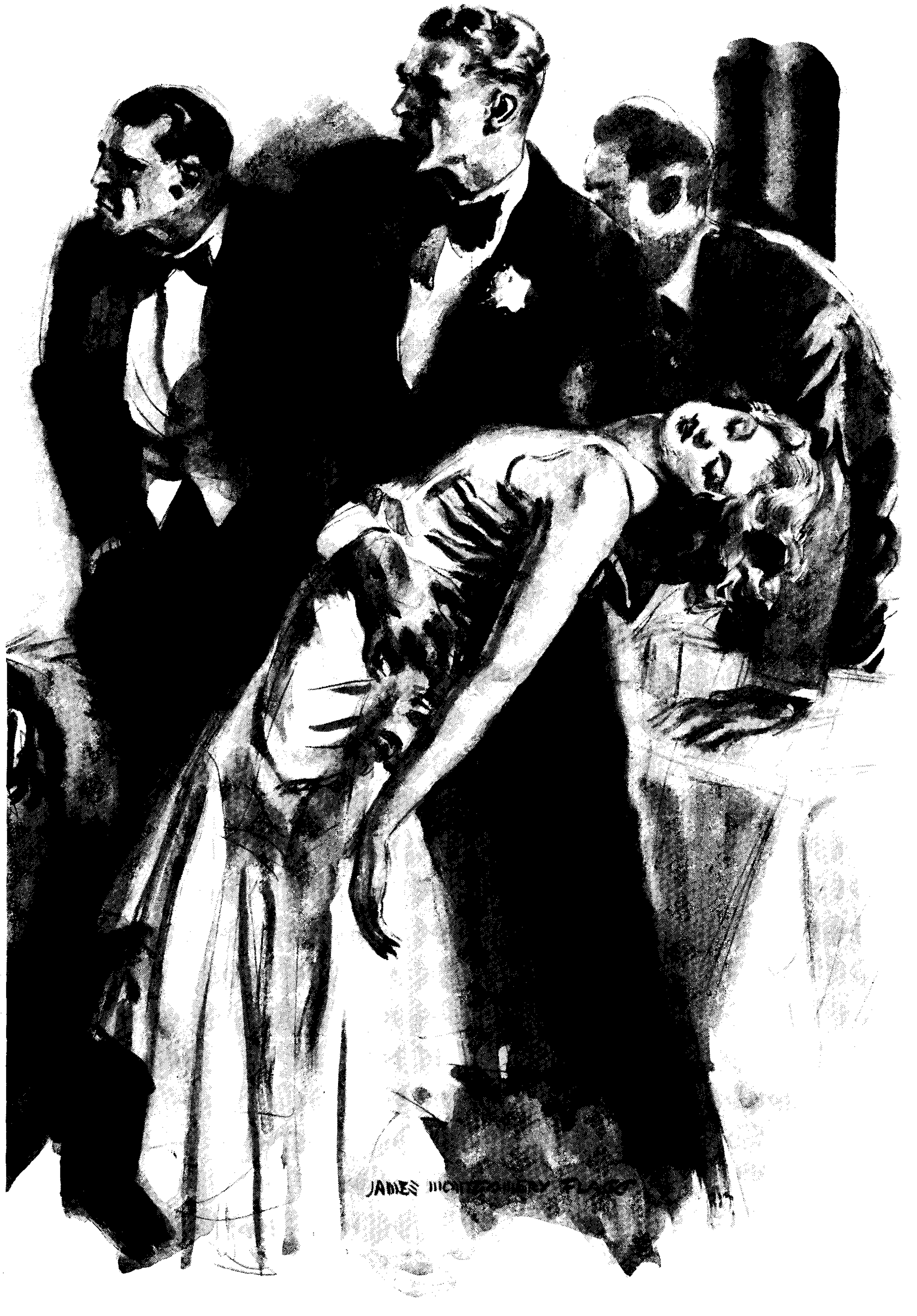
This Basil Valentine is a little guy who wears horn cheaters and writes articles for the magazines, and is personally a very nice little guy, and as harmless as a water snake, but he cannot have a whole lot of sense, or he will not be hanging out with Handsome Jack and other such characters.

If a guy hangs out with tough guys long enough he is apt to get to thinking maybe he is tough himself, and by and by other people may get the idea he is tough, and the first thing you know along comes some copper in plain clothes, such as Johnny Brannigan, of the strong-arm squad, and biffs him on the noggin with a blackjack just to see how tough he is. As I say, Basil Valentine is a very harmless guy, but after he is hanging out with Handsome Jack a while, I hear Basil talking very tough to a bus boy, and the chances are he is building himself up to talk tough to a waiter, and then maybe to a head waiter, and finally he may consider himself tough enough to talk tough to anybody.

I can show you many a guy who is supposed to be strictly legitimate sitting around with guys who are figured as tough guys, and why this is I do not know, but I am speaking to Waldo Winchester, the newspaper scribe, about the proposition one night, and Waldo Winchester, who is a half-smart guy in many respects, says it is what is called an underworld complex. Waldo Winchester says many legitimate people are much interested in the doings of tough guys, and consider them very romantic, and he says if I do not believe it look at all the junk the newspapers print making heroes out of tough guys.

WALDO WINCHESTER says the underworld complex is a very common complex and that Basil Valentine has it, and so has Miss Harriet Mackyle, or she will not be all the time sticking her snoot into joints where tough guys hang out. This Miss Harriet Mackyle is one of these rich dolls who wears snaky-looking evening clothes, and has her hair cut like a boy's, with her ears sticking out, and is always around the night traps, generally with some guy with a little mustache, and a way of talking like an Englishman, and come to think of it I do see her in tough joints more than somewhat, saying hello to different parties such as nobody in their right minds will say hello to, including such as Red Henry, who is just back from Dannemora, after being away for quite a spell for taking things out of somebody's safe and blowing the safe open to take these things.

In fact, I see Miss Harriet Mackyle dancing one night in the Hearts and Flowers club, which is a very tough joint, indeed, and who is she dancing with but Red Henry, and when I ask Waldo Winchester what he makes of this proposition, he says it is part of the underworld complex he is talking



about. He says Miss Harriet Mackyle probably thinks it smart to tell her swell friends she dances with a safe blower, although personally if I am going to dance with a safe blower at all, which does not seem likely, I will pick me out a nicer safe blower than Red Henry, because he is such a guy as does not take a bath since he leaves Dannemora, and he is back from Dannemora for several months.

One party who does not seem to have much of Waldo Winchester's underworld complex as far as I can see is Miss Midgie Muldoon, because I never see her around any night traps except such as the Hot Box and the Sixteen Hundred club, which are considered very nice places, and reasonably safe for anybody who does not get too far out of line, and Miss Midgie Muldoon is always with very legitimate guys such as Buddy Donaldson, the song writer, or Walter Gumble, who plays the trombone in Paul Whiteman's band, or maybe be sometimes with Paul Hawley, the actor.

FURTHERMORE, when she is around such places, Miss Midgie Muldoon minds her own business quite a bit, and always looks right past Handsome Jack Maddigan, which burns Jack up all the more. It is the first time Handsome Jack ever runs into a doll who does not seem excited about him, and he does not know what to make of such a situation.

Well, what happens but Dave the Dude comes to me one day and says to me like this: "Listen," Dave says, "this doll Miss Harriet Mackyle is one of my best customers for high-grade merchandise, and is as good as wheat in the bin, and she is asking a favor of me. She is giving a party Sunday night in her joint over on Park Avenue, and she wishes me to invite some of the mob, so go around and tell about a dozen guys to be there all dressed, and not get too fresh, because a big order of Scotch and champagne goes with the favor."

Now such a party is by no means unusual, although generally it is some swell guy who gives it rather than a doll, and he gets Broadway guys to be there to show his pals what a mixer he is. Waldo Winchester says it is to give color to things, though where the color comes in I do not know, for Broadway guys, such as will go to a party like this, are apt to just sit around and say nothing, and act very gentlemanly, because they figure they are on exhibition like freaks, and the only way you can get them to such parties in the first place is through some such connection as Miss Harriet Mackyle has with Dave the Dude.

ANYWAY, I go around and about and tell a lot of guys what Dave the Dude wishes them to do, and among others I tell Handsome Jack, who is tickled to death by the invitation, because if there is anything Jack loves more than anything else it is to be in a spot where he can show off some. Furthermore, Handsome Jack has a sneaking idea Miss Harriet Mackyle is red hot for him because she sometimes gives him the old eye when she sees him around the Sixteen Hundred club, and other spots, but then she does the same thing to Big Nig, and a lot of other guys I can mention, because that is just naturally the way Miss Harriet Mackyle is. But of course I do not speak of this to Handsome Jack. Basil Valentine is with Jack when I invite him, so I tell Basil to come along, too, because I do not wish him to think I am a snob.

It turns out that Basil is one of the very first guys to show up Sunday night at Miss Harriet Mackyle's apartment, where I am already on hand to help get in the Scotch and champagne, and to make Miss Harriet Mackyle acquainted with such of the mob as I invite, although I find we are about lost in the shuffle of guys with little mustaches, and dolls in evening clothes that leave plenty of them sticking out here and there. It seems everybody on Broadway is there, as well as a lot of Park Avenue, and Mr. Ziegfeld is especially well represented and among his people I see Miss Midgie Muldoon, although I have to stand on tiptoe to see her on account of the guys with little mustaches around her, and their interest in Miss Midgie Muldoon proves that they are not such saps as they look, even if they do wear little mustaches.

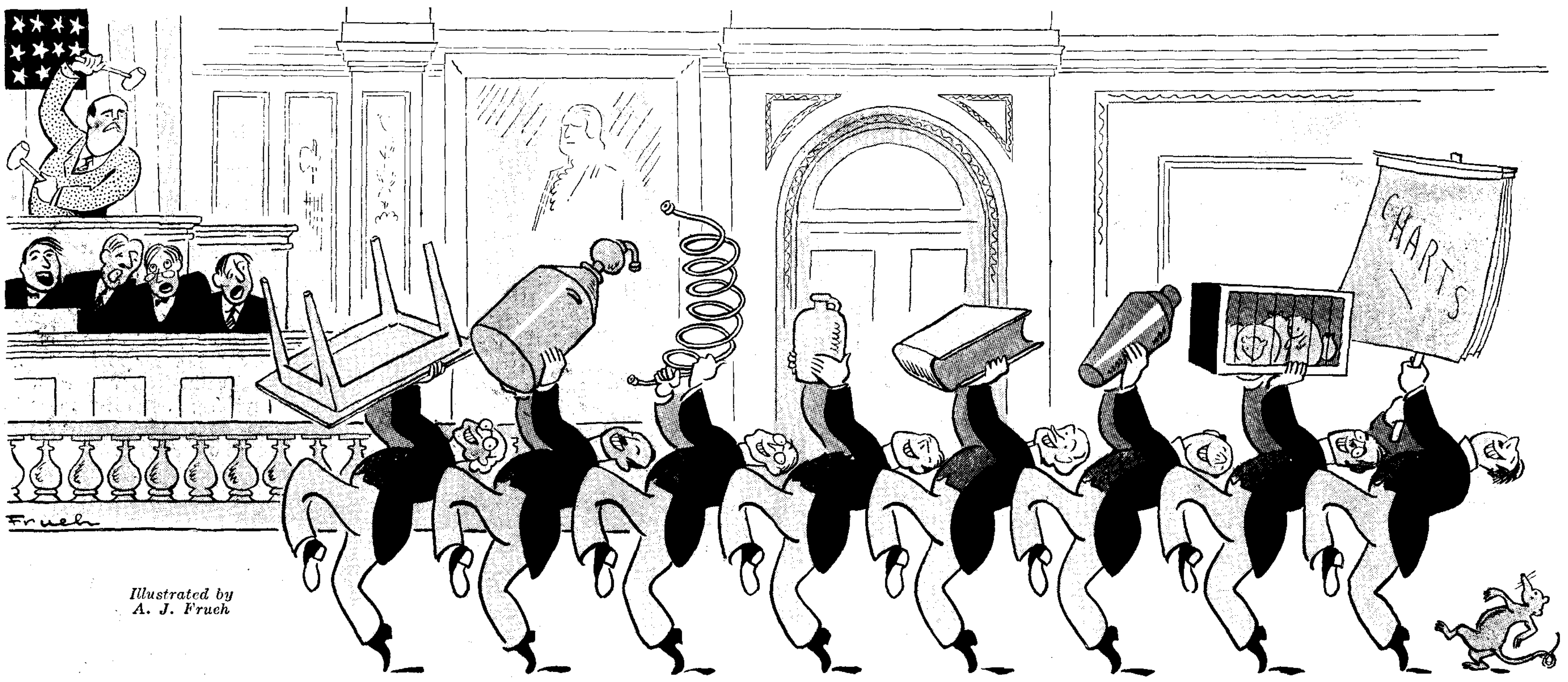
It is a very large apartment, and the first thing I notice is a big green parrot swinging in a ring hung from the ceiling in a corner of what seems to be the main room, and the reason I notice this parrot is because it is letting out a squawk now and then, and yelling different words, such as Polly wants a cracker. They are also a lot of canary birds hung around the joint, so I judge Miss Harriet Mackyle loves animals, as well as peculiar people, such as she has for guests.

I AM somewhat surprised to see Red Henry all dressed up in evening clothes moving around among the guests. I do not invite Red Henry, so I suppose Miss Harriet Mackyle invites him, or he hears rumors of the party, and just crashes in, but personally I consider it very bad taste on Red Henry's part to show himself in such a spot, and so does everybody else that knows him, although he seems to be minding his own business pretty well.

Finally when the serious drinking is under way, and a good time is being had by one and all, Miss Harriet Mackyle comes over to me and says to me like this: "Now tell me about your different friends, so I can tell my other guests. They will be thrilled to death meeting these bad characters."

"Well," I say, "you see the little guy over there staring at you as if you are a ghost, or some such? Well, he is nobody but Bad Basil Valentine, who will kill you quicker than you can say scat,

(*Continued on page 53*)



Illustrated by A. J. Frueh

Capitol Fun

A Horror Story

By Wallace Irwin

ACT I

(*This scene is laid in Washington, the House of Representatives. The theme, of course, is liquor and its various preventatives. There's Alcohol upon the air—I mean, of course, the ghost of it—the Drys and Wets are talking, and the latter do the most of it.*)

DRYS AND WETS

We've heard enough, you sons o' guns,
  To show that you are mystics.
We know old Ananias runs
  Your Bureau of Statistics.
Though courtesy controls us
While rectitude consoles us,
  We think that you are Goofs.
Your agitations are a curse,
The country's gone from bad to worse,
  And—we—want—PROOFS!!!

(*Nicholas Longworth is so used to violence and smashery he merely occupies his throne and strokes his haberdashery. Then suddenly there rises up with flashes green and yellow an operatic Congressman whose name is Fiorello.*)

FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA
(*Solo*)

Tipo Chianti!
Fascisti, avanti!
Eighteenth Amendment is un-con-stitutional.
Be it resolv-io
This muddle we solv-io
By casting it out with a bump revolutional.

QUARTETTE
(*Reps. Stafford, O'Connor, Black and La Guardia*)

If seven States in seven years
  Have never yet re-ratified
The Old Guffaw is not a Law—
  We hope that you are sati'fied.
So throw Eighteen upon its bean
And legalize a good canteen—
  The nation will be gratified.

(*A Bootleg King who listens from his station in the gallery gets quite a painful symptom in the region of his salary.*)

BOOTLEG KING

Remember the Hearth and the Hum,
  Remember my children and wife.
If legalized liquor should come,
  Ah, what would I do with my life?
I'd have to take George out of Yale
  And close my Park Avenue flat—
Ah! Even my yacht couldn't sail!
  Hard hearts, are you thinking of that?

(*Now Mr. Longworth shoots a cuff and bangs the gavel rather rough.*)

SPEAKER LONGWORTH

Now, gentlemen, be still.
Today we change the bill
To something new,
A Booze Review,
Approaching vaudy-ville.
So gather round that all may see
Congressman Sirovich, M. D.,
Who'll lecture on The Cause of Death
Through Liquor on the Human Breath.

CHORUS OF DRYS

Oh, thrill! Oh, joy! We're pleased to death.
J. Scott McBride so often saith
  That every ill
  Is trace-a-bil
To Liquor on the Human Breath.

(*Loud orchestration, roll of drums. All stand attention. In there comes a Weird Procession, bearing parts of tables, anatomic charts, chemical outfits, bottles, spigs, some dissipated Guinea Pigs, a copper tube, a glass retort, a mixer from a gin resort, a doctor's book—and after that a very worldly-looking Rat.*)

(*Now Dr. Sirovich appears, hot passion flaming through his ears.*)

REPRESENTATIVE SIROVICH, M. D.

The lecture has begun.
Here's Diagram No. 1.

(*He shows a bright though nude young man whose fair inside is open wide, revealing his internal plan. A winning smile is on his face, his lungs and liver are in place, his alimentary organs gleam, a fair, untarnished color scheme.*)

REP. CRAMTON (MICH.)

O work of art!
O soul of snow!
The pure of heart
Drink H_2O.

REP. SIROVICH, M. D.

The Subject had his beer in plenty
Up to the drouth of 1920.

(*The Drys exclaim, "Hey, hey! No fair!" The Wet Ones snigger, "We should care!"*)

Now let us turn to Picture Two
(*Continues Sirovich*) and view
The innards of this selfsame man
When finished on the Volstead Plan.

(*He doth unroll a purple scroll so all may see with chilly shiver a thorax wound around a liver, a bronchial tube extremely green, stuck to a sore and spotted spleen.*)

Result of what the Subject drank
  When drinking was "abolished"
And every wicked liquor tank
  Was legally demolished.
  (*Extensive cheers and ghastly jeers*)
I'll now produce the liquid smell
  Which people think they like to drink
When law enforcement works so well.

(*He pours some acid in a jar to which he adds a burnt cigar, some kerosene, some gasoline, iodoformic iodine, tetradynamicalsomine, an inner tube, a cartridge shell. He stirs it well, it starts to swell and boil pell-mell and smell like hell.*)

ALL

The smell is quite unlawful—
We do agree it's awful!

REP. JOHN J. O'CONNOR

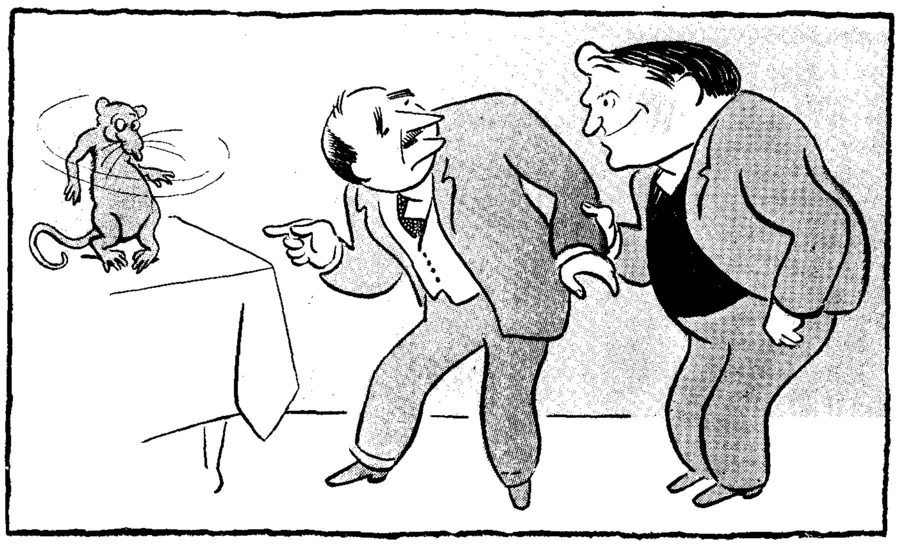
A miracle on earth we see—
The Wets and Drys at last agree!

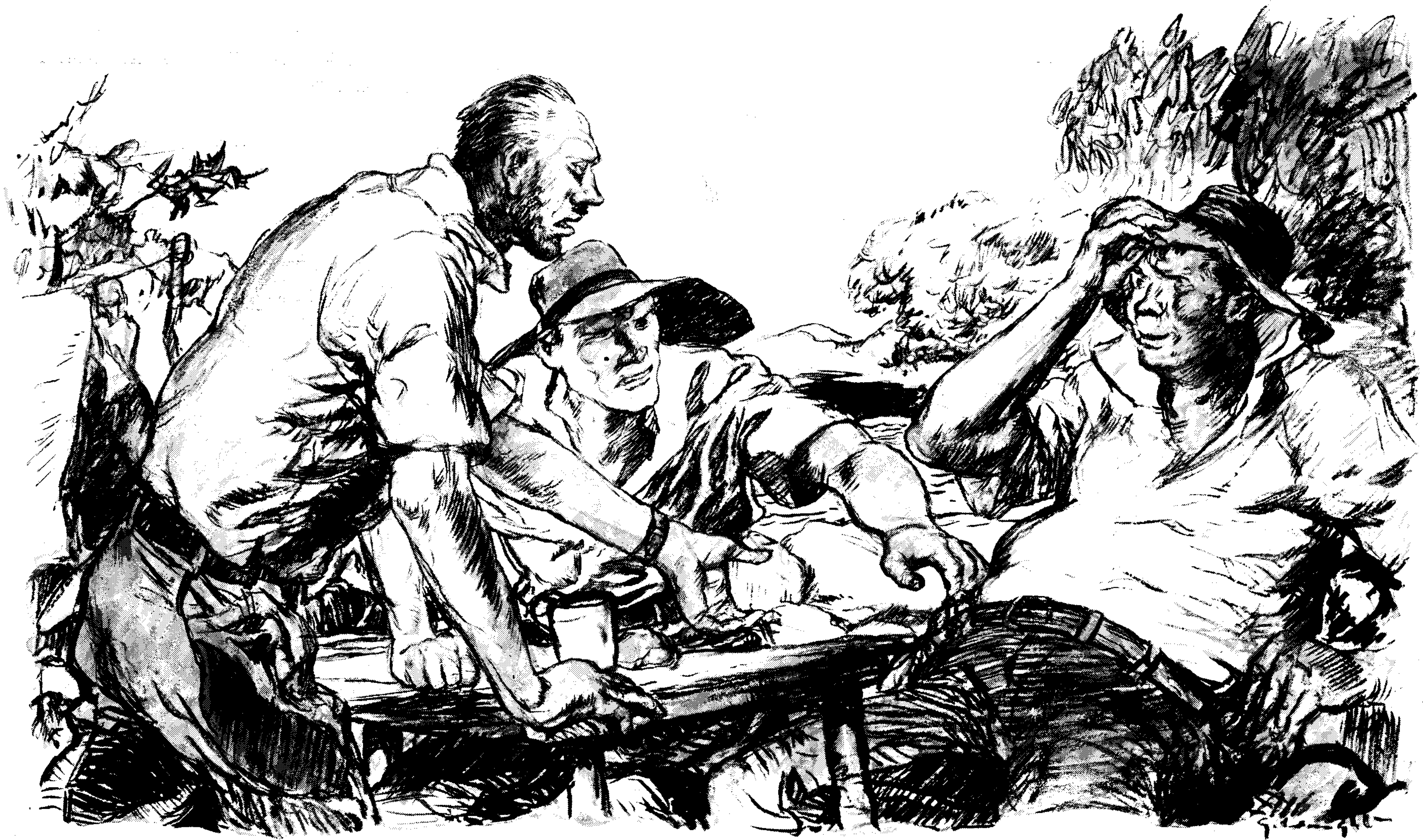
(*The air is sick with fumes malign of juniper and turpentine. A Guinea Pig squeals, "I resign!" and falls completely senseless. The other Guineas stand in line; they know the Doctor's fell design and feel themselves defenseless.*)

REP. SIROVICH, M. D.

The drug you see before your eyes confected
  Is from the Perfect Formula—what say, gents?—
Sold in saloons and tea-rooms, now protected
  By well-conducted prohibition agents.

(*Continued on page 38*)





Illustrated by George Wright

"I dunno," says McGinty. "The name is somewheres in my head." "Let's chop it open and look," says Griggs

The Memory Course

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Richard Connell

THE stranger with the large stomach and diamonds, who was more than a little drunk, wanted to talk. I let him. Not that I could have stopped him. We were crossing the Channel. I was not very strong.

"A memory," he said solemnly, "is a great thing. You got it; or you ain't. Like warts."

I made a vague sound which might have meant anything.

"There was three fellas," he said, "Haig, Griggs and McGinty—"

I moaned softly. It was going to be a story about a Scotchman, an Englishman and an Irishman; but I was too weak to leave the deck-chair beside him.

"They was lookin' for gold," he said. "Africa. Hadn't found enough to fill a clam's tooth. They was campin' near a lake— Lake Something-or-other. They was eatin' bully-beef. 'Where's the salt?' says Griggs. Being English he was fussy. 'Forgot to bring any,' says McGinty, who'd just been south for more grub.

" 'It's a wonder you remembered to come back at all,' says Haig.

" 'I got news,' says McGinty. 'Big news.'

" 'The only news I want to hear is that you know where gold is. Lots of gold,' says Haig. You know how the Scotch are.

" 'That's it,' says McGinty. That stopped their eatin'.

" 'It's like this,' says McGinty. 'Remember old Pete Bloom? Well, he died in Joburg whilst I was there. I saw him go out. Years ago I snatched Pete out of a mess of Zulus and saved his skin. He never forgot it. Well, when old Pete was dyin' he tells me that he's just back from a prospectin' trip, and shows me some samples of ore . . . and they're just filthy with the real stuff! I being his pal, he tells me where he found it. Then he gives a grunt and ain't no more!'

" 'Well,' cry Griggs and Haig, like one man, 'where did he find it?'

" 'In a little valley, half a mile due east of a certain village,' says McGinty.

" 'What village?' bark Griggs and Haig.

"McGinty scratches his head.

" 'Well, do you know,' he says, 'it's a queer, strange thing surely, but I disremember.'

" 'What?' they howl at him.

" 'Old Pete dying like that drove it clean out of my head,' says McGinty.

" 'Think, man, think!' they scream at him.

" 'I got a sore brain from thinkin',' says McGinty. 'Lemme see, now. Somewheres in Africa—'

" 'Oh, rillllllly,' snaps Griggs, in his sarcastic British way. 'Jolly little spot, Africa. All we need do is rummage around a bit, what? Start at the Cape, y'know, and work north to Cairo.'

" 'WHAT sort of name was it?' hisses Haig.

" 'Oh, just a name,' says McGinty. 'Mebbe it began with a P or perhaps a B. I'm foggy about that.'

" 'You was born in a fog,' says Griggs.

" 'Was it Zundo, Lepata, Haverklip, Usutu, Dullstroom, Smitsdorp, Witpoort, Blinkwater—?' asks Haig.

" 'I dunno,' says McGinty. 'The name is somewheres in my head.'

" 'Let's chop it open and look,' says Griggs.

" 'Is it a long name?' asks Haig.

" 'Not very,' says McGinty.

" 'Is it a short name?' asks Griggs.

" 'Not very,' says McGinty. 'But I ain't dead sure. It's on the tip of my tongue.'

" 'Would you recognize it if you heard it?' asks Haig.

" 'I might,' says McGinty.

"So they get out a lot of big maps and go to work. All night they shoot names at McGinty. They don't get nothin' out of McGinty except that he thinks it sounds in a general sort of way like Higginsville or maybe he means Ballyshannon.

"They pour all their rum into him, hopin' that may loosen somethin' in his skull, but it only makes him sleepy. They're the two maddest men, white, black or yellow, anybody ever heard of; and McGinty ain't so happy himself, till he passes out.

"When he wakes up at noon he can't move because his hands and feet are tied. Griggs and Haig are sittin' beside him, sayin' nothin' but lookin' nasty.

" 'Hey!' yells McGinty. 'What's the idea? What you goin' to do?'

" 'There's only one thing to do with a dowf latheron like you,' says Haig, lookin' very Scotch and sour. 'Throw you in the lake. Am I right, Griggs?'

" 'Quite,' says Griggs in his cold English way.

"So they heave up McGinty, who ain't no pygmy, and carry him down to the lake, kickin' and bellowin', and chuck him into twenty foot of water.

"Pretty soon they fish him out and poke most of the water out of him, and he opens his eyes and they growl in his ear:

" 'Quick! What was the place?'

"McGinty blinks and says:

" 'I was just comin' to it. I seen everything in my life—my old home in Donegal, the time I stole the bishop's pants, the nights I smuggled potheen, all the girls I ever kissed—that took a long time—and the Spig I hit with a bottle in Rio, and the girl I almost married in Nome, and I was just gettin' to Africa when—'

"GRIGGS looks at Haig. Haig looks at Griggs. They pick up McGinty and throw him in again. They keep him down longer this time. But it ain't no use. He's only got as far as the time he bamboozled the Hottentots out of a load of ivory. So they pitch him in again. This time he's half an inch from being drowned entirely; but they manage to squeeze the water out of him, and he comes to and sputters the name of the village.

"So next day they go there, and sure enough they find lashings of gold and they stake out a claim, and it's the biggest and most famous mine in the world in no time. Now Griggs is an earl or something, and Haig has a grouse moor, and McGinty is knockin' around the world, seein' the sights, livin' high, and drinkin' hearty and often."

"And what," I asked the man, "was the name of the village?"

He wrinkled a pink brow.

"I disremember," he said.

Stepdaughters of War

The last chapter of a vivid and overwhelming story of war as an English woman experienced it

By Helen Z. Smith

LAST night I kissed Roy good-by at Victoria, but to my surprise there was no tragedy in the parting—a sweet sadness, a gentle melancholy at the temporary severing—nothing more. He would write every day—so would I. He was safely at the base. Soon leave would come round again, and I should be waiting at home for him.

Aunt Helen is at the War Workers' Canteen, Sanders, the maid, tells me. She waits there at table every lunch time. Sanders is openly disapproving. One gathers that, in her opinion, a lady of Aunt Helen's position is lowering herself many degrees socially by feeding government clerks.

However, she writes down the address and offers me a glass of sherry and the gratuitous information that I'm looking like death and ought to be lying down instead of gallivanting over town in this heat, Miss Nellie.

The canteen is in the basement of a large hotel. I am obliged to tack on the end of an enormous queue of men and women of all ages who are impatiently waiting for the doors to open. They are all grumbling—"Do they think we've got all day? The doors ought to be open for us—not us waiting for them to open."

The Prodigal Niece

Eventually the doors do open and the queue surges rapidly along—"Passes, please; show passes."

The lady at the turnstile is extremely suspicious of me. Where is my pass? I haven't any? I feel criminally guilty. Miss Helen Smith's niece? Oh, perhaps I'd *better* wait—this in a voice indicating that any attempt to steal the canteen cutlery will be made only over her dead body.

Aunt Helen is just as pleased to see me as I expected. She cannot imagine my having anything to say of interest to her, and she is too busy to bother now. I can sit at her table and wait—if I must wait.

I seat myself and watch Aunt Helen dispassionately. It takes exactly one minute to discover that as a waitress she is the world's hall-marked wash-out. The war workers, having deduced from my welcome that I could not possibly know Aunt very intimately, make no effort to conceal their disgust. "Silly old blighter"—"Doddering old messer"—"One-foot-in-the-grave-Gertie"—"Mercury"—I should like Aunt to hear a few of the flattering descriptions.

At last the twelve-o'clock batch is fed and the doors closed while the tables are put in order for the "one-o'clocks," Aunt ungraciously permits me to fill her water jugs and bread baskets.

"Well?" she barks at last.

"Do you still want me to go to France?"

"Do you imagine it pleases me to see a niece of mine slacking about town?"

"I'll go back if you give me a hundred pounds."

Her eyes light up with an unholy light but she is still suspicious. "A hundred? Whatever for? It's a lot of money."

"I must have a hundred," I repeat doggedly. "Father's cut my allowance off and last time it cost a hundred for my outfit—"

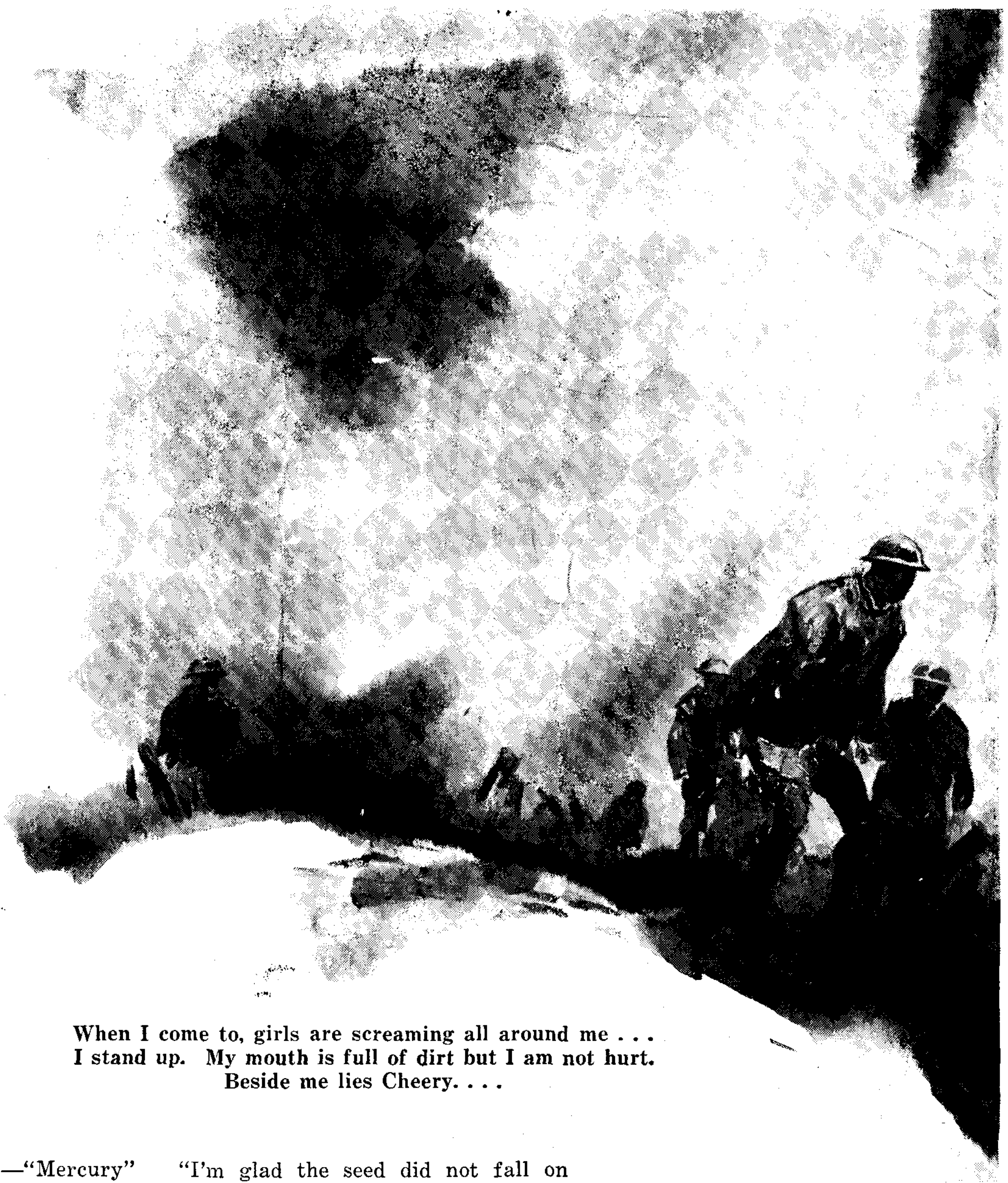
"Oh! M-m-m-m." She tries to be casual. "When do you propose enlisting."

"Today. As soon as I cash the check."

"M-m-m-m." Suspicious again. "Your mother isn't influencing you, by any chance?" She is not paying for Mother's fun.

"No, Aunt, as a matter of fact I've been thinking of the things you said—"

Ah, I have hit the right nail on the head. She smiles. A wintry smile, she must not thaw too soon, that would not be dignified, but still a smile.



When I come to, girls are screaming all around me . . . I stand up. My mouth is full of dirt but I am not hurt. Beside me lies Cheery. . . .

"I'm glad the seed did not fall on thorny ground." She smiles again, a real smile this time, a positively arch smile, oh, very arch is Aunt Helen now that she has won a smashing victory. "No stopping you once you've made up your mind, eh, Helen? Ha, ha, ha!" A rippling laugh. "Well, come along, impatient girl, into our office—"

All eagerness now is Aunt Helen, almost running in case the prey may escape even now. She opens her check book with a flourish.

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

Trix has gone with the hundred pounds—where I do not know. She will telephone me as soon as—or if—she can. I must wait. Useless arguing. I must wait. I will not have to wait long one way or the other. What do a few days matter? I am strangely apathetic. Useless struggling.

I cross slowly into Trafalgar Square toward the table where two women are seated. On either side stands a girl in khaki. Two bills flap gently in the summer breeze:

WANTED: WOMEN
For the Duration of the War
W. A. A. C.

"Won't you enlist?" asks one. "Good pay, uniform, found, no expenses—"

"Yes."

They are galvanized into immediate action. The elder of the two women pulls a businesslike form toward her, the other importantly dips a pen in the ink. Service abroad, I stipulate, that is the only condition under which I am enlisting. They put it in writing at my request.

"Name and address?"

I give them.

"What are you enlisting as? Driver, Cook, Clerk, Domestic Worker—"

Aunt Helen's smug face rises before me, Mother's ladylike voice—"My eldest daughter, Helen, an ambulance driver in France, oh, a most exclusive class of girls, most exclusive, all *ladies;* they stipulate that, you know, most exclusive; Georgina Toshington is out with her, you know, the niece of the Earl of—"

"Domestic worker, please."

The last claw of the cat before it is put in the sack and drowned!

"Domestic worker. Probably a cook's assistant. That all correct? Sign here."

Domestic Worker.

Put that on your needles and knit it, my patriotic aunt.

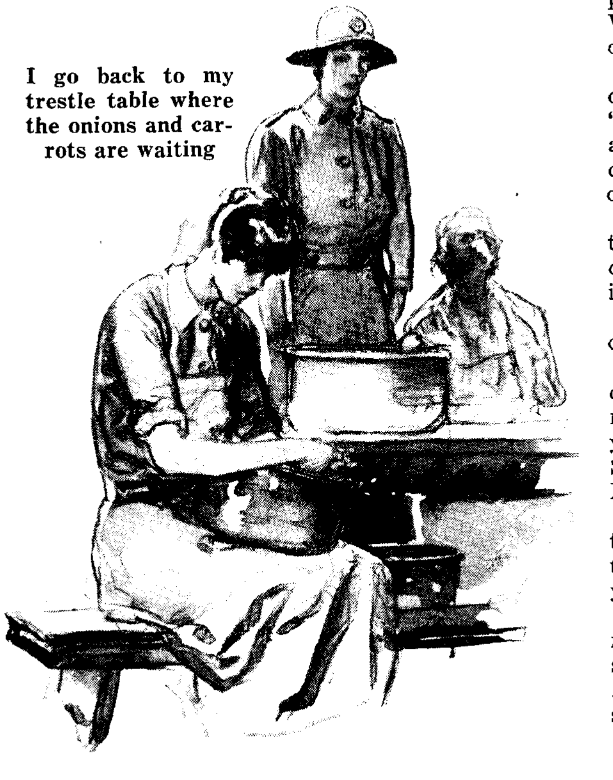
Tell that to the titled ladies on your committees, my snobbish mother.

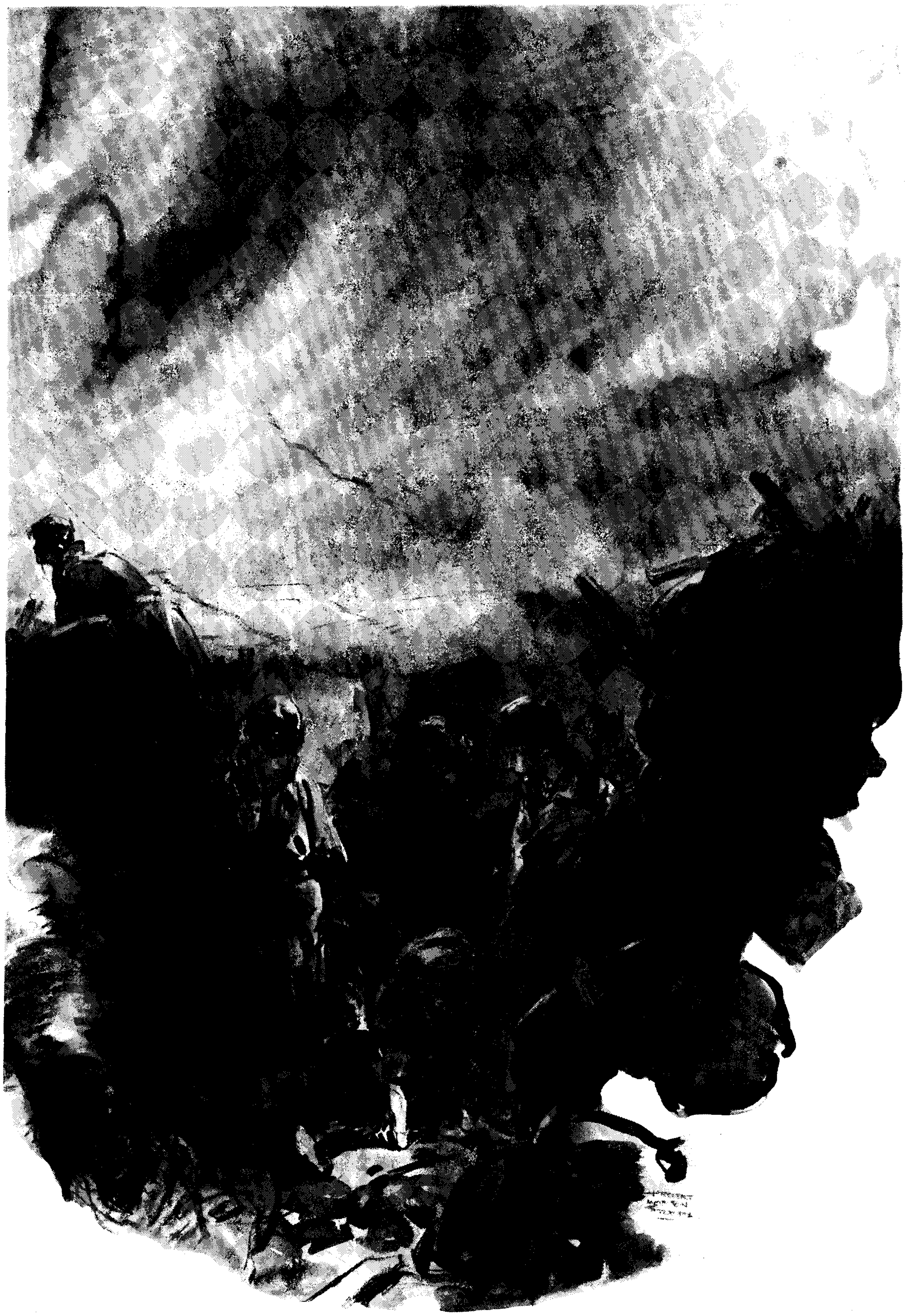
"You'll get your calling-up papers in a day or so."

I turn on my heel.

It is five days before Trix telephones. Everything has gone according to schedule. I see her off by the leave-train. She is miserably thin and white *and there are lines about her mouth* that are not good to see in a girl of nineteen. For a minute we hold one another close—"Sis, I'll never forget to my dying day—"

I go back to my trestle table where the onions and carrots are waiting





After that we say little. I ask for no details nor does she offer any, neither do I tell of my sleepless hours waiting for the telephone to ring. She knows.

She is apologetic about her abstraction. Her mind is a blank—she has nothing to talk about—nothing seems to matter—she doesn't know whether I understand—

I understand, but I say nothing.

Instead I break the news that I am returning to France. Her comment is brief: "Bit of a dam' fool, aren't you?"

As the train goes out of the station my last emotion goes with it. Nothing will ever stir me again. I am dry. Worn out. Finished. . . .

Evidently there is no preliminary training necessary for a Cook's Assistant. They are needed too urgently.

Two weeks later I entrain with my draft for France. No one of my family sees me off this time.

The months pass—each day a replica of the last, time on and time off, work and rest and recreation. I have had no leave at my own request. It was early autumn when I came out and now spring is here—nearly seven months since I started peeling potatoes and onions at the trestle table outside the camp kitchen alongside Misery, Cheery, and Blimey. We are known as The Four Whys, our nicknames all ending in the same letter—for, of course, I am again Smithy.

I have become accustomed to being a machine, to living by the clock, to having my amusements and my religion set before me in carefully measured doses, to sleeping certain hours, to working certain hours, to exercising certain hours, to taking aperients on certain days whether they are necessary or not, and to donning the cheery indomitable personality of a member of the Women's Army each morning with my uniform, and discarding it only when the bugle signals "Lights Out."

I am a slot machine that never goes out of order. Put so much rations into the slot and I will work so long, play so long, and sleep so long. The administration is perfect. Everything is regulated. Even my emotions. I am serious at given moments such as church parade; I laugh at given moments, when there is a visiting commission or at any entertainment where the program tells me the item is comic so I will not register incorrectly.

A Shining Example

I am not unduly happy, neither am I noticeably unhappy—I would not dare be either. If I were overhappy I should be sent for—as Cheery is often sent for—and kindly chided for lack of dignity and control. If I were noticeably unhappy the Unit Administrator would tactfully put me through the third degree and, if unable to trace the cause of my state of mind, would make a determined effort to restore me to a standardized state of mental elation. Amusing books would be selected for me. I should be invited to tea and talks—a pleasant form of confession with a chocolate biscuit accompaniment that is highly popular—or I should attend special concerts and be roped in for a course of vigorous morris dancing—as Misery is.

But I am neither overhappy nor noticeably unhappy. I am the most equable disposition in the unit. The Administrator says so. My companions like me because I am "always the same." I never complain, I have no grievances, and I never argue. The Unit Administrator is fond of upholding me as an example. I never request a pass. There has never been one black mark against my conduct or my work. I have never even broken a rule. I do not tell her I am not interested enough in the rules to break them—for she would not believe it. She is determinedly kind and tactful and takes a personal interest in every member of her unit, whom individually she knows by name. She calls herself our "Mother Confessor." I have heard her privately described as "Nosey Parker," but not often, for my comrades revel in pouring confidences into her willing ear. Besides they like the chocolate biscuits that go with the maternal advice. She tells our mothers, with whom she is fond of corresponding, that the minds of her girls are as open books to her. Naturally the Rabelaisian pages are reserved for the dormitories.

The Life of a Robot

I live in a Nissen hut with a number of companions. Once this communal life would have stifled me, but now I am quite content that the details of my body, my personal habits, and my underclothing should be common knowledge. Outwardly I am Smithy, assistant cook: inwardly I am nothing. I have no feelings that are not physical. I dislike being too hot or too cold. My body is healthy; my mind negative. I have no love or hate for anyone.

Long ago I ceased to love Roy; long ago I ceased to hate my mother. Both processes were gradual. I am content to drift along in the present. The past has gone, I have no future—I want no future. With this mental atrophy my physical fear has vanished, for fear cannot exist when one is indifferent to life. The droning of the enemy planes that makes the nights noisier than the days leaves me unmoved where once it petrified me with a senseless horror; the ceaseless pounding of the guns has

(*Continued on page 76*)

The Once-Over

We have our own way of doing things. We like it. To us it seems natural, almost inevitable. But how does it appear to the logical eyes of a Chinese? Mr. Lock Wei, former captain of the Chinese Olympic Tennis Team, Shanghai banker, graduate of the University of Hongkong, and former student at Cambridge and Harvard, answers that question

By W. Lock Wei

I STARTED on my voyage to the New World in search for scientific knowledge immediately after my graduation at an English college, and so I had the preconceived notion that at least the question of language would not be one of the obstacles in my path. But when I arrived at the custom house in San Francisco, one of the two inspectors who were about to examine my baggage smilingly said:

"Got some hooch in that trunk?"

Evidently the second inspector questioned my sense of humor, because he mistook my look of bewilderment for that of annoyance.

"Don't let that bozo get your goat, mister. He's only joshing you."

"Get my goat?" I repeated the phrase mechanically without grasping its significance.

"Apple sauce!" the first inspector exclaimed. "Don't try and act dumb!"

"Leave the guy alone," the second inspector again came to my rescue "He don't understand your wisecracks."

When the first inspector had finished going through my trunk and walked away, the second inspector glanced at the seemingly inscrutable expression on my face and remarked:

"Don't get sore, mister. That poor fish was only kidding you."

Uses of the New Idiom

I was not sore, as my friendly inspector had put it, but I was nonplused. Yet this experience was a mild surprise compared with the real shock that came to me when I had to listen for the first time to several highly cultured débutantes employing the quaint idioms and the indelicate expressions of the American Slanguage. I was at a total loss to find the reason for their indulgence in that unintelligible tongue, until I was taken to my first party where young people made boom-boom and whoopee.

I could dance, of course, and imbibe my share of the hooch; but when it came to wisecracking, I found myself a complete flop! Having decided that I would not be outdone in this kind of friendly repartee, I at once started my education by reading dime shockers and underworld romances. It did not take me long, however, to come to the conclusion that there are many virtues in the American Slanguage; for I admit that I cannot think of more expressive and descriptive words and phrases than "speakeasy," "bootlegger," "pie-eyed," "passing out of the picture," "hangover," and "dishing the dirt."

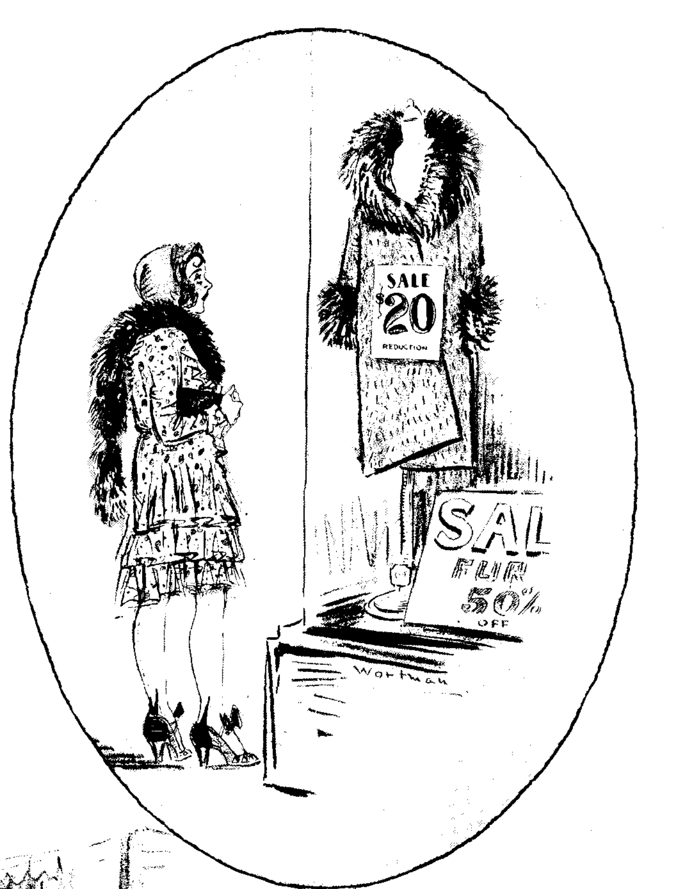
I would wager that if William Hazlitt could come back to life again and visit this great country of innovations, he would say that he didn't know his onions when he stated in his famous essay On Familiar Style that he would almost as soon coin the currency of the realm as counterfeit the King's English!

As an inveterate admirer of beauty and form, I must pay my compliments to the American flappers. In this age of jazz and speakeasies, guardians of public morals are prone to deplore the fast life of the "unfair sex." I, too, have been somewhat disturbed by the hearty indulgence in the by-products of corn and grapes by the fluffy-haired, short-skirted Venuses, in the semi-public sawdust institutions, and the unruffled manner in which they neck in public. But what of it? One gets used to their whims and fancies; and who can think of a better sweetheart and playmate than one of these super-modern jazz-babies?

In conversation she easily excels the inhibited maidens of other countries. She can talk fluently on drama and music, literature and philosophy, travel and politics. Mention to her the name of Freud, and she will calmly and lucidly enlighten you with all the modern theories about sex. She is supreme in the field of sports. In dancing she out-shakes the wildest savages of the African jungles, and out-wriggles the most supple of the hula-hula maids. It is no exaggeration to state that many of the prettily dressed working girls have their whole fortunes on their backs. Let your masculine physique appeal to their imagination, and what are your chances of escaping their wiles and winning ways?

One afternoon I called on an old friend whom I met in China, at his Long Island estate. The butler led me into a

(*Continued on page 41*)



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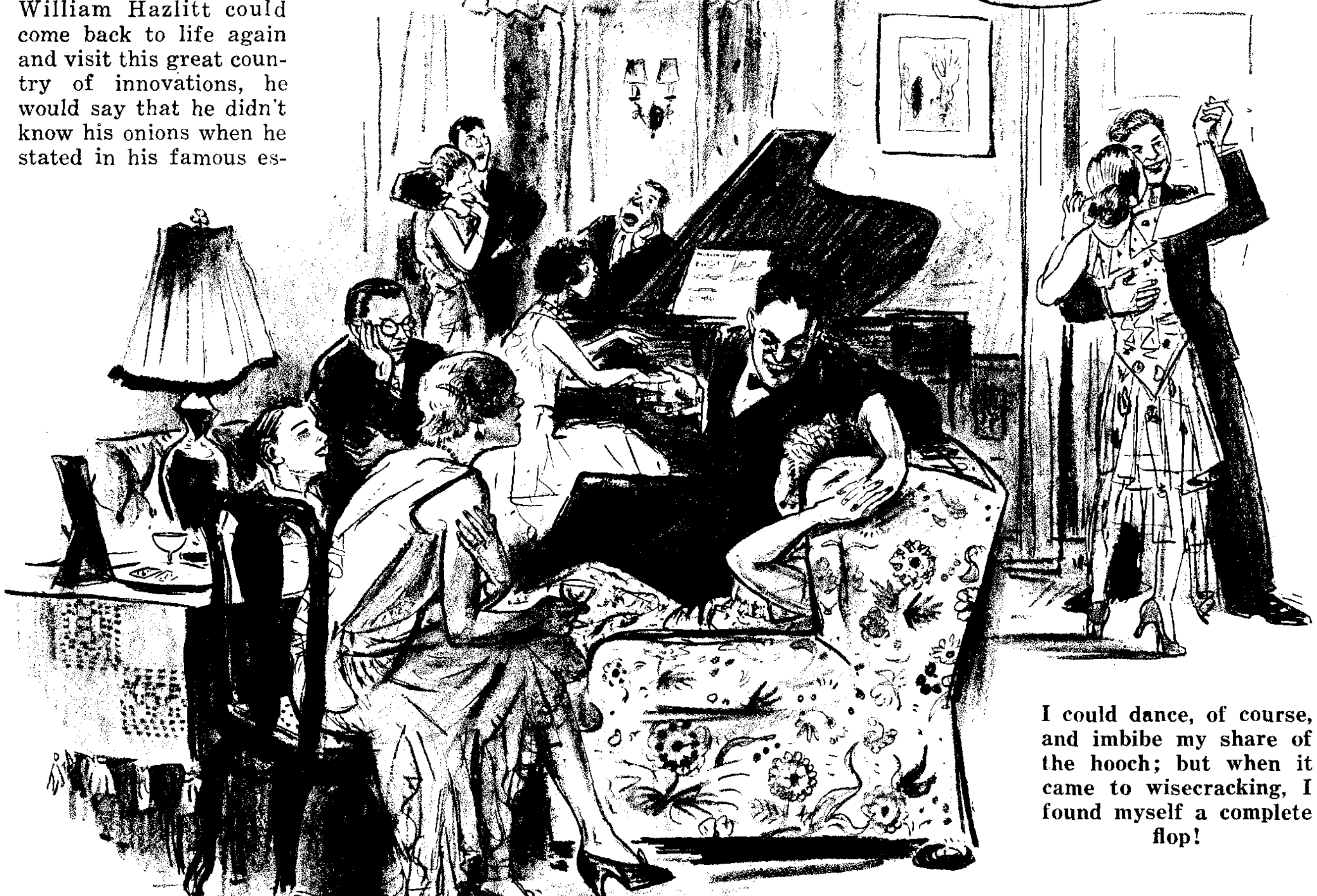

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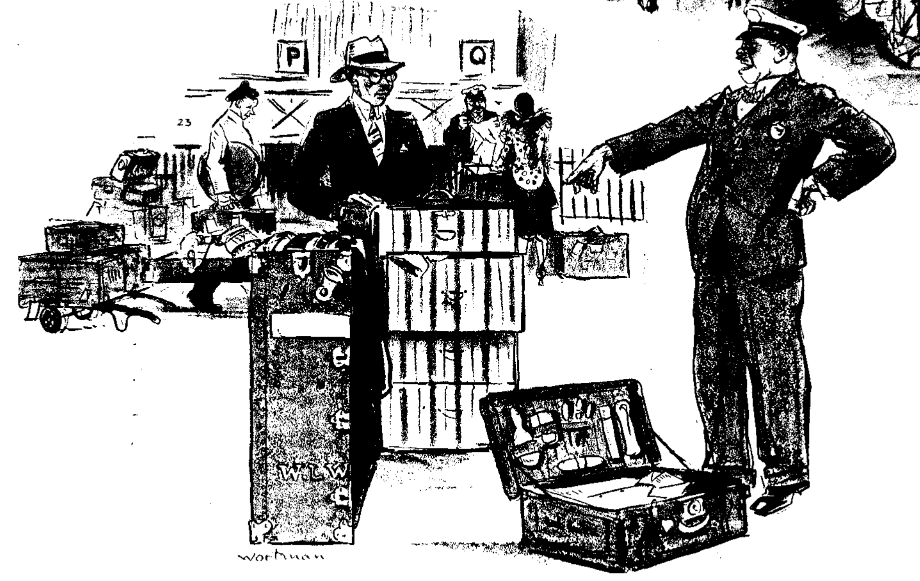
Illustrated by Denys Wortman



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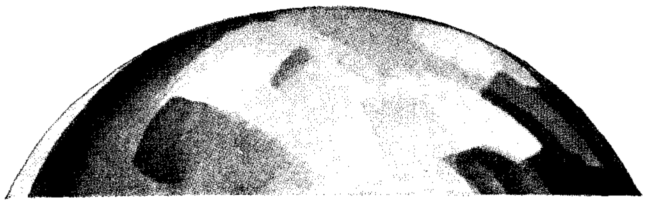

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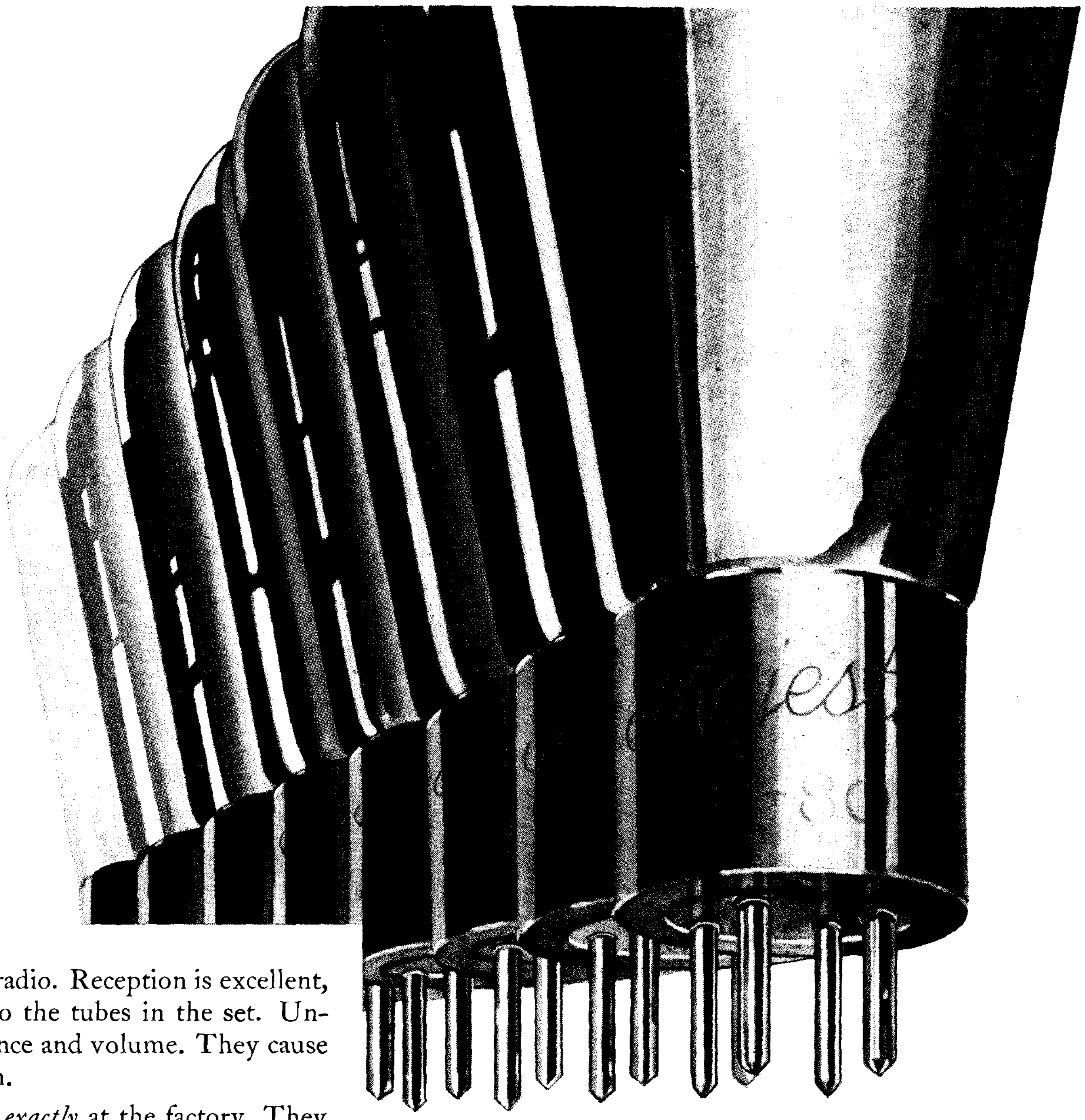

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As a matter of fact their first cost is not high. A recent survey of thirty-nine cities in nineteen states, from coast to coast, shows that the average cost of J-M No. 40 Dutch Lap Shingles is only 12.2% more than standard cedar shingles—including cost of application.

They are time-proof and fireproof

Suppose you could buy automobile tires that would never puncture, never wear out, never have to be replaced no matter how far you drove on them. Would you think it economy to buy an ordinary tire? Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles represent a perfection in roofing comparable to the indestructible tire we all would like to see.

Once on your home—whether laid over some worn-out roofing—or on a new house, Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles will never have to be replaced. They will never wear out, and no fire can burn them.

Every J-M Asbestos Shingle Roof must give satisfaction. To further protect you against disappointment, your dealer will issue this certificate of registration with every genuine roof of J-M Rigid Asbestos Shingles. Be sure to get your certificate.

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Rigid Asbestos Shingles
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Variety to meet every need

The variety of J-M Asbestos Shingles is such that you can have exactly the right roof, at a cost in fair relation to the value of your home. There are Cotswold and Cornwall Blends; there are Salem Grays — simulating an old, weathered roof but without the hazard of fire; or you may prefer the new Mulberry, or one of the Greens, Reds, Blue-blacks or mottled effects.

Also the American, Hexagonal or Dutch Lap types of J-M Shingles make possible ample choice in shadow line effects. This last mentioned type is a particularly fortunate selection for the small home. Because of this new method of laying, fewer Dutch Laps are needed to cover a given roof area. Thus Dutch Laps provide a J-M Asbestos Shingle Roof at a most moderate cost.

J-M Shingles are furnished in tapered butts, which add greatly to the appearance of the roof. Send at once for your free copy of "The New Book of Roofs." This will give you many interesting roofing ideas, and also explain our free roofing advisory service.

We are ready to help you choose your roof

We feel, as you do, that a roof is an important matter. You must not be disappointed. Make use of our free roofing advisory service. The purpose of this is to provide specific suggestions for the roof best suited to your own house. We base our suggestions on any photo and descriptions which you care to send us. This service is described in "The New Book of Roofs," which also contains interesting ideas about roofing. The book is yours free of charge. Its many illustrations, and the facts it offers about roofing, will be useful to you. Use the coupon below.

• • •

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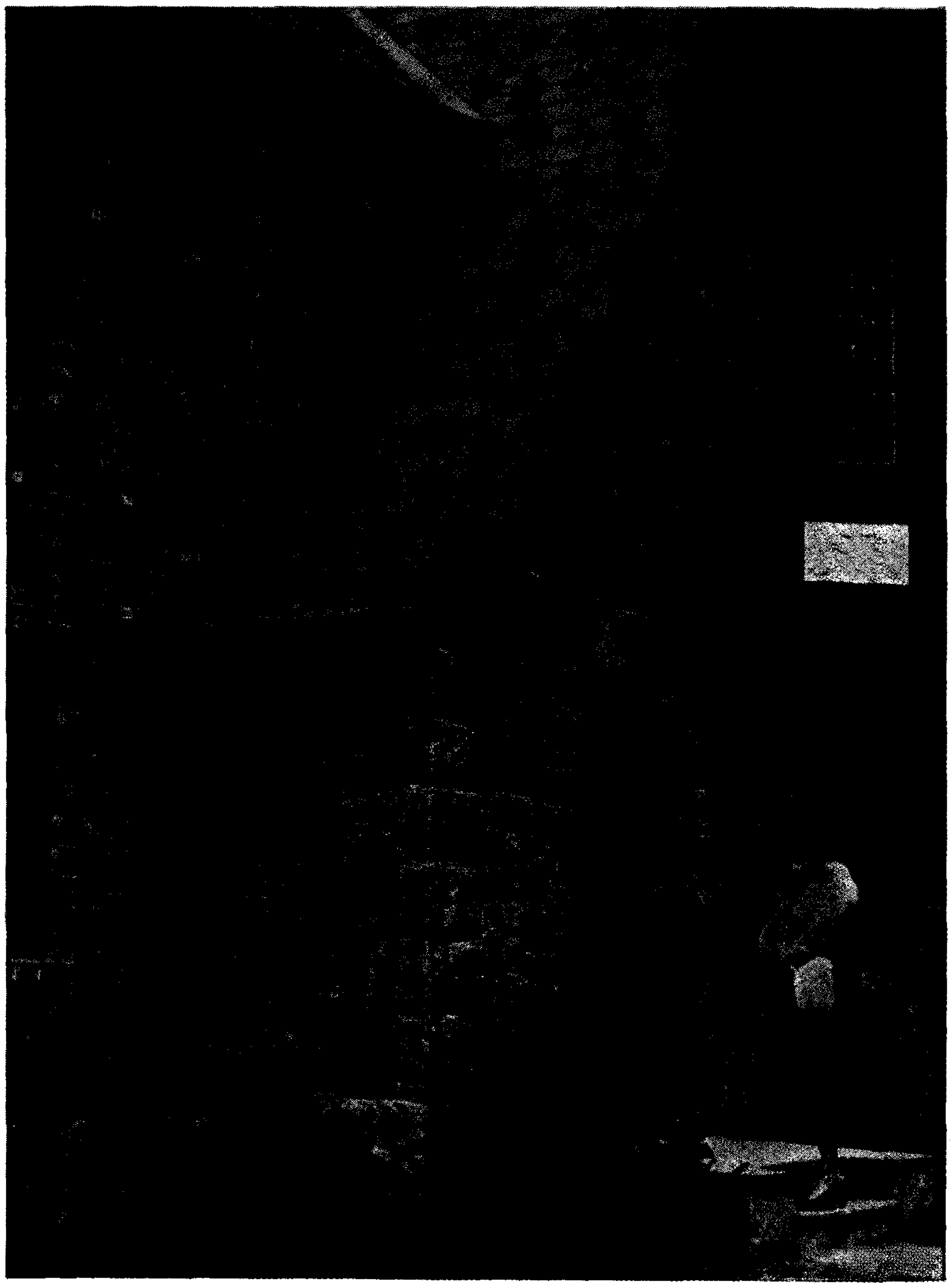
Just as J-M Asbestos Shingles protect your investment in your home J-M Asbestos Brake Lining will make your car a safer machine to drive. When the brakes need re-lining, tell your garage to use J-M Lining. It is wise to rely on Johns-Manville.



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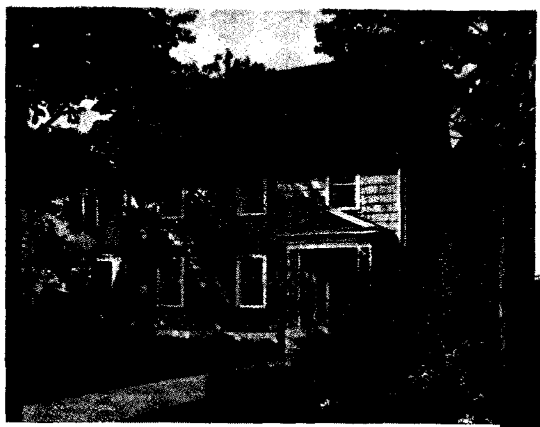
What more harmonious roof could you ask for than the J-M Rigid Asbestos Shingles on this home in Yonkers, N. Y.?



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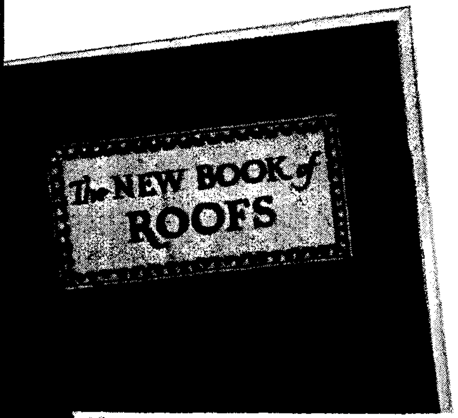

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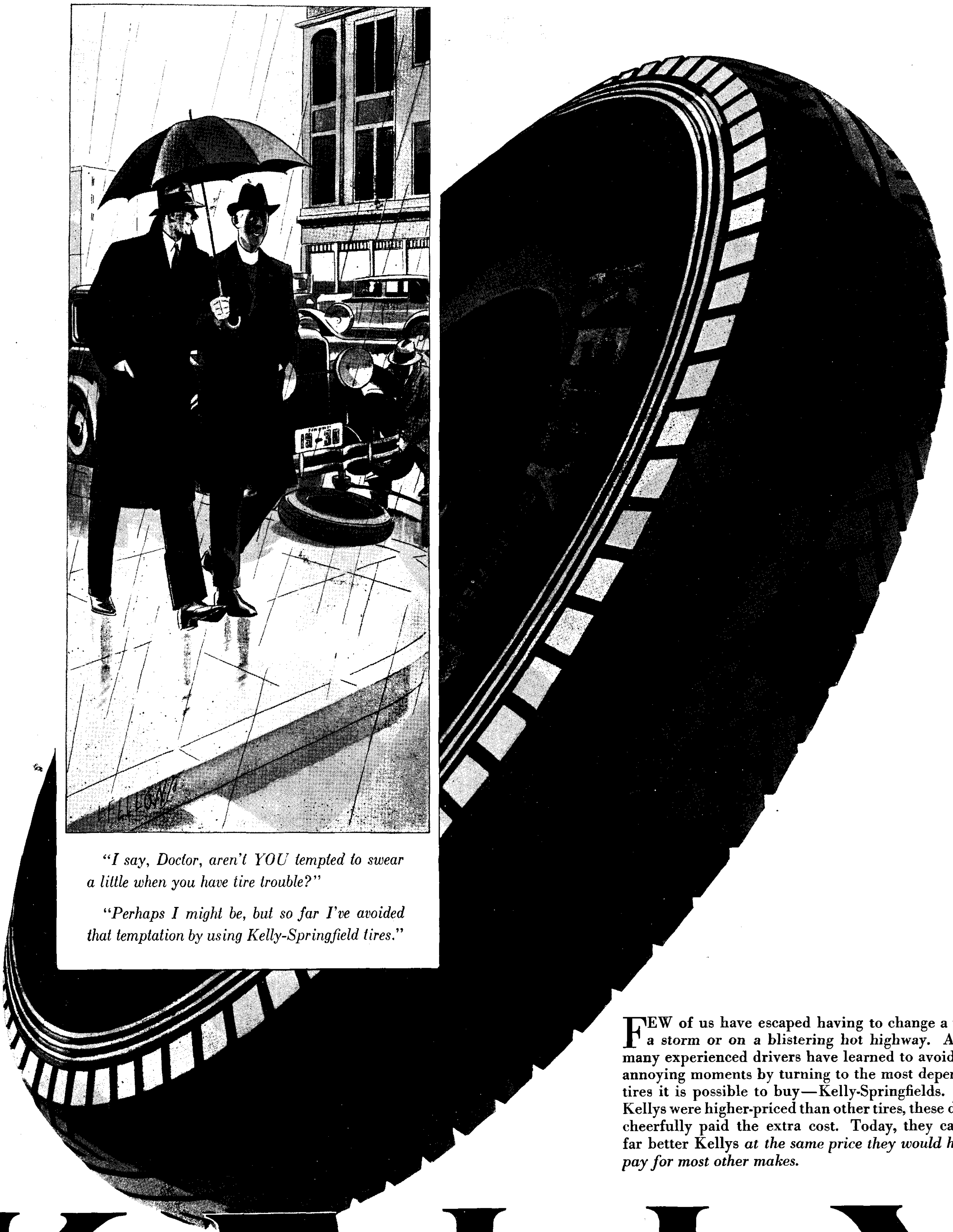


"I say, Doctor, aren't YOU tempted to swear a little when you have tire trouble?"

"Perhaps I might be, but so far I've avoided that temptation by using Kelly-Springfield tires."

FEW of us have escaped having to change a tire in a storm or on a blistering hot highway. A great many experienced drivers have learned to avoid these annoying moments by turning to the most dependable tires it is possible to buy—Kelly-Springfields. When Kellys were higher-priced than other tires, these drivers cheerfully paid the extra cost. Today, they can buy far better Kellys *at the same price they would have to pay for most other makes.*

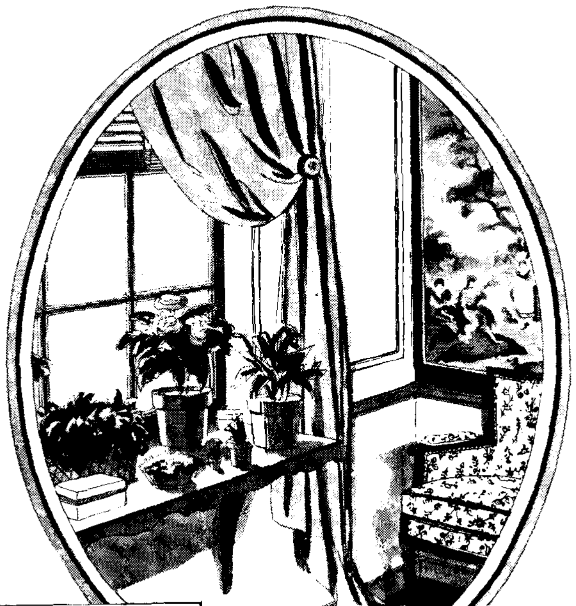
KELLY

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, 1775 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

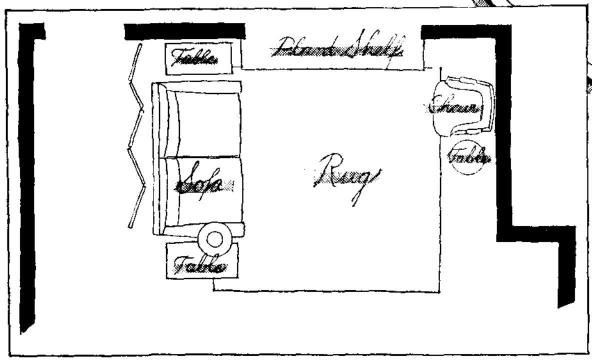
Room for Improvement

By Betty and Edward Stuart

Have you a little defect in your home? Or a big one? Here are a few suggestions for keeping your visitors in the dark about it



Illustrated by Harry Richardson



A wide window with potted plants on a mirrored shelf forms the center of interest for the room sketched here

This unsymmetrical, fireplaceless room is made attractive by the intimate grouping around the window

PRACTICALLY every house has at least one room that has always been a problem. Perhaps the architect designed it at the dead middle of the afternoon when inspiration curled up for a nap; perhaps his client's money gave out at this point. In any case, the room seems to have no personality—or too much of the wrong sort. It's a cold forbidding kind of room that retreats from the advances of all the furniture put into it. Or it's an assertive place that intrudes its own peculiarities into every scheme.

It seems to its possessor that nobody ever had such a mean room to arrange. But, in reality, it probably belongs to one of five well-known types that perpetually recur in the clinical records of every practicing decorator.

Years ago living-rooms had fireplaces as a matter of course, and most of those built today in houses occupied by a single family are similarly equipped. But in the interim America passed through a period during which fireplaces weren't considered necessary. We all had what was then "the new steam heat," buried in the cellar and blossoming in the radiator, so why put people to the trouble of handling coal or wood upstairs?

Plants and Light

Thanks to this limiting habit of thinking about fireplaces for their heating properties alone, many houses built fifteen or twenty years ago have never had them. Most of the smaller apartments built at dates up to and including the present have also seen fit to do without them, this time in the interests of economy. The living-room without a fireplace is, therefore, a problem to a great many people alert enough to realize the lack as a major handicap.

The trouble with a fireplaceless living-room isn't merely that it can't reckon on the architectural significance of a mantel and the opportunities for furniture grouping that come ready-made when such a focal point has been provided. The difficulty is much more subtle than that: something living has been left out. No matter how civilized we are, fire attracts us, just as it did those far-away ancestors of ours who shut out the night and the loneliness by lighting a fire on the floor of a cave. Even if it isn't needed to warm our hands, it warms our souls. We must make up for the lack of it in some way.

If there is a big window, we might try putting a wide shelf under it, covered with a mirror—either the usual silver mirror or one of the new colored ones. Here we can group plants in pots—flowering plants or foliage plants as best fit the spirit of the room. Plants aren't so vividly alive as fire, but they breathe, they grow and they're restful to look at. Light striking the mirror gives animation—sunlight by day, artificial light at night. If the window is well designed and there is a private sort of view, we might do without glass curtains. If we have to have them, they should be kept simple, or we might substitute the much newer and smarter Venetian blinds. Around this living center of the room we can group our furniture, just as though we had a fireplace.

But suppose the window isn't suitable—high, narrow, badly placed. Suppose we've never had the slightest success with plants or don't particularly like them. Is there anything else to give the friendly, human quality to our room?

For some of us books will do the trick. Our family and our guests are of the sort who make for books even more quickly than they'd make for a fire. The cheerful bindings give a flickering color-quality that carries the very same idea of warmth. In this case, especially if our room has one blank wall as so many city rooms have, we might build a pair of bookcases, perhaps with arched tops, leaving a space in between them for a modern couch or a beautiful old sofa. The cases themselves might be painted the color of the woodwork and lined inside with a living green or a dark, rich brown. The two niches made by the arched tops could contain urns, busts or whatever we liked. The shelves would be packed with varicolored bindings. Two narrow tables would stand at either end of the couch holding lamps with plain shades chosen for their warmth of coloring when lighted. And about this center of interest we could group the rest of the furniture.

In case we live in a rented apartment where built-in bookcases aren't in the picture, we might place a small sofa against one wall and put a big unframed piece of mirror over it, clear to the ceiling. If there can't be plants at the window, there can be flowers on a little low table in front of the sofa, to reflect themselves in the mirror, and lamps with softly colored shades on tables at each end.

The too-tall room doesn't exist in modern construction, but a great many of them remain to us from long ago. Perhaps they weren't too tall as originally constructed, but one room may have been cut up into two and the proportions thrown out.

In their efforts to minimize unwanted height in the badly proportioned tall room people invented the drop ceiling. It doesn't seem to us now that this was ever a good idea, but, since the practice has gone out, such a trick merely calls attention to the architectural defect.

One of the simplest courses of action is to choose a modern paper with horizontal design. One of the smartest is to have a rather important cornice of the flat modern type painted the color of the floor, as was done in a house outside Paris where walls and ceiling were white, with cornice and floor of tête de nègre.

Curtains in the too-tall room should have a valance to keep them from looking stringy, and Venetian blinds are ideal because of the way their horizontal slats cut the height and throw interesting ruled shadows on the wall.

The too-tall room is never one for light, delicate effects in furniture; it should give an impression of solidity. If the architecture is simple, here is an excellent chance to go modern; modern furniture, we know, never errs on the side of looking as though it would fly up and hit the ceiling. If we don't care for contemporary expressions, the heavier forms of Georgian and our own Federal pieces, of a later period than the simple early American and more formal, are appropriate.

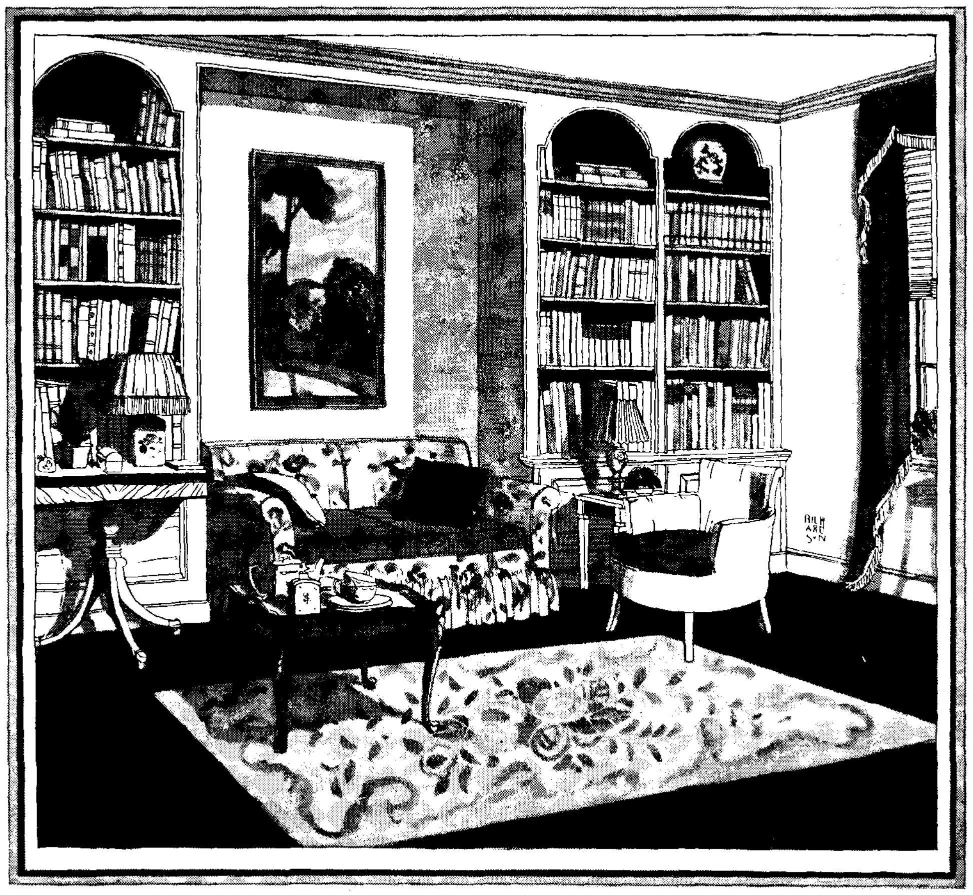
The Room Too Low

Modern construction gives us whole flocks of rooms that are too low. Eight feet six inches or at the most nine feet is a good average height today, and economic necessity dictates that the up-and-down measurement may not be more, at least in commercial apartment-house construction.

The low room is one for which the greatest skill must be used in selecting everything in scale. The lighter, more delicate furniture types should be chosen—Louis XV, Louis XVI, Directoire or those Empire pieces produced before the style lost itself in a riot of dark mahogany and ormolu mounts. The lighter types of English things are, of course, equally appropriate—Sheraton, Heppelwhite, Regency.

Since there is so little up-and-down wall space, paint, plain paper or paper of small design is much better than patterns that can be counted. Violent color should be avoided. Unless one is—or has—a very skillful decorator, it is much better to keep the floor from being too noticeable. A plain-colored rug, either dark or light, is apt to be

(*Continued on page 44*)

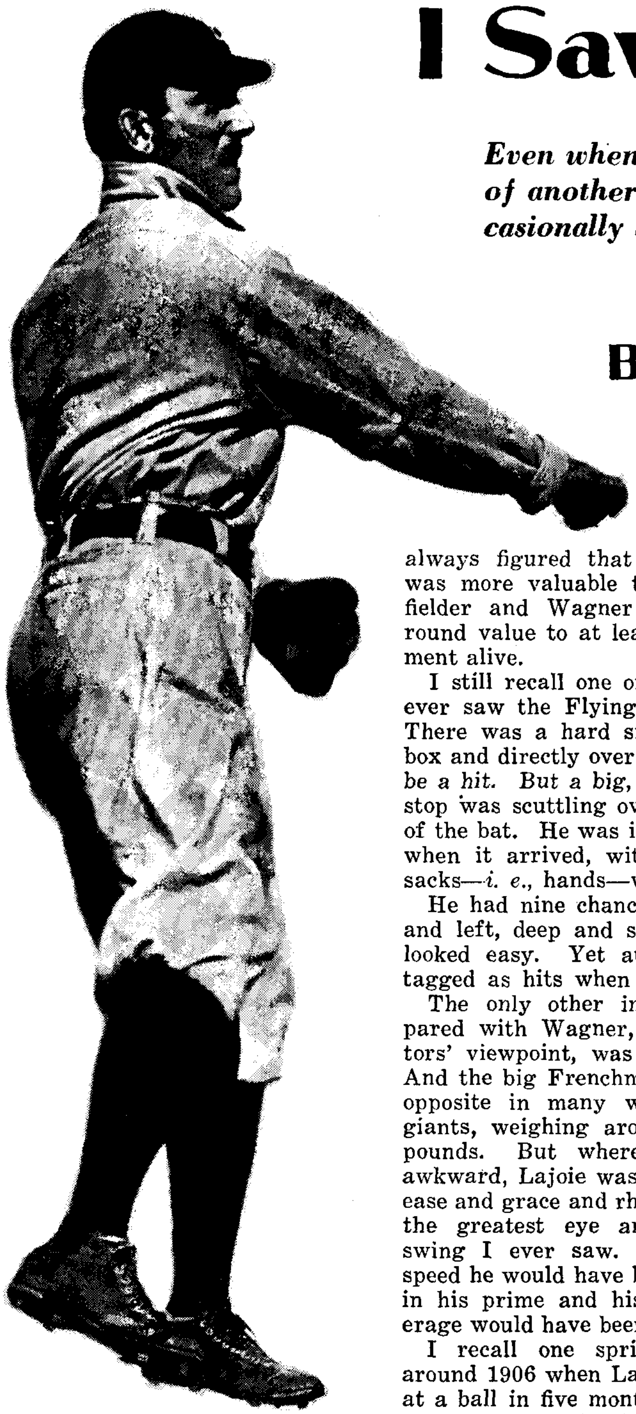


Along what was once a blank wall can be built a cozy haven for book lovers

I Saw Them Play

Even when he's looking forward to the opening of another baseball season the old-time fan occasionally takes time out for a backward glance at the heroes of his day

By Grantland Rice



Lajoie was the final word in ease and grace and rhythm

JOHN J. McGRAW, who will soon be leading his New York Giants against their ancient rivals, the Chicago Cubs, still stands pat on two points: One is that Hans Wagner is the greatest all-round ball player that ever lived. The other is that no pitcher has ever equaled Christy Mathewson.

Another baseball campaign will soon start, with such stars as Ruth, Hack Wilson, Grove, Foxx, O'Doul, Ott, Klein, Cochrane, Hornsby and others. But no flaming imagination is required to sense the increased thrill for old-time fans if they could look again upon the play of Wagner, Mathewson, Cobb, Lajoie and Johnson, to mention only a few. Cobb and Johnson are still too recent to be listed with the older guard, but Wagner, Lajoie and Mathewson are baseball immortals.

"I still hold out for Hans Wagner as the greatest of them all," says McGraw. "He was a fine catcher. He was as good a third baseman as I ever saw. He was the best shortstop I ever saw. He was one of the best outfielders in the game and one of the greatest hitters.

"Wagner was a great ball player at twenty. He was still a great ball player at forty-three, except for a pair of legs that would no longer take him around the bases or carry his two big hands in reach of an infield smash."

To say that any ball player should be ranked above Ty Cobb or Babe Ruth is expanding the old boost but McGraw always figured that a great infielder was more valuable than a great outfielder and Wagner had enough all-round value to at least keep the argument alive.

I still recall one of the first plays I ever saw the Flying Dutchman make. There was a hard smash through the box and directly over second. It had to be a hit. But a big, bow-legged shortstop was scuttling over with the crack of the bat. He was in front of the ball when it arrived, with his two gunny sacks—*i. e.*, hands—waiting for it.

He had nine chances that day, right and left, deep and short, but they all looked easy. Yet at least four were tagged as hits when they left the bat.

The only other infielder who compared with Wagner, from the spectators' viewpoint, was Napoleon Lajoie. And the big Frenchman was Wagner's opposite in many ways. Both were giants, weighing around two hundred pounds. But where Wagner looked awkward, Lajoie was the final word in ease and grace and rhythm. Lajoie had the greatest eye and the smoothest swing I ever saw. With Ty Cobb's speed he would have batted around .450 in his prime and his twenty-year average would have been close to .400.

I recall one spring training trip around 1906 when Lajoie hadn't swung at a ball in five months. This was his first day out and Addie Joss was pitching to him. Joss, a great pitcher, put the ball over his head, in the dirt at his feet, inside and outside, even back of him, but Larry continued to hit it back.

"I thought maybe his weakness might be a ball thrown back of him or one that hit in front of his feet," Joss said later, "but it's just a question of whether he can reach it with his bat. If he can reach it, he can hit it."

There were two occasions that season with Lajoie at bat when the signal came for a hit-and-run which the opposing pitcher seemed to sense. In each instance he threw two feet wide of the plate for a pitch-out. In each case Nap, unable to reach the ball without stepping across the plate, threw his bat with a right-hand flick and singled over first.

Lessons in Laziness

That was the type of eye and timing Lajoie carried along for more than twenty years. At his peak he was a .380 hitter where every blow had to be a clean wallop and not the type that a fast sprinter beats to first. He stood at the plate with the bat held lazily and lightly in his hands, often in his left hand only. Lajoie's theory was to decide on what ball to hit and then swing, whether it was inside, outside or over. He never waited for the good ones. This system removed all element of doubt or uncertainty and prevented quick swinging or fast lunging at the last second.

I have never seen another ball player who had the same method of taking a throw from the catcher and sweeping it on the runner with his gloved hand. The catch and the tag were all one motion. Lajoie, like Wagner, made almost any type of infield play look easy. But Lajoie had a half-lazy, half-indifferent way of going for a ball as if it could never be missed, no matter what the bound.

McGraw picks Mathewson as his greatest pitcher, on the basis of versatility. At his peak Matty had speed, a fine variety of curve balls, perfect control, brains and gameness.

I saw him pitch the three world series shut-outs against Connie Mack's Athletics in 1905, when it looked as if he could have pitched against them for a month without allowing a run. There is no recollection of any other ball club being as totally helpless against one pitcher through an entire series.

It was not so much the fact that Mack's hard-hitting team was blanked for twenty-seven innings, but that apparently no one could even sense a chance for them to score. They were completely bottled up by a fast ball, a sharp breaking curve, a fine change of pace with every pitched ball thrown where Matty wanted it to go.

Matty the Master

Mathewson had to carry the brunt of too many hard campaigns to hold his early effectiveness. But around 1902 or 1903 when he was still a young pitcher he was called upon to meet the hard-hitting Pirate team eight times. That was the year of Pittsburgh's greatness with Wagner, Clarke, Leach, Beaumont in the line-up, and with Phillippe, Leever, Chesbro and Tannehill pitching. This was one of the best ball clubs that ever played. Yet in eight starts Mathewson beat this team eight times, with a club not in the same class.

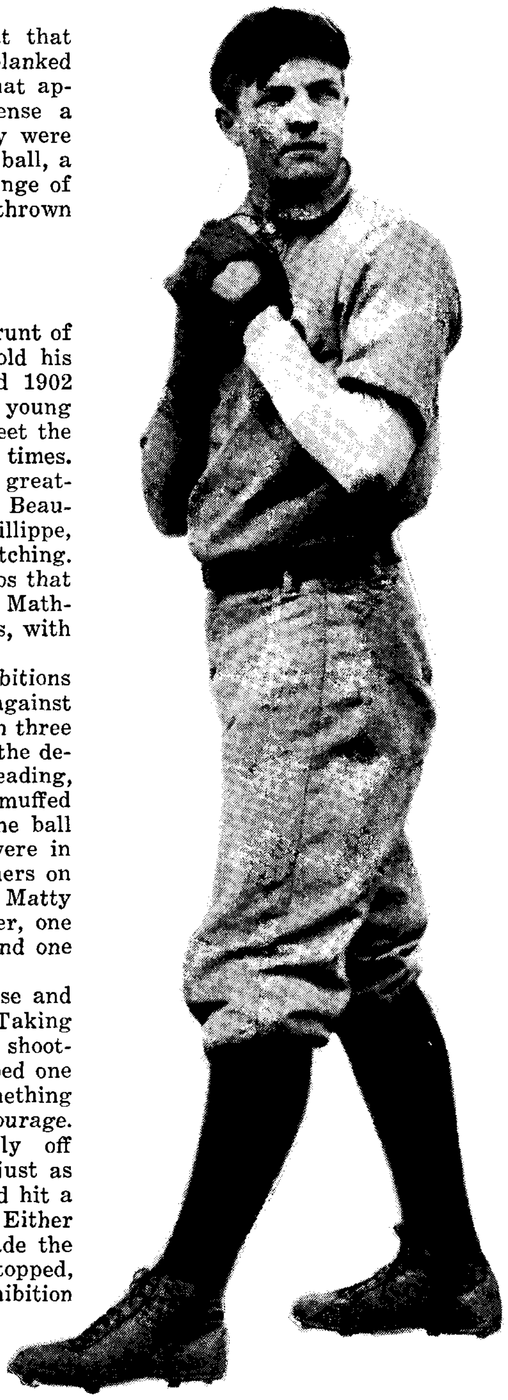
One of Matty's greatest exhibitions came in the world series of 1912 against the Red Sox. Each team had won three games with a tie thrown in. In the deciding game, New York was leading, two to one. Snodgrass had just muffed a high fly to center and with the ball game already won the Giants were in a jam, for Boston now had runners on second and third with two out. Matty now faced the dangerous Speaker, one of the best hitters of all time, and one of the deadliest in a pinch.

He saw that Speaker was tense and anxious to break up the game. Taking a full wind-up, Matty, in place of shooting a fast one through, just lobbed one over the middle. Here was something that took both brains and courage. Speaker was caught completely off guard. He swung too quickly, just as Mathewson figured he would, and hit a high pop foul near first base. Either Merkle or Myers could have made the catch, but both started and stopped, and neither got there. The exhibition of pitching strategy, that should have won the series, went for nothing, as Speaker's single broke up the battle later on. But at least there was a picture of Mathewson in a desperate spot, physically tired, but still using his head and heart.

When it comes to the old-time ball clubs, or any-time ball clubs, there may have been other teams as good as the old Cubs from 1906 to 1910, but there never was a ball club with as much color and dash and magnetism hooked to its skill. Kling and Archer were the catchers; Brown, Overall, Reulbach, Pfiester and Lundgren the main pitchers; Chance at first; Evers at second; Tinker at short; Steinfeldt at third; Sheckard, Hofman, Slagle and Schulte for an outfield.

There was always war in the air whenever this team arrived in hostile territory, especially against such teams as the Giants and Pirates. Connie Mack's Athletics from 1910 through 1914 were probably just as good, perhaps a shade better, with Bender, Plank and Coombs in the box, but they lacked the flare and flame of Chance's Cubs.

The Athletics and the Cubs of 1929 began to establish certain traditions a year ago. Both have their great ball players to present this season. It still remains to be seen whether or not they can show any stars who may take the old fan's memory from the unforgotten luminaries of the other years.



At his peak Matty had speed, a fine variety of curves, brains and gameness

The drain plug on your crankcase can tell you all you need to know about your oil

All oils look good going in. How they look COMING OUT is a different story. If they drain out thin and watery, your motor has suffered. If the used oil still retains a high viscosity—is thick and greasy, with a lasting "body"—your motor has been safe. The next time you have your oil changed, watch the operation.

Here's a friendly suggestion. Try HyViS. If, after driving 1000 miles with HyViS in the crank case, you do not find that, when drained, the HyViS is in better condition—cleaner and more "oily"—than your previous oil, the station attendant will immediately refund the purchase price.

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Interesting booklet, "The Thrilling Beauty that Lies Within"—gladly sent on request. Address The Illinois Watch, 1222 North Ninth Street, Springfield, Illinois.

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THE DEAN (Front and Side View)—19 jewels, 14k white and natural solid gold case, gold figured dial	$110.00
THE CUSHION—17 jewels, 14k white gold-filled case	55.00

ILLINOIS LADIES' STRAP WATCH (*center*)

THE BILTMORE—17 jewels, 14k gold-filled case	$ 50.00

ILLINOIS LADIES' RIBBON WATCHES (*left to right*)

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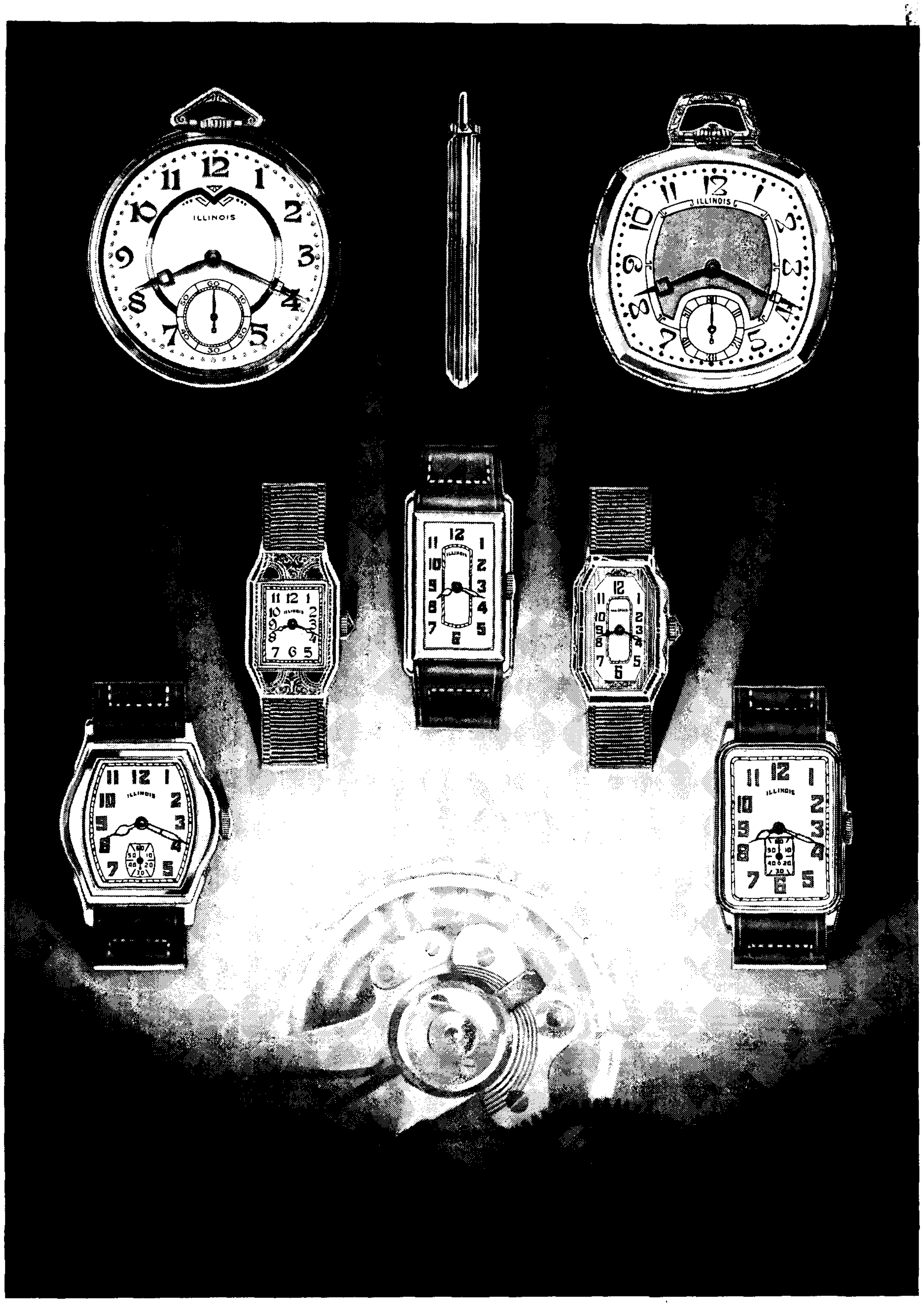
ILLINOIS MEN'S STRAP WATCHES (*left to right*)

THE CAVALIER—17 jewels, 14k white or natural gold-filled case	$ 45.00
THE TROPHY—17 jewels, 14k white gold-filled case	55.00



The beauty that lies within . . . the beauty that is a timepiece

The ILLINOIS WATCH

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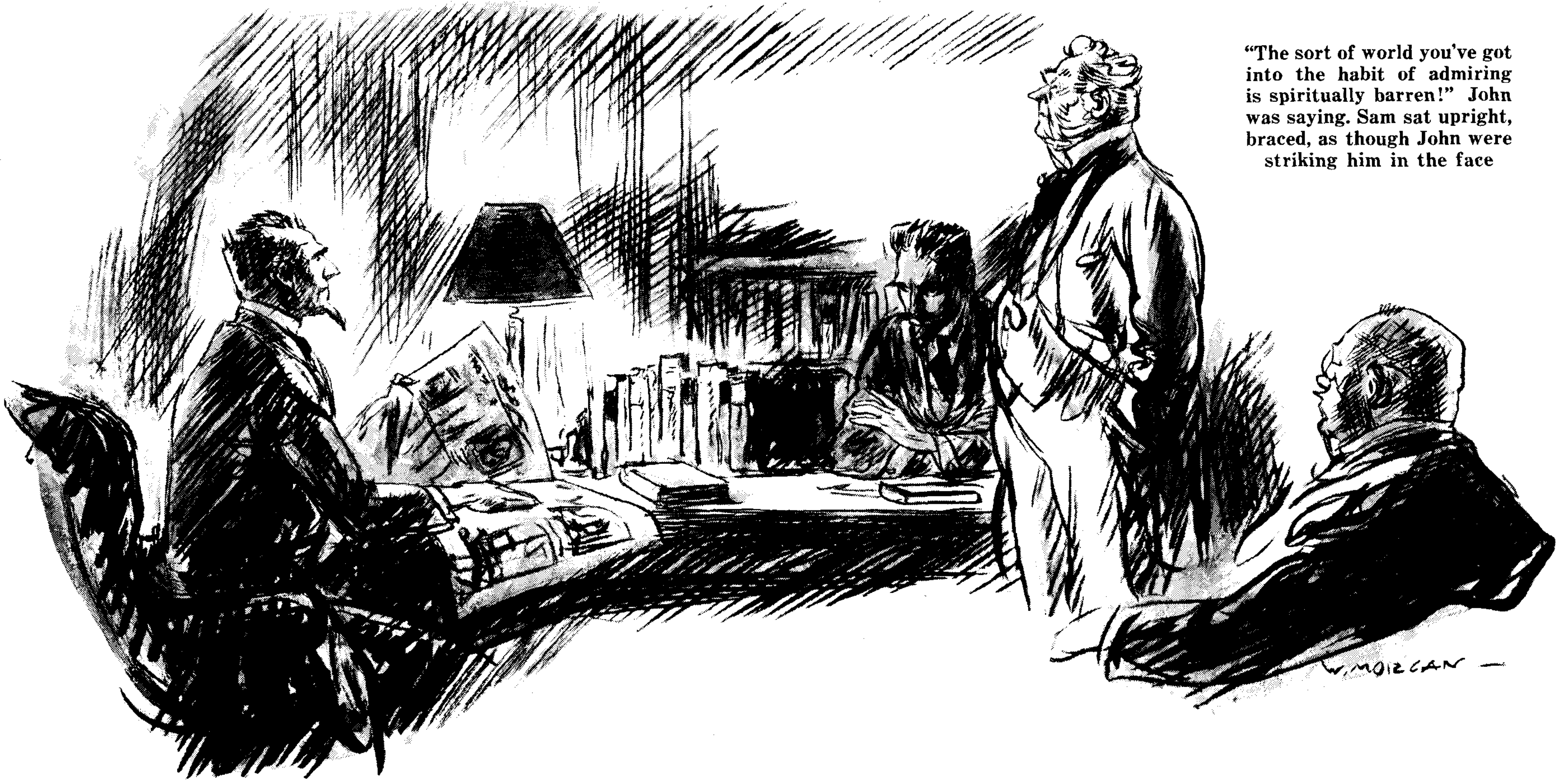


"The sort of world you've got into the habit of admiring is spiritually barren!" John was saying. Sam sat upright, braced, as though John were striking him in the face

Uncle Sam

By John Erskine

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING no children of their own, Sam and Priscilla, his devoted but narrow-minded wife, decided to adopt a little girl—Irene, a lovely child. Irene's mother—known as "Mrs. Gordon"—is unmarried; she has never divulged the child's paternity.

Meeting Mrs. Gordon at the foundling asylum where Irene is living, Sam recognizes her at once. She is Mary Stewart, an old sweetheart! Almost immediately Sam receives another shock. Pledging him to secrecy, Mary confesses that the child's father is one of Sam's brothers—Orlando!

From that time on Irene lives with Sam and Priscilla. And Priscilla, having learned "Mrs. Gordon's" identity, and found that Sam will not discuss the matter with her, suspects the worst—that Sam is the little girl's father. . . .

Ten years pass. Sam is wealthy. Oil has been struck on his farm. He and Priscilla have moved into the little city of Bellevue, where Sam is a prominent man. He is self-reliant, resourceful, strong. Only three persons, however, really love him: his sister, Antoinette; Irene (now a successful professional dancer); and Mary Stewart.

Many believe that Sam is overreaching himself—that he is riding for a financial fall. Much of his fortune he has invested in Western Common, an uncertain stock which, he feels, represents an investment in the future. It begins to go down; Sam's brokers ask for more margin. Now, at last, serious trouble is brewing. And Sam has other worries. Irene is madly in love with a man, whom (due to her mother's counsel) she will not marry. The girl is unhappy. Priscilla has drifted away. Rafael, Orlando's son, is giving him cause for concern. Orlando, Frederick and John, his brothers, visit him—bringing their wives. Mary Stewart, whom he adores and whose friendship means much to him, has passed out of his life—told him she will never see him again. And he is growing old. Even his friends believe he is losing his grip. Only the friendly counsel and homely philosophy of Father Hugh, his dear friend, comfort him in these days of adversity.

One day Sam goes to his office. His secretary reports what has happened in his absence. Then— "There was one telephone call I thought I'd better not hand on to you, sir. It sounded queer." "What was that?" asks Sam. "It was a woman," is the answer.

XI

"IT WAS a woman?" echoed Sam. "Did she give her name?"

"Yes. I didn't think it was anyone you knew. Mrs. Saunders."

For the moment Sam couldn't place her.

"What did she want?"

"Some help from you for her father."

"Who's he?"

"Martin, I think she said the name was."

He searched his memory.

"You don't mean it! Old Martin! What's his trouble?"

"She wouldn't say. She wants a word with you."

"How did you leave it?"

"I said you couldn't be interrupted now, and I think she'll call again."

Sam looked out of the window a moment.

"Ethan can't be prosperous, if she has to come to me for help. Her father's the man I boarded with when I was teaching school. His opinion of me wasn't high. I wonder how she knew where I was! . . . All right. If she calls again, you tell her I'll see her tomorrow after my brothers have gone."

"That sounds like a rendezvous. Why must it wait till after your brothers go?"

Orlando was standing just inside the door. He had stolen in upon them, and might have been listening for several seconds. Sam looked up with a start.

"Hello, Orlando! How did you get in?"

"You folks leave your doors open. Who's the lady, Sam?"

"An old friend."

"Good looking, I hope?"

Evidently Orlando was trying the light touch of the man of the world, but Sam took no pleasure in his attempts.

"To your eyes she wouldn't be good looking, but she's not without her successes. She's married."

"A married woman, eh? Sam, you are coming on!"

When Perry had left them together, Orlando's manner changed. He was there on business.

"I wanted a word with you, Sam, when the others weren't around. This morning I ran over to Norwood."

"Yes?"

"Frederick tells me that when he was here before he met Marlet, your old school friend."

"Yes?"

"I thought I had better make his acquaintance too. He's come on pretty well. Seems to have a fine bank there."

"It's really Whitcomb's bank, but Marlet owns shares in it."

Orlando's face showed slight disappointment.

"Doesn't he control it? I got from him the impression—"

"If he told you so, he's right. He knows more about it than I do."

"Well, I thought I might establish some connection with him while I was here."

"Yes?"

SAM'S brief, noncommittal reply embarrassed his brother. To some kinds of subtle criticism he was sensitive.

"The reason I went alone was that I've private affairs at home which the others aren't interested in. I didn't know but that some time Marlet might be useful."

Sam looked at him without a word.

"Just how solid is that bank, Sam?"

"I don't know. I'm out of banking, you know."

"Well, I was wondering if you could arrange for me to have a word this evening with your friend Wiggins. He'd be better informed."

"He's not to be at the dinner."

Again Orlando showed disappointment.

"That's too bad! I was counting on a talk with him."

"He had to leave town, suddenly."

"Well, that's what I call bad luck! . . . By the way, Sam, one other thing: I couldn't talk of this, naturally, before Fritz and John, you understand—but just what do you propose doing for Rafael, if I leave him here?"

Sam rarely showed emotions of the more personal sort, but his gaunt face was suddenly hurt.

"You sound as though you were making some sort of bargain with me!"

"I didn't mean that."

"Well, if the boy cares to stay, I'll try to be hospitable, in my feeble manner, and I'll treat him as though he were my own child. That may not seem to you a handsome prospect. If it doesn't, I'd like to ask you a question, Orlando—why the devil don't you take him home with you? I've had so many inquiries about the extent to which I expect to be an honest man that I'm growing sensitive."

Orlando became suddenly paternal.

"Sam, you *are* too sensitive. I just wondered if you had any definite plans for the boy."

"I have never had any for myself. I intend to do what I can to make the youngster happy—that's about as far as I can go."

Orlando was not satisfied, but it wasn't easy for him to press the question just then.

"If you are through cross-examining me," said Sam, "we'll go on over to the school."

"Now, don't get hot—I wasn't cross-examining you."

Orlando looked around the room, somewhat jauntily, to show he was at ease. He reached down and picked up Irene's picture.

"My word! A beauty!"

Sam had his back to him, and paid no attention.

"Where did she come from, Sam? Has your wife seen this?"

"Not that particular photograph—it's the girl we took in, some years ago—more or less adopted—Antoinette probably told you."

Orlando stared at the picture. Sam had turned and was watching him.

"I shouldn't mind the life out here, if such figures as that blessed my eyesight often. Sam, you old devil!"

Sam held the door open for him, and they went out together. Perry was astonished at the look on his employer's face.

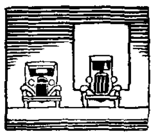
At four o'clock that afternoon, just after Perry had closed the office, Sam

(*Continued on page 64*)

GM
GENERAL
MOTORS

THIS IS

CARS AND TRUCKS



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Ternstedt Manufacturing Company—Hardware for automobile bodies and Frigidaire cabinets. Detroit, Mich.

National Plate Glass Company—Plate glass for automobile bodies. Detroit, Mich. Plants at Blairsville, Pa., and Ottawa, Ill.

Fisher Lumber Corporation—(Fisher Delta Log Company, subsidiary). Large tracts of virgin hardwood timber in Louisiana and Arkansas; saw mills at Ferriday and Wisner, La., and saw mill and automobile body woodworking plant at Memphis, Tenn.

Fisher Body Service Corporation—Automobile body parts, depots and body servicing plants at Detroit, Mich., and Oakland, Calif.

PARTS AND ACCESSORIES

AC Spark Plug Company—AC spark plugs, speedometers, air cleaners, oil filters, oil gauges, ammeters, thermo gauges, gasoline gauges, fuel pumps, gasoline strainers, instrument panels, tachometers, altimeters, air speed indicators, die castings and decorative tile. Flint, Mich.

Armstrong Spring Division—Automobile chassis springs for passenger cars and trucks. Flint, Mich.

Brown-Lipe-Chapin Division—Differential gears for passenger cars and trucks. Syracuse, N. Y.

Delco Products Corporation—Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers and integral and fractional horsepower motors. Dayton, O.

Delco-Remy Corporation—Delco-Remy starting, lighting and ignition systems for cars, trucks and coaches; Klaxon horns; Dual locks; Electrolocks and Delco batteries. Plants at Anderson and Muncie, Ind.

Guide Lamp Corporation—Automobile head lamps, stop and tail lamps, cowl and fender lamps, marker lamps and dome lamps. Plants at Anderson, Ind., and Cleveland, O.

Harrison Radiator Corporation—Radiators for passenger cars and trucks. Plants at Lockport, N. Y., and Detroit, Mich.

Hyatt Bearings Division—Hyatt anti-friction roller bearings. Newark, N. J.

Inland Manufacturing Company—Rubber and moulded products, Inlox bolts, steering wheels and battery containers. Dayton, O.

Jaxon Steel Products Division—Wood and wire wheels, rims, tire carriers and tire carrier locks, rim parts and steel stampings. Jackson, Mich.

The McKinnon Industries, Ltd.—Automobile differentials; starting, lighting and ignition systems; tool kits; spring covers; malleable castings; stampings; hammers and wrenches; drop forgings and saddlery hardware. Plants at St. Catherines, Ontario, and Buffalo, N. Y.

Moraine Products Company—Durex oil impregnated metal bearings. Dayton, O.

Muncie Products Division—Transmissions, steering gears and chassis parts. Muncie, Ind.

New Departure Manufacturing Company—Ball bearings, coaster brakes, bells and bicycle hubs. Bristol, Conn.

North East Appliance Corporation—North East starters, generators, ignition systems, speedometers, horns, heaters and cigar lighters for automobiles and motor boats; small motors. Rochester, N. Y.

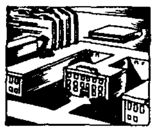
Saginaw Crankshaft Division—Crankshafts for automobile engines. Saginaw, Mich.

Saginaw Malleable Iron Division—Malleable iron castings for passenger cars and trucks. Saginaw, Mich.

Saginaw Steering Gear Division—Steering gears for passenger cars, trucks and busses. Saginaw, Mich.

United Motors Service Inc.—Provides authorized national service for Delco-Remy and North East starting, lighting and ignition systems; Delco batteries; Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers; Klaxon horns; Jaxon rims, rim parts and wheels; Harrison radiators; New Departure ball bearings; Hyatt roller bearings; North East speedometers, AC speedometers, air cleaners, oil filters, gasoline strainers, fuel pumps and gauges; Guide lamps. Detroit.

OTHER PRODUCTS



Delco-Light Company—Delco-Light electric power and light plants; DL residence water systems; Delcogas individual gas-producing units for domestic use. *Dayton, O.*

Frigidaire Corporation—Frigidaire automatic refrigerators; automatic refrigerating units for household and commercial use; milk cooling units, ice cream cabinets and Frigidaire water coolers. Dayton, O.

Allison Engineering Company—Aircraft power plant engineering, aviation engines, bearings, superchargers, gear and mechanical equipment. Indianapolis, Ind.

AFFILIATED COMPANIES

In which General Motors owns large stock interests.

Bendix Aviation Corporation—Aviation starters, generators, magnetos, instruments and electric equipment; Bendix starter drives; brakes and brake equipment; carburetors; automotive Diesel engines; textile devices and dyeing processes; national service for Bendix products. Chicago, Ill.

Fokker Aircraft Corporation of America—Fokker airplanes. New York. Glendale, W. Va., and Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation—Markets Ethyl fluid to oil refiners which manufacture Ethyl Gasoline. New York.

General Motors Radio Corporation—Radio sets for automotive and home use. Dayton, O.

Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Company—General Motors Trucks. Yellow Coaches and Yellow Cabs. Pontiac, Mich.

IN 104 COUNTRIES

General Motors Export Company—New York. Distribution in overseas territories not covered by General Motors overseas operations. Zone offices in fourteen cities abroad.

General Motors, Ltd.—Distribution in Great Britain and Ireland. Plant at London, England.

General Motors International, A/S—Distribution in Denmark, Norway, Esthonia, Iceland, Latvia and Lithuania. Assembly plant at Copenhagen, Denmark.

General Motors Nordiska, A/B—Distribution in Sweden and Finland. Assembly plant at Stockholm, Sweden.

GENERAL MOTORS

HERE are 75 different businesses associated together through General Motors. They unite their purchasing power to assure quality materials at favorable prices. They exchange engineering talent and manufacturing experience. They join every resource for producing higher values and better service at lower costs. They are the family of General Motors.

General Motors w Polsce Sp. zo. o.—Distribution in Poland and Danzig Free State. Assembly plant at Warsaw.

General Motors Continental, S. A.—Distribution in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, Bulgaria, Crete, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Jugo-Slavia and Roumania. Assembly plant at Antwerp, Belgium.

General Motors G. m. b. H.—Distribution in Germany, Czechoslovakia and European Russia. Assembly plant at Berlin, Germany.

General Motors (France) S. A.—Distribution in France, Algeria, French Morocco, Spanish Morocco and Tunisia. Paris, France.

General Motors Peninsular, S. A.—Distribution in Spain, Portugal, Canary Islands and Gibraltar. Madrid, Spain.

General Motors Near East, S. A.—Distribution in Egypt, Arabia, Hejaz, Iraq, Italian Africa, Aden, Syria, Persia west of 56° E. L., Palestine and Turkey. Alexandria.

General Motors Argentina, S. A.—Distribution in Argentina and Paraguay. Assembly plant at Buenos Aires.

General Motors do Brasil, S. A.—Distribution in Brazil. Assembly plant at Sao Paulo, Brazil.

General Motors Uruguaya, S. A. — Distribution in Uruguay. Assembly plant at Montevideo, Uruguay.

General Motors South African, Ltd.—Distribution in the Union of South Africa, Rhodesia, British Southwest Africa, Portuguese East Africa, Nyasaland, Bechuanaland and the Katanga district of the Belgian Congo. Assembly plant at Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

General Motors (Australia) Pty. Ltd.— Distribution in Australia. Assembly plants at Adelaide, Brisbane, Melbourne, Perth and Sydney.

General Motors New Zealand, Ltd.—Distribution in New Zealand. Assembly plant at Wellington, New Zealand.

General Motors Japan, Ltd.—Distribution in Japan and Korea. Assembly plant at Osaka, Japan.

General Motors of China, Inc.—Distribution in China and Manchuria. Shanghai, China.

N. V. General Motors Java—Distribution in the Dutch East Indies, French Indo-China, Siam and the Straits Settlements. Assembly plant at Batavia, Java.

General Motors India, Ltd.—Distribution in British India, Ceylon and Persia east of 56° E. L. Assembly plant at Bombay, India.

Adam Opel A/G—Manufacture of Opel motor cars and trucks. Russelsheim, Germany.

Vauxhall Motors, Ltd.—Manufacture of Vauxhall motor cars. Luton, England.

Delco-Remy & Hyatt, Ltd.—Sales and service on all General Motors accessory products in the British Isles. London, England.

Overseas Motor Service Corporation—New York. Sales and service overseas on all General Motors accessory products.

FINANCING, INSURANCE & ACCOUNTING

General Motors Acceptance Corporation—Finances wholesale distribution and retail credit sales of General Motors products (GMAC Plan). Including subsidiaries there are branch offices in 93 cities in the U. S., Canada and overseas. New York.

General Exchange Insurance Corporation—Provides fire-theft insurance service on cars sold at retail under the GMAC Plan. New York.

Motor Accounting Company—Supervises General Motors dealers' and distributors' standardized accounting practices. Detroit, Mich.

Motor Accounting Company of Canada, Ltd.—Performs similar service for General Motors of Canada, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont.

REAL ESTATE

Argonaut Realty Corporation—Erects and finances salesrooms, parts depots, garages and service stations for General Motors divisions, subsidiaries and affiliated companies; surveys real estate projects and reviews leases for divisions, branches, distributors and dealers. Detroit, Mich.

Bristol Realty Company— Housing for employes in Bristol, Conn.

General Motors Building Corporation—Owns and operates central office building in Detroit, Mich.

Modern Dwellings—Housing for employes at Oshawa, Ontario.

Modern Housing Corporation — Housing for employes in Flint and Pontiac, Mich.; and Janesville, Wis. Detroit, Mich.

New Departure Realty Company — Housing for employes in Bristol, Conn.

RESEARCH

General Motors Research Laboratories—Maintained for the continuous improvement of General Motors products. Detroit, Mich.

General Motors Proving Ground—A 1268-acre "outdoor laboratory" for the testing of General Motors cars and trucks. Milford, Mich.

PEOPLE

General Motors is owned by more than 225,000 stockholders. They live in every state, in many provinces of Canada and in overseas countries.

An average of 210,000 men and women are employed in the manufacture of General Motors products.

Through 20,000 General Motors dealers about 500,000 more are engaged in sales and service.

Another 500,000 are directly employed by suppliers in the manufacture of materials for General Motors.

Add the families represented by these people and by the stockholders, and the total is more than six million men, women and children who derive income directly or indirectly from General Motors.

GASTROGEN
stops
Indigestion
—it helps digestion★

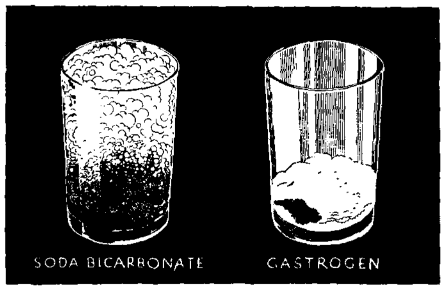
DON'T let heartburn, acidity or indigestion give you another moment's misery! It's as unnecessary as it is unpleasant. For two or three Gastrogen Tablets end after-eating discomfort in five minutes, and without a trace of the bad after-effects of soda bicarbonate.

Unlike "bicarb", Gastrogen contains only insoluble antacids. It can't alkalize the stomach, hence it doesn't retard normal digestion. And it does bring relief from the embarrassing gas and hiccups that soda-users know so well.

Gastrogen is harmless, spicy, aromatic, delightful to the taste. It comes in tins of 15 tablets for 20¢, or bottles of 60 tablets for 60¢. At your druggist's.

★ *Prove it yourself—make this simple test*

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)*
2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*
3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*



Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly, comfortably and without retarding normal digestion.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. N-30
73 West Street, New York City
Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.
Name..................................
Street..................................
City..................*State*............

Capitol Fun

Continued from page 22

Will someone pass the chloroform?
That's dandy!
Now I will fill three bottles on the table
And mark them plainly
"Whisky,"
"Gin," and
"Brandy"—
The drinker gets his flavor from the label.
Now here are thirty Guinea Pigs which I
Will portion into handy groups of ten.
Group One is "Brandy," others "Gin" and "Rye."
Mark the reaction, gents, when I say When.

(The Guinea Pigs stand straight as pegs upon their funny little legs. They dress their line with gestures cute and snap into a smart salute.)

THE GUINEA PIGS

We knew it, we knew it!
The Doc is going to do it!
Upon his tender kindliness we put no more reliance.
When others die for love or hate
Or home or flag or something great—
Oh, why is it that Guinea Pigs must always die for science?

(The Doctor takes a spoon in hand and fills it with a mixture bland. "Now, pigs," he says, "don't snarl or hiss or make a horrid face. A lot of humans value this and buy it by the case." Each docile Guinea takes a sip with rolling eye and writhing lip and undulations of the hip.)

THE GUINEA PIGS *(with rig-a-jigs)*

Hi-diddle-diddle—
Izzat so?
Pain in the middle,
More below.
I love a lassie, and she says, "Tweet-tweet!"
In my little gray home in Tennessee—
BRING ON YOUR WILDCATS!!!!
Senator Sheppard is a good old scout,
Yes he is in a water-spout.
He emptied the keg and he filled the jail—
"Without a purchase there can be no sale,"
To quote from he—
Whee-e-e-e!
Keep the change, sweetar'—
Goo-by.
Wrong number. . . .

EXTRA DRY QUARTETTE
(Beedy, Holaday, Morgan and Hoch)

In all the Congressional Record
Naught ever deserved our reproof
Like Guinea Pigs tippling
And quoting from Kipling
Right under the Capitol roof!
These lawbreaking mammals are fuller than camels—
Let all decent citizens hoot 'em.
We think that they wanta be sent to Atlanta.
The best thing to do is . . .

REP. HOLADAY *(deep basso)*

. . . to
shoot
'em.

(But this suggestion comes too late. The Guinea Pigs collapse and settle in a peaceful state, calm smiles upon their maps. Congressman Stalker, mild of phiz, who made the Jones Bill what it is, stands solemnly and shakes his head to indicate, "They're better dead.")

THE DRYS

Such illegality, rank immorality, sodden bestiality, grown to rascality
Comes when the Eighteenth Commandment,
The Eighteenth Commandment you choose to defy.

THE WETS

All this toxology, rank demonology, wrecking biology, needs no apology—
That's what your Purity Band meant
To do to us all when they voted us dry.

WETS AND DRYS

We didn't!
You did!
Didn't, didn't, did-did!
A hiss,
A scat!
Take this,
Take that!
Sniff,
Wow!
Biff!
POW!**?!!!

(While all the House goes reeling round, now waiving all formalities, commingling in a battle-sound—including personalities—from out the kit of Sirovich, the Worldly Rat comes creeping and grins across the slaughter where the Guinea Pigs lie sleeping. The Rat consumes three bottles of the Doctor's poisonous brew, then samples all the chemicals both yellow, green and blue. A stiff corrosive sublimate he quaffs, and winks his eye, then tosses off a beakerful of creosote and lye. At last he rubs his tummy with a look of satisfaction and gazes sharply at the door, as one requiring Action.)

THE RAT

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Party.
(Exit Rat, *verbum sat.*)

ACT II

('Tis noon. The Senate in a bunch is moving toward its frugal lunch. Their guest is Scott McBride. Senator Sheppard makes no bones of fondling Brookhart, also Jones, who register their pride. Senator Borah lags behind, as one who can't make up his mind.)

SENATOR SHEPPARD

As the Father of Sahara and the Mother of the Drouth
I love to see the Flouter tied across the cannon's mouth.
The Hosts of Sin are on the run. By gosh, they never will
Gain half a yard of real estate on Constitution Hill.
Revilers of the commonweal, deflers of the flag
May search the country vainly for a snifter or a jag.
On every block an honest cop supports the earnest thinkers—
And now we'll lock the calaboose upon the Highbrow Drinkers.

F. SCOTT MCBRIDE

It's plain as day you've found the way—
I'll take a note of what you say.

(The Senators resume their stroll. The Rat pops briskly from a hole and perches on a table. Cries Mr. Jones, "Oh, what is that?" Says Mr. Brookhart, "It's a rat!"—his repartee is able.)

SENATOR SHEPPARD *(chanting and panting)*

Rat! What do you here?
You are not only out of order, but you are under the influence
OF
Intoxicating liquor.
The Joint Committee on Enforcement must convene at once
And start an In, and start an In,
And start an In-vest-i-gation.
Oh, Rat,
What have you been drinking?

THE RAT

Mange-cure, bichloride, indelible ink,
Ether, permanganate, citrate of zinc
And several things that you'll find in the sink,
Served with a dash of lye.
Though it's knocked thirty Guinea Pigs perfectly dead,
Cyanide don't even go to my head
And I can't get a kick out of sulphate of lead—
I'll tell you the reason why:

(REFRAIN)

I'm a Speakeasy Rat from Speakeasy Street,
Raised upon Speakeasy brew.
When patrons come in I get next to their gin
And bootlegger labels I chew.
I swim in corrosives and flavored explosives
And never think nothing of that.
In this land of the free there are millions like me,
Millions like me, millions like me,
Millions and millions and millions like me—
For I am a Speakeasy Rat.

(Far in the distance a Chorus of Drys warble like angels in worldly disguise.)

CHORUS

In this land of the free
There are millions like he,
Millions so toughened by bootlegger skee
They've learned to digest
What would poison the rest
The same as the Speakeasy Rat.

(Senator Sheppard takes the arm of Jones and pilots him from harm. Perhaps he'll plan a meeting to raise the Prohibition score some $30,000,000 more—they'll settle that while eating.)

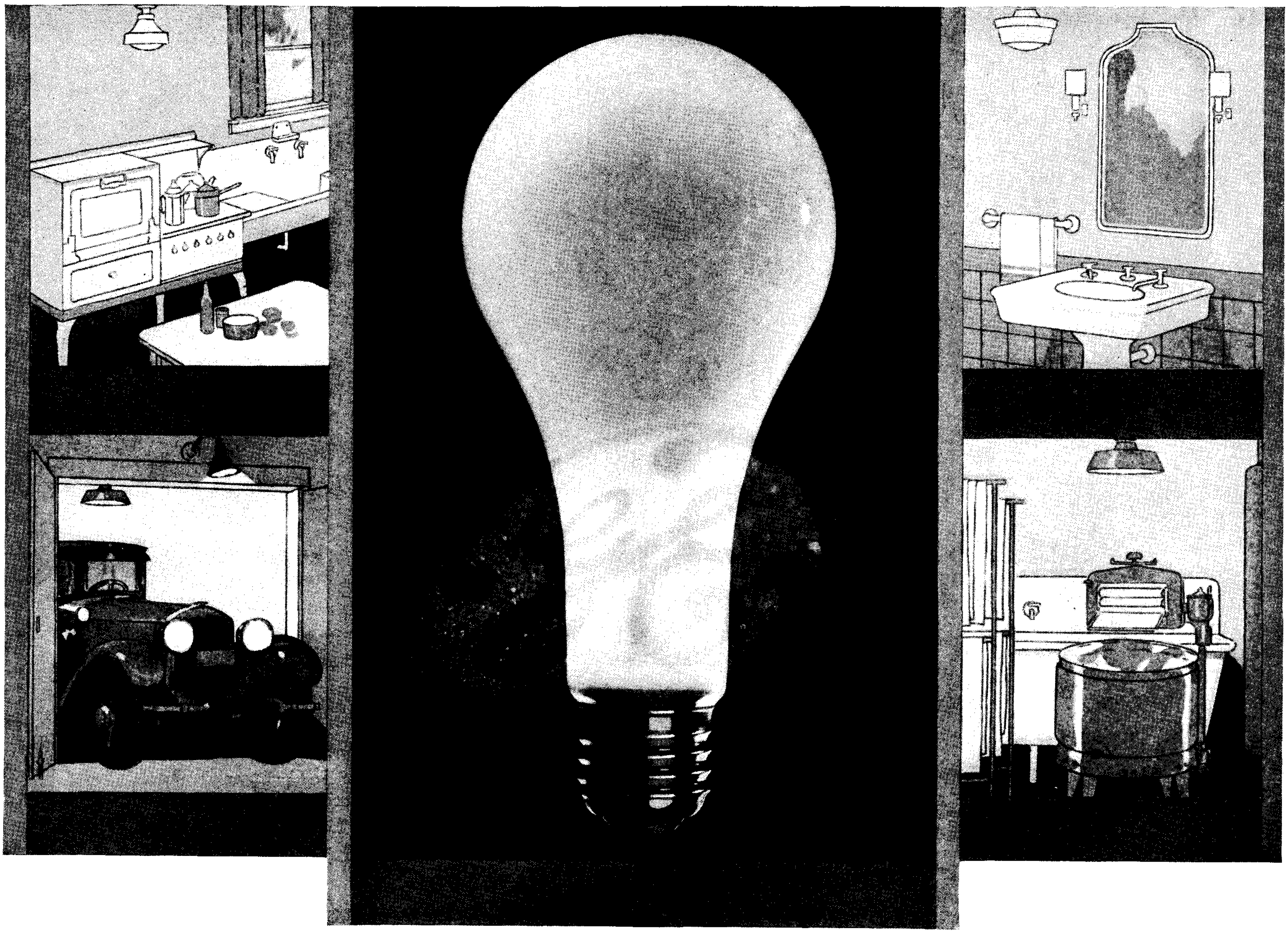
THE RAT *(alone, in monotone)*

Poor Sheppard's like a Manager
Who starts one Show too much.
The thing's a flop. He cannot stop
Because it costs too much.
He spends and spends. It never ends.
The seats are selling sparse.
I wonder if this Drama's called
A Tragedy or Farce?

(Pitty-pat. Exit Rat.)

CURTAIN

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ MAZDA ▲ NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE



THIS LAMP *lightens tasks*

GOOD LIGHT means as much in the home as it means in the factory. Well-lighted kitchens, bathrooms, garages and laundries speed up tasks. Relieve strain. They are cleaner...and safer. ¶ The 100 watt, inside-frosted General Electric MAZDA lamp is helping general managers of homes to get the most out of modern time-saving labor-saving household machinery. ¶ Used in totally-enclosing shades of new modern designs and colors this lamp transforms shadow-ridden workrooms into happy, inviting places where tasks are completed in jig time—with a song and a smile. ¶ From a business point of view this wonderful lamp justifies a place in every household budget. Giving the light of 136 candles for less than one cent an hour, it is the most economical of all present day lamps for the home. ¶ Ask your dealer to show you this lamp to lighten tasks. You will know G. E. MAZDA lamps by this mark on the end of the bulb and by the familiar blue carton in which they come to you. NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Join us in the General Electric Hour, broadcast every Saturday at 9 p. m. E. S. T., on the Nation-wide N. B. C. Network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

With a zoom they take to the clear, bright air

AS THE EARTH SINKS AWAY

from their eyes

THE FLASH of sunlight on varnished wings . . . the hum of motors . . . and steady hands at the controls . . . with a rush they leave the ground, banking and soaring to the upper air . . . keen nerves, firm courage, and bodily vigor.

Such are the pioneers of the air. Such sun-tanned healthy men and women drink the sportsmen's beverage, "Canada Dry." For here is a fine old ginger ale which makes them keener, more fit to fly, and steadies their minds for the sport in hand.

Vigor — the quality of a game well played — is the quality of "Canada Dry"

In many other sports, for many other sportsmen, this fine old ginger ale is the choice . . . matching in quality the vigorous, healthy activity of countless men and women throughout this country.

Why? The answer lies in basic excellence — the same quality which makes aristocrats the world over. The very foundation of "Canada Dry" is "Liquid Ginger" — which we make from selected ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root.

Such is the method, and the result — "Canada Dry" — has won the approving nod of connoisseurs the wide world over . . . in New York . . . in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . in many great hotels and clubs.

And when you serve this fine old ginger ale, you are bringing to your own meal something of the health, the prestige which "Canada Dry" brings to these famous places.

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1930

The Once-Over

Continued from page 26

beautiful drawing-room decorated with antique furniture, and told me that his master had not yet returned, but that his mistress would come down to see me.

A few minutes later a charming young lady walked in with a boy about seven and a girl about six, both blue-eyed, snub-nosed, and the pictures of health. While I was conversing with my hostess I noticed that the little boy had gathered two of the delicate-looking gilded chairs together, mounted on one, leaped over to the other, and then began to repeat the process. Evidently the expression on my face had betrayed my emotions, because my charming hostess apologetically said:

The Modern Mother

"We modern American mothers believe that a child should develop himself individually, free from all inhibitions, with every opportunity of expressing his ego; that's why we let our children have their own way as much as possible—" But before she could go on any further I heard a crash, a thud and a scream. One of the valuable chairs was broken, and the crying child was picked up and sent out with his sister to play with their governess.

As soon as the children had been taken away my good host entered, looking tired and worn out by the day's routine. After kissing his wife and heartily shaking my hand, he at once tried to make himself comfortable by planting himself on the diminutive couch; but it did not take a second to have his mind changed.

"John!" my charming hostess exclaimed. "How many times must I tell you not to lie down on that couch!"

My embarrassment at that awkward moment was fortunately overcome by a sense of bewilderment. The psychology of the modern American mother was beyond my grasp. She maintained that a child should be left to develop his individuality, free from all inhibitions, with every opportunity of expressing his ego; yet she deliberately prevented her husband—a fully developed individual—from taking the seat he liked!

This intricate problem is really too much for my left-handed Oriental mind. Personally, I would think that such freedom from restraints should be granted to little girls only, because they seem to be the ones who would continue to have this freedom after they are married.

The most remarkable means of transportation in the world that I know of is the New York subway. One of the trains will take you from Brooklyn to the Bronx, a distance of some twenty miles, within the hour for the nominal fare of five cents! But try to get into one during the rush hour—you can't, unless you happen to know the trick way.

I have found out by a series of experiments that it is absolutely useless to try to rush ahead of the mob waiting eagerly for an incoming train. The thing to do is to get right in the midst of it, expand your chest so that it may not be completely crushed, lift up your feet, and you will be surprised with what ease you get carried into the car.

If you happen to land on a seat, congratulate yourself for being the luckiest person under the sun, and stay there until you reach your destination, even if you chance to see in front of you a struggling old lady hanging on a strap. I offered my seat to such a reverend person once; but before she could lower herself into the vacated space, a strapping young man had already planted himself down, looking at me with a sneering grin as much as to say, "You poor sap, where the hell do you think you are?"

In this mechanical age, when invention plays such a large part in the progress of human affairs, one should not be astonished that there are artificial means in these United States for opening the door to success, popularly known as "trick stuff." It is futile nowadays for a man to employ the obsolete method of building himself a fortune by industry and hard work alone. He will only find his nose on the grindstone, and old age will bring him nothing but poverty and regrets. To attain fame and fortune one must resort to more spectacular means, of which "selling your personality" is one of the surest.

Unfortunately, "personality" is a quality not inherent in all of us. But even failing to possess that magic power, one should not be dismayed, because there are other stunts well within the reach of most of us. Steal a ride in an airplane making a non-stop hop to the North Pole; get mixed up in a scandalous divorce case; or, more generally, do anything that will get your name in large headlines, even if you have to commit a murder to achieve your end; and as long as you are fortunate enough to escape the electric chair your future will look bright.

Perhaps the idea that puzzled me most was the American sense of humor. When I was a child I used to get a tremendous kick out of the pie-throwing act, and laughed until I had to gasp for breath whenever gag-lines of the familiar pattern were pulled. Sayings such as, "Who do you think you are, the Prince of Wales?" "She may be cross-eyed, but her ears don't flop," and "He is so low down he has to reach up to touch bottom," had never failed to put me into hysterics. But familiarity seems to have bred contempt; and years of seeing and hearing the many variations of the same old gags have put an end to my boyish guffaw, so that when I do go to the theaters or movies now my manly chortle can only be evoked by humor of a subtler type.

What baffled me was that whenever my deep feeling of sympathy was roused by the poor insipid comedian who flirted with starvation by employing the same old gag for the hundredth time—at least it appeared to me to be no less—I could still hear the girlish giggle and the well-fed chuckle throughout the audience. Surely the older people have heard these stale jokes many times before; then what could be the reason for their seeming mirth?

Our Sense of Humor

The idea puzzled and annoyed me greatly until one day when I was taken to a show by an American friend of mine who was an exceedingly up-to-date fellow. When one of the many old tricks was again served to the audience, I found my genial companion in fits of laughter. Recovering from the spasm, he looked at my acid visage enigmatically and said, "Surely your Cambridge education hasn't turned you into a Limey!" I could not quite understand what on earth he was driving at until he told me the old story that if you want an Englishman to be happy in his old age tell him a good joke now.

From that moment I realized it is the great pride the American people take in their sense of humor, and their strict adherence to the dictates of prevailing fashions, that one must laugh when he is expected to laugh. I am going to impose upon myself the serious responsibility of narrating a Chinese tale. Those who think that it contains humor are cordially invited to make the most of it.

It is generally known that the Chinese are superstitious. On occasions such as a wedding, a birthday party, and New Year's Day, one is not supposed to mention words such as death, illness, bad luck and others that might portend an ill omen. There used to live in Canton a man by the name of Chan, who had the unfortunate habit of saying the wrong things at the right moments. He was invited by one of his friends to a banquet celebrating the birth of a grandson. Knowing Chan's failing, and trying to make sure that he would not offend his host, his wife made him promise that he would not say a word during the banquet.

Chan followed her advice to the letter; but when he bid his host good-by he remarked, "My honorable friend, I haven't spoken one word during the banquet tonight, so if your grandson should die it wouldn't be my fault!"

Is chop suey really a Chinese dish? Is laundry the leading trade in China? My friends and associates have asked me these questions so many times that I do not feel justified in concluding this highly literary piece of work without commenting on these interesting topics.

A few years ago, when the news reached here that an English nobleman was about to visit this country on a peace mission, a committee was formed with the express purpose of giving this guest of the nation a good idea of what it could offer in architecture and art, in literature and science and what not.

Typical American Dish

All was well until the question was brought up as to what was the national dish they could serve to the honored guest. The committeeman from New England offered Boston Baked Beans, and the representative from the South suggested Chicken à la Maryland; but both were rejected because they are only sectional products. Finding no solution at all after hours of discussion, the committee decided to put an advertisement in the daily papers offering a handsome prize for the best idea.

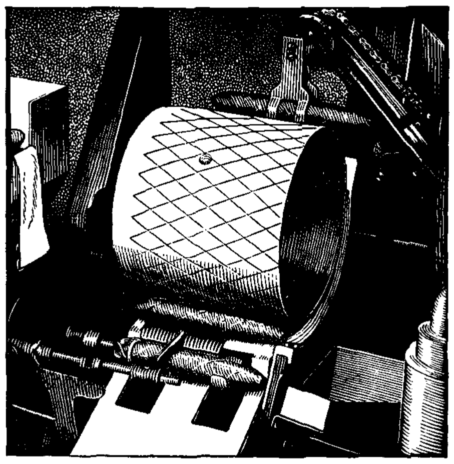
A few days afterward they received a letter from a Chinese student, then studying in Columbia, selecting chop suey as the typical American dish, giving the reasons that it is a hundred per cent American product, and that it is consumed in the same form from Maine to California.

In spite of the fact that a Chinese laundry is to be found on almost every corner of every street of every city in these United States, yet laundry is a trade seldom taken up by men in China. In the well-to-do families such work is done by amahs and maids; but even a poor man who has a wife would not tackle such a menial job himself. The most amazing statement that I have ever come across in all my life appeared in an advertisement using the name of the great Chinese sage to sell a certain article to the public. The following was the tribute paid to him:

"A Bow to a Great Chinaman!

"'Some men are born with knowledge; some acquire it by study, some by painful experience.' Thus spake Confucius, greatest philosopher of the greatest nation of laundrymen in the world!"

The 5¢ cigar with the 50% finer tobacco



because 5 Rocky Fords are rolled where one was rolled before!

No human hand ever rolled a cigar as smoothly as this whirling drum. Nor half so swiftly! Nor half so cleanly! Enormous electric machines as spick and span as an electric toaster make ROCKY FORD from tip to tip.

Without the touch of human hands from the time the tobacco goes into the machines until the finished cigar comes out, ROCKY FORD gains in purity . . . saves in labor costs. And the savings are invested in finer tobaccos . . . in ROCKY FORD'S choice domestic long filler and genuine imported Sumatra wrapper. If you like a mild, smooth, 100% long-filler cigar —make ROCKY FORD your smoking program.

the better
5¢ cigar
ROCKY FORD
Rocky Ford

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

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65 HOR

48 IN SECOND GEAR . . . FULL INTERNAL 4-WHEEL BRAKES . . . RICH BROADCLOTH UPHOLSTERY . . . HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS . . .

● Notable for beauty, speed and power far beyond its price, the Willys Six is hailed by an enthusiastic motoring public as one of the outstanding new car offerings of the year. The body design, from the trim, narrow radiator to the smartly tailored back, has a graceful streamline effect. The harmonious color combinations reveal new, high standards of tone and dignity for inexpensive cars. The interiors, with their rich upholstery fabrics, Butler silver-finish decorative hardware, artistic woodwork and other well-chosen appointments, reflect the faultless taste of master decorators. In engineering, the Willys Six sweeps beyond all precedent and establishes new, higher levels for all inexpensive cars. The high-compression motor is rubber-insulated against vibration and develops speed and power unprecedented in its price class. At the same time, this big engine is remarkably economical to operate, achieving exceptional mileage per gallon of gas and oil at the modern cruising speeds of 35 to 45 miles an hour. Visit your nearest Willys-Overland dealer—see the car—have it demonstrated—and place your order now for this record value.

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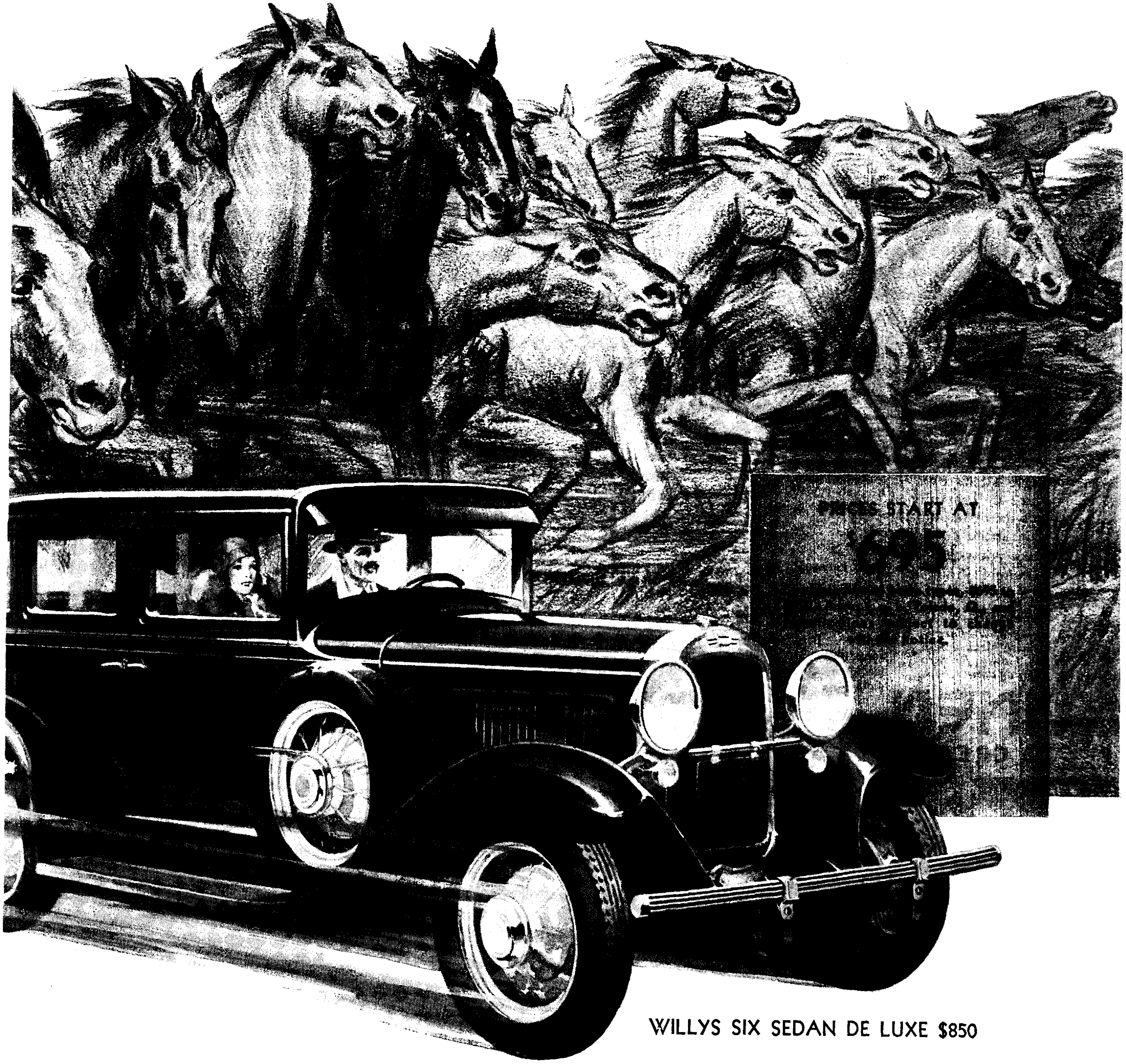
EPOWER . . .

. . . 72 MILES AN HOUR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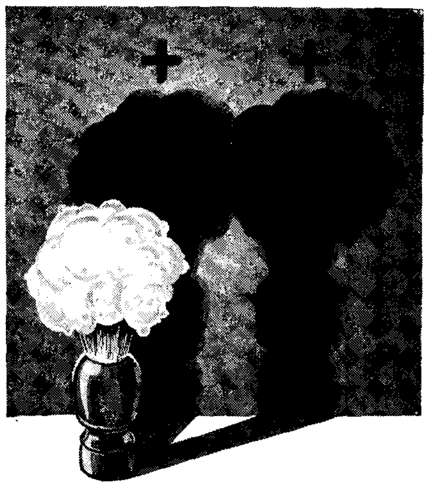

I Guarantee
2 More Shaves per blade
Jim Henry
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...and I mean *good* shaves, too. Your money back if I'm wrong.

I hope you take me up. Mennen Shaving Cream—the biggest tubeful, by the way—hasn't let me down yet. A Better Shave? Sure — because Mennen softens the hairs *and* forms a fine film over which the blade glides smoothly. Mennen means better skin, too. The lather penetrates and flushes *out* the pore-dirt.

Mennen alone gives you two kinds of shaving cream . . . Menthol-iced and Without Menthol. Both give that clean, comfortable, Mennen shave. Both build up a fine quick lather in any water. Mennen without Menthol is smooth and bland. Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool tingle all its own. Both creams are delightfully Mennen... that's the main point . . . and my guarantee covers them both. Take your choice.

Test my guarantee! Shoot in the coupon for a free trial tube.

And remember—
The invigorating after-shave 6-Second Massage with Mennen Skin Balm... Mennen Talcum for Men removes face shine and doesn't show.

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SHAVING CREAMS

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
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2 KINDS
MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
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The Mennen Company

MENTHOL-ICED WITHOUT MENTHOL

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. C-3, NEWARK, N.J.
Jim Henry: Send me a free trial tube of Mennen, Jim. I'll try it with my *razor.*

Name..........

Address.......... City..........

☐ *Send me Mennen without Menthol*
☐ *Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced*

Room for Improvement

Continued from page 31

more successful than a scattering of small rugs or a big one with an insistent design. Curtains are much better without cornice boards or valances.

As a rule it is better not to have a ceiling light in a low room, but most people like one in an entrance hall, and others consider it equally necessary in a dining-room for use when the table is being set or cleared and the candles are out. Fixtures of the modern type, bowls or squares of frosted glass set tight to the ceiling, are undoubtedly the best because the least conspicuous.

Rooms that are too dark are of frequent occurrence today. The use of light, fresh color in such a room is the usual recipe, and a very good one it is.

But sometimes the farsighted owner decides to capitalize a defect that can't be entirely done away with. She doesn't try to coax the sun in; she deliberately shuts him out. And so an impression of coolness and restfulness beyond the average is the one we finally find.

A New York apartment living-room, for example, faced on a court made all the less inviting with walls of yellow brick. So the decorator blocked off the view by using point d'esprit glass curtains with overcurtains of apricot taffeta. The walls were hung with blue-green paper that showed a light, open, well-spaced design of narrow raspberry-colored branches and leaves of a darker blue-green. The rug was copper. Two of the chairs were in blue-green, one was the same color as the curtains in striped taffeta, another was done in needlepoint of blue, green, rust and beige. The sofa was given a slip cover of Chinese chintz with a ground of soft grayed green. The pictures and the mirror were framed in gold. The lamps had white bases and pale rust-colored parchment shades.

This room was never dark or unfriendly in the winter—it glowed with soft rich color. In the summer, when the average New York apartment seems baked on both sides and hot in the middle, no corner under the sea off Bermuda ever looked cooler.

Irregular Rooms

In general it might be said that the dark room, whether treated to lead in the light from outside or create its own moonlit charm, is the natural place to use more than the average amount of mirror. It is also the place to be very careful in the choice of lampshades, because it's seen more often by artificial light than is the rest of the house. Unless we have a lot of money and a very good place in which to buy, plain shades are much the wisest choice, and parchment is always safe.

Modern apartment rooms are often irregular due to necessary steel construction; old houses have sometimes the same defect because additions have been made.

In the case of the apartment current decorating practice usually dictates that the walls be furred out. It isn't a cheap process, but it does give a much more livable room. Sometimes, however, footage is too precious to admit of losing any of it, so small spaces between beams are utilized to build in bookcases.

The same type of modern room often shows windows placed off the true, just as old rooms frequently have one window smaller than the rest. Such defects, if not too glaring, may sometimes be remedied by a trick of curtaining—running the rod or the cornice board beyond the trim on one side, so that the curtain there really covers as much woodwork as it does glass.

There are some rooms, however, where the irregularity is not a matter of beams or windows; it exists in the general floor plan. If the irregular part forms what amounts almost to a separate room—as in the case of the L-shaped room—the extra space can be treated as a unit distinct from the rest. It can perhaps be turned into a little music-room with its own grouping of piano, phonograph, radio and so on.

Brains Plus Expenditure

Perhaps, however, the space is just large enough to slip in a little writing desk; and here, in a quiet backwater, one's correspondence, bill-paying and so on can be handled.

In treating these five types of difficult rooms the problems have been segregated. But the awful truth is that they sometimes occur in groups. A bedroom too low may have windows off center. A living-room may be too tall, too dark—and lack a fireplace into the bargain. Such a combination of misfortunes ought to be a challenge rather than a blow to hope. It often happens that brains plus expenditure will make something more attractive out of a difficult room than money spent thoughtlessly will ever achieve in a room with all the physical advantages.

WORD HUNT

In the English language there are just eleven words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters M-E-L. One of them is MELAM. You supply the others.

1	M	E	L	A	M	(Chemistry) A white, amorphous compound obtained by heating ammonium sulphocyanate.
2	M	E	L			(Zoölogy) The genus consisting of the Old World badgers.
3	M	E	L			(Botany) A genus of trees, natives of Southern Asia and Australia.
4	M	E	L			A general hand-to-hand fight; a fray.
5	M	E	L			(Similar to MELAM.)
6	M	E	L			(Music) A continuous melodic outline in any single movement of a piece, unbroken by a full cadence.
7	M	E	L			(Dial. Eng.) Soft; mild—said chiefly of the weather.
8	M	E	L			(Zoölogy) The genus consisting of the oil beetles.
9	M	E	L			Of or pertaining to song; designed to be sung; lyric.
10	M	E	L			(Dial. Eng.) Variant of MELCH.
11	M	E	L			*The fruit of a trailing plant.*

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Danced
2. Dander
3. Dancer
4. Dandle
5. Danger
6. Dandie
7. Dankly
8. Danker
9. Dangle
10. Danton

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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A New City rising on the Potomac . . .

WASHINGTON

The Most Beautiful Capital the World has known

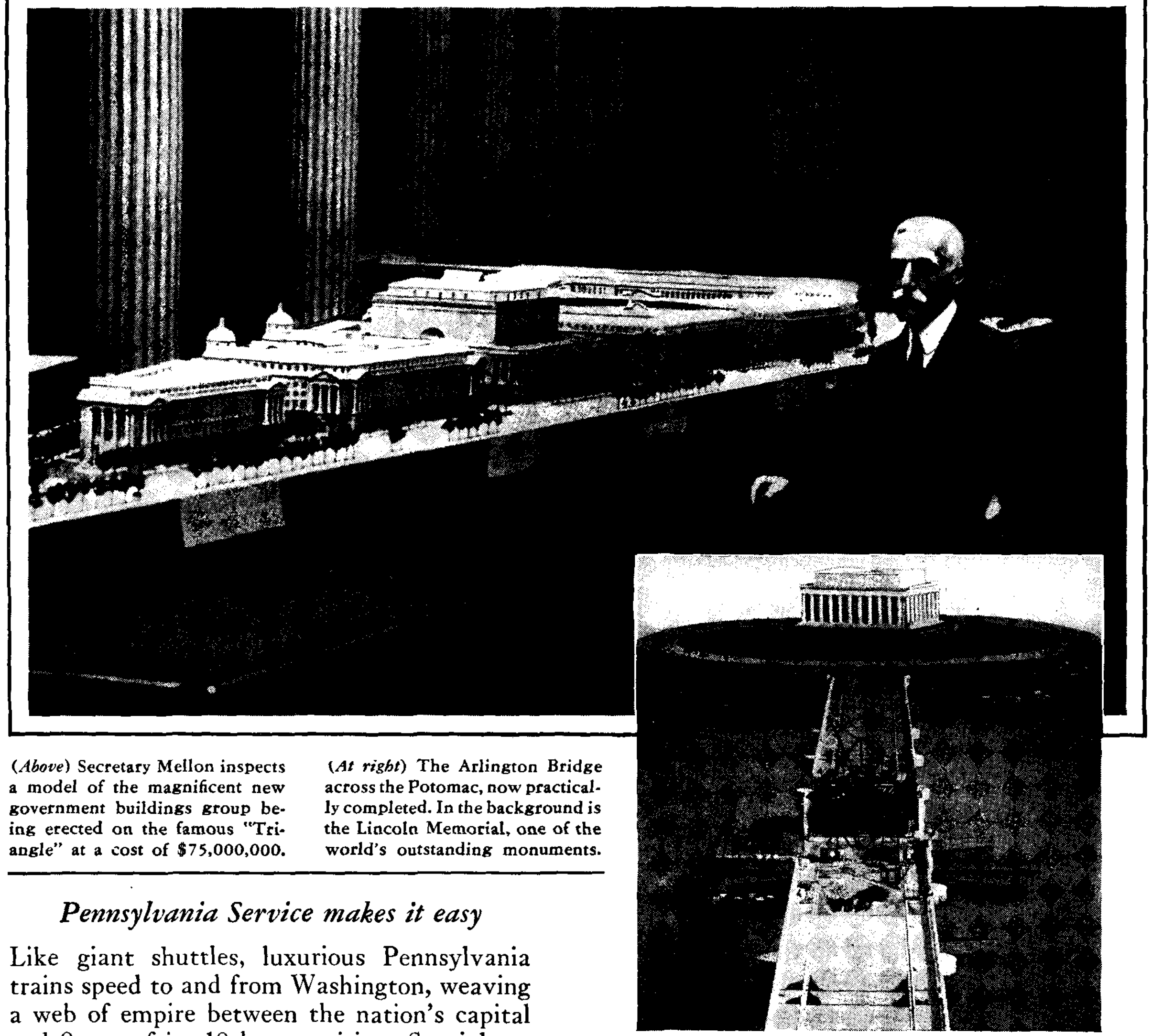
Special Excursions
Conducted Tours
And many other unusual opportunities for visiting Washington *now offered by the* PENNSYLVANIA

MORE than $75,000,000 has been appropriated by Congress in the past three years for the development of Washington.

And today a new city is rising on the Potomac . . . a city of incomparable vistas . . . of white towers and marble columns reflected in still, clear water . . . of proud new buildings lining majestic avenues and squares.

This is the new Washington—your own city—the greatest "show-place" in America. In these stately buildings you can see your country's laws enacted, your country's money printed, your country's guests entertained. Along these new boulevards walk the men who are, today, creating your country's history.

Warm, mild weather is sweeping up across Virginia. In a few weeks the famous Japanese Cherry Blossoms will frame the Potomac Basin in a blaze of color. Now is the time for you and your family to visit Washington. Never before has there been so much to see.



(*Above*) Secretary Mellon inspects a model of the magnificent new government buildings group being erected on the famous "Triangle" at a cost of $75,000,000.

(*At right*) The Arlington Bridge across the Potomac, now practically completed. In the background is the Lincoln Memorial, one of the world's outstanding monuments.

The White House, the home of every President since Madison, rightfully one of the most beautiful residences in the world. This American shrine is visited annually by thousands of tourists.

• • •

A spectacular night view of the Washington Union Station and the beautiful Columbus statue. Here, at the gateway to Washington, Pennsylvania trains bring you to within a few blocks of the National Capitol.

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Like giant shuttles, luxurious Pennsylvania trains speed to and from Washington, weaving a web of empire between the nation's capital and 9 out of its 10 largest cities. Special excursion trains with special excursion rates run at regular intervals.

Why not start planning your trip today? Simply call your local Pennsylvania passenger agent and he will help you make all arrangements. He'll tell you about conducted tours, excursions, trips into historic Virginia. He'll explain fares, schedules and different routes. Telephone him now—no obligation is involved.

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speed direct to Washington
from 9 out of 10 of
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Every day these Pennsylvania trains are carrying thousands to Washington:

10 trains from Chicago led by the LIBERTY LIMITED

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20 from New York led by the CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED

3 from Detroit, led by THE RED ARROW

4 from Cleveland . . . 25 from Philadelphia . . . 18 from Pittsburgh . . . 42 from Baltimore . . . 3 from Boston.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

DIRECTLY SERVES 9 OF THE 10 LARGEST CITIES IN AMERICA

A New and
by Gillette

10 BLADES
NEW
Gillette
BLADE
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REG. U S PAT OFF.
TRADE Gillette MARK
MADE IN U.S.A.
NEW Gillette BLADE

A *new* Blade
A *new* Razor

(PATENTS PENDING)

The Greatest Shaving Improvement in Twenty-eight Years

MILLIONS of well-worn Gillettes are now going to win an honorable discharge. Sure—they're good old razors! And if you have to wait for your dealer to get his supply of the New Gillette razor, your old Gillette will operate with the new blades.

But once you have tried the New Gillette Blade in the *New* Gillette Razor you will never be satisfied to shave with anything else!

Many important changes

What have we done to the Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade? Not just one thing, or two things, or three. We have made a dozen important changes which, when you add them all together, make an entirely new and greatly improved shaving tool.

Take "razor pull," for example. Do you know why your old Gillette "pulled"? Perhaps you blamed the blade; but the fault was not in the blade. Our laboratories examined tens of thousands of used razors; our engineers talked to twenty-seven thousand hard-to-satisfy shavers.

What did they find? A razor "pulls" because its working parts have been dropped and dented on floor or wash basin. Perhaps the dent is microscopic. Just the same it makes a difference. When you handle a Gillette, you are dealing with a fine precision tool. Even the smallest dent can throw it out of alignment. Hence "*pull.*" Now look at the corners of the new razor. See those heavy lugs? You can't dent those corners by any ordinary accident. But suppose, by some terrific abuse, you *should* dent them. Never mind. The ends of the blade have been cut out. The blade is no longer held at the corners. Therefore, a dented razor-corner can't possibly affect the smoothness of your shave.

No more blade wiping

Another thing. The new blades are processed to resist rust. Think what that means in convenience and time saving. No more do you have to take the razor apart to wipe the blade. No more cut towels. Just loosen. Turn guard at right angles. Then re-tighten. Hold under hot running water. Shake well. Lay on the shelf.

The old posts are gone. How many a good edge was lost by bumping against those posts. Now the razor blade turns at right angles for rinsing. No taking apart for cleaning.

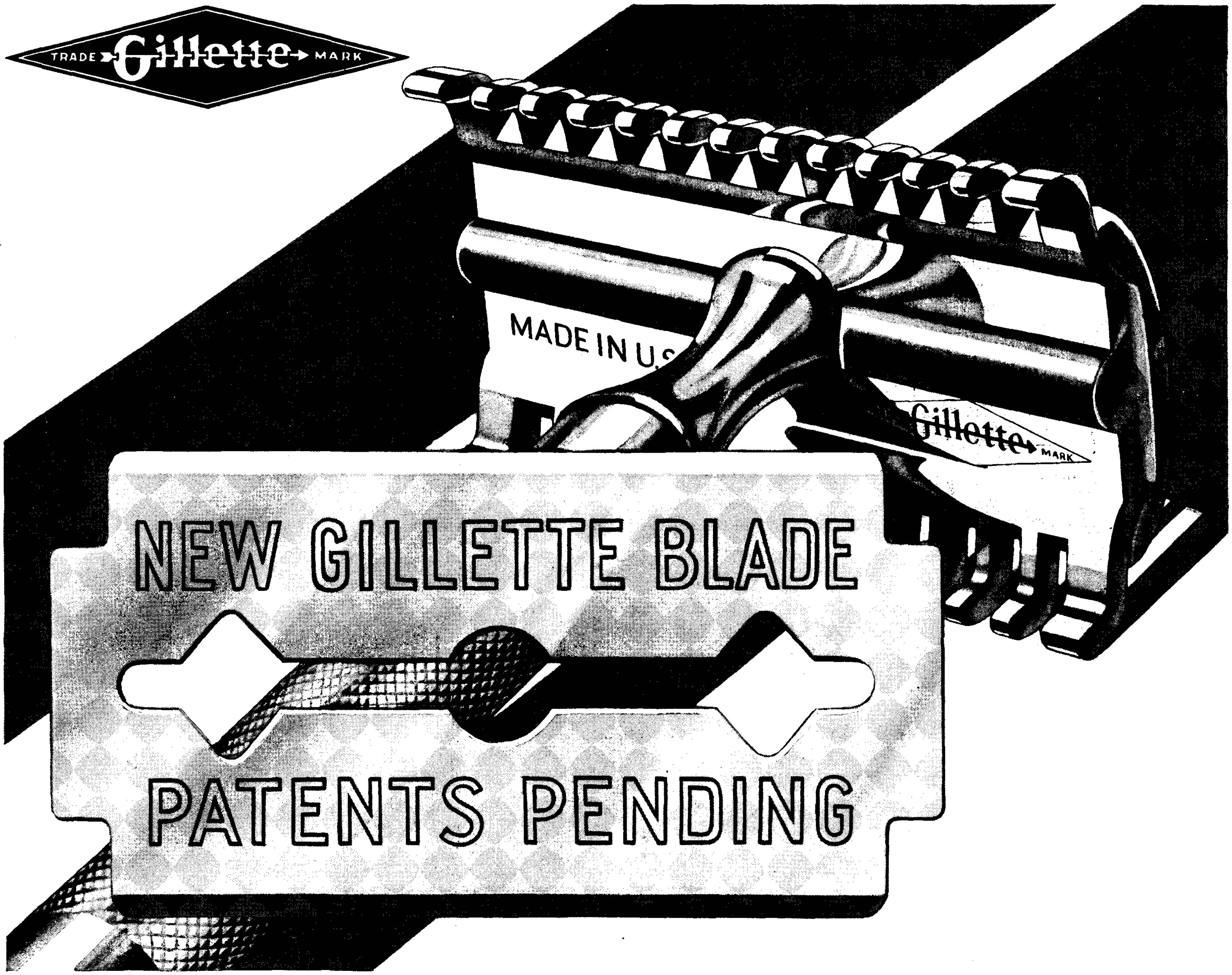
New shape guard teeth

Notice the new guard teeth . . . longer,

QUICK FACTS

1. *New blade can be used in your old Gillette*
2. *New processed steel; new blade resists rust*
3. *Cut-out corners of blade prevent "razor pull"*
4. *To clean, turn guard at right angles . . . then re-tighten . . . rinse . . . shake dry*
5. *New shape guard channel for full shaving clearance*
6. *New shape guard teeth meet skin smoothly, naturally*
7. *No projecting posts to dull blade edges*
8. *Reinforced razor corners prevent damage if dropped*
9. *Square blade ends safer to handle*
10. *Shaves easier around mouth, nose, ears*
11. *New blades same price as old*
12. *New razor, 24K. gold-plated, with one new blade, in case, $1.00*

Better Shave


TRADE Gillette MARK
MADE IN U.S
Gillette MARK
NEW GILLETTE BLADE
PATENTS PENDING

turned back farther. They glide over the skin like velvet. You hardly feel the razor slide over your face.

See the ends of the blade . . . square . . . not round. Much easier to handle with slippery fingers. Less chance of having to fish for the blade down the drain pipe. And, being almost flush with the cap, the blade shaves much better around the difficult corners of the mouth, ears, and nose. The famous guard channel beneath the blade edge allows the blade to meet the beard full and clear, yet with perfect safety. This has hitherto been an exclusive feature of high priced Gillettes selling at $5.00 to $75.00. Now you have it in the $1.00 model.

See your dealer today

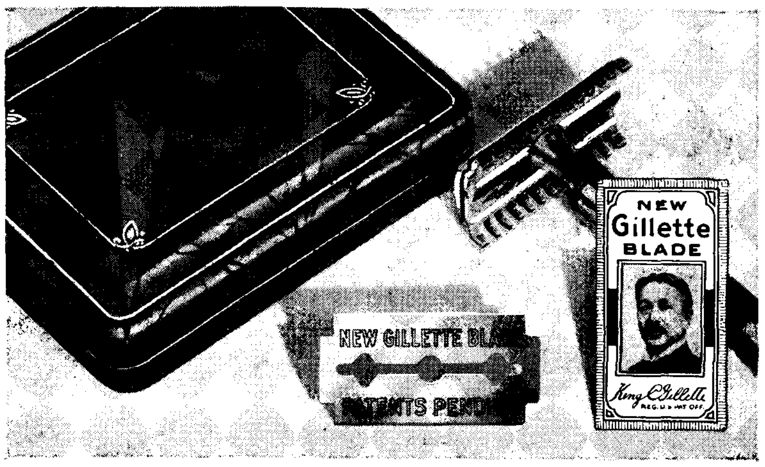
Gillette factories are working at capacity to supply all dealers as soon as possible. See *your* dealer today. Tomorrow he may be sold out . . . an inconvenient delay for you. Give your face this good news *now!*

All of which means that for $2.00 you can buy the biggest money's worth in shaving comfort that has been offered to man in the past twenty-eight years.

$1.00 for the ***New Gillette Razor***
smoother shave, no "razor pull"

$1.00 for ten ***New Gillette Blades***
rust-resisting—better work in the difficult corners; no tedious wiping

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.


NEW GILLETTE BLADE
PATENTS PENDING
NEW Gillette BLADE
King C. Gillette
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The New Gillette Razor, 24K. gold plated, in beautiful case, complete with New Gillette Blade . . . . Price **$1.00**

Other De Luxe models at $5.00 to $75.00

Straight EIGHT
100 Horsepower
125" Wheelbase
$1195

AUBURN

Straight EIGHT
125 Horsepower
130" Wheelbase
$1495

Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Indiana. Equipment other than standard extra.

The Captain's Holiday

Continued from page 15

standing around." To myself I'm saying: "You may roll my rail under before the night's out, but your own rail is going to be rolling pretty low by the time you do."

We have the drink together, and he gets me goin' on fishin' stories. He's a great listener, and by 'n' by—the drinks still comin' along regular—he asks me how it happens I'm in New York at this time of year, and I tell him how I'd been hired to take the yacht Ariadne around from Gloucester, and maybe to take her south for a winter cruise.

"The Ariadne? Owned by a man named Meaker, isn't she?"

"That's the man. How d' you know?"

"I'm interested in shipping. I read about her in a shipping paper. Tell me about the trip from Gloucester, Captain. Anything interesting happen?"

By this time he's breaking out another bottle of rye, and I tell him about the run from Gloucester and how Meaker visited the Norwegian bark.

Then after some more talkin' I get up to go. He asks me what's my hurry, and I tell him, "It's after one o'clock and I want to get in a coupla hours' sleep before puttin' out to sea at four o'clock."

"Oh," he says. "Well, good night, Captain, and let's hope we'll bump into each other again."

"I hope so, Mr. Martin, though I don't see now where."

"No telling," he says.

I thank him for the good time he gave me and I go along. Out in the hall I take notice of the number of his apartment, which is 96, and going out the wide entrance-way below I take notice of the street number over the door, and at the corner of the block the name of the street. He was a genial party, but leavin' him, I couldn't help wondering about a few things—why he picked me up, why he tried to get me drunk, and especially who he is, because there never was any Gloucesterman that I knew named Chester Martin, nor any vessel ever sailed out o' Gloucester named the Two Brothers.

THERE'S two more friends of Meaker's sitting up in the saloon of the vessel when I get back aboard her. He introduces them as two more yachting friends of his. I'd never picked them for yachtsmen either, but that's Meaker's business. I turn into my bunk.

The vapor is so thick I can hardly see to the end of the slip when I turn out in the mornin'. Meaker and Hinkson are on deck before me.

It's a flat calm almost, and down North River and out the harbor we go under power. By noontime the vapor is burned off and soon there's a fine fresh breeze that would 'a' sent us down the coast flyin' and I say this to Meaker.

"We're not going down the coast, not right away," puts in Hinkson. "What I want you to do now, Captain, is to sail around here out of the traffic for a while."

I jog her on and off the Jersey Coast till the late afternoon, when Hinkson says to head her for Rum Row, explainin' that he'd like to go aboard the Norwegian brig that Meaker had visited the day before. I bring the vessel handy to the brig and Hinkson and Meaker and the other two yachtsmen get into a dory and row to the brig.

Meaker hails the old Norwegian skipper who's standing by the rail, and the old fella waves to come aboard. I see him shakin' hands with Meaker, and Meaker introducin' Hinkson and Wales.

It's too dark by then for me to see what they did for the next few minutes, but here's what happened:

Meaker tells the old fella that here he is back again with a couple of yachting friends who want to take a few cases of Scotch away with them for a yachting cruise, and how about tasting a sample of what he had before they buy?

The old fella leads the way aft where Hinkson and Meaker follow him. The other two stay on deck. Down in his cabin the old skipper breaks out a bottle of Scotch. Then Hinkson and Meaker stick him up, gag him and bind him, get the key of the old iron box out of his pocket, open it, and take out all the gold the old fella's been gatherin' in his month or so on Rum Row. The gold is in four canvas bags.

While this is goin' on in the cabin, the two of Meaker's friends who'd stayed on deck stick up the brig's crew, who're only eight all told. Then they make the crew open up the hatches and pass up what Scotch is left in the hold. There's two hundred cases. They hail me and I put the vessel alongside, and standin' over 'em with guns they make the crew of the brig load the cases of Scotch onto our deck, where our gang stow 'em below.

By this time it's good and dark. We cast clear of the brig, and go back to New York, but not to any North River slip this time. Hinkson tells me to take her well up East River, to a dock he picks out when we get there. We warp into the slip, and we ain't fairly tied up when a man on the wharf opens up a shed and our crew begin passin' the cases of Scotch into the shed. The two yachtsmen who came aboard at the last minute then hurry ashore, Hinkson sayin' to them: "Inside two hours, remember, and with two trucks."

It was on the way back up the harbor that I learned what happened aboard the brig. There's a skylight opening onto our quarterdeck from the saloon, and walking the quarter I'm lookin' into the saloon and listening to them, they being so pleased at how the thing went that they couldn't keep quiet.

I'm so busy handling the vessel that I don't have much time to think coming up the harbor, but once we're tied up to the dock I take the time; and after settling the matter with myself I walk in on Meaker, who is still in the saloon with Hinkson, and to him I say:

"Mr. Meaker, I'm getting through. What you and your friends did today, Mr. Meaker, is too much for me. There was a poor old fella who's put the savings of all his life into that old brig and cargo, and you come along and rob him. I think it was a damn' rotten job and I'm getting through."

I start to leave and he hollers: "Here, you! Where you going?"

I TELL him I'm going to go to my room to pack my bag and go ashore.

"You can pack your bag but no going ashore for you—not yet a while." There's a passageway leading to the galley, which is for'ard. He sings out to the cook and says, "Tell the man on the dock who's bossing that job of unloading the Scotch not to let Captain Corning go ashore. If he tries it tell him to shoot."

There bein' nothing else for me to do, I step into my room to throw my things together. My room is clear aft, the one nearest the cabin companionway, and there's an air port to it looking onto the afterdeck and the wharf. I hear a few low words from the wharf, and sounds like the scuffing of feet.

Through my air port I see our crew being pushed into the shed by a bunch of men with pistols. To save makin' a target of myself in case there's any shootin', I switch off the light in my room, and step into the passageway leading to the saloon and switch off the light there too.

Through the cabin companionway I hear a voice on deck say: "Leave it to me. I'll see that nobody comes out this way."

I step down the passageway toward the saloon. Before I get there I hear a voice saying:

"Up with 'em! Up with 'em, I say."

HINKSON and Meaker are sitting at the saloon table. Without even trying to get up out of their chairs, they put up their hands, and when they do, two men with pistols step from the for'ard passageway into the saloon.

"Tie 'em up—hand and foot," says the same voice. The two men lash the hands and feet of Meaker and Hinkson. The owner of the voice then steps into the light, and when he does I see it's my friend Martin of the night before. He sets down cool as frozen herrin' on the starboard transom, and says: "Now then, gentlemen, let's talk business. Where's what you took away from that squarehead skipper today?"

"Who are you?" says Hinkson.

"Here's who I am," says Martin—and shows a blue and gold badge inside his coat.

"What's your proposition?" asks Meaker.

"My proposition? My proposition is that you turn over the gold and the Scotch and be damn' quick about it."

"And then what?" asks Meaker.

"Why, then I may let you skip out with your schooner before daylight. I'm makin' it easy on you because this haul will be a great feather in my cap. I might get a promotion out of it."

"Promotion? Yeh? Say, brother, lay off that line," says Meaker. "You think we're going to let you get away with it all?"

"You think I'm crooked?" smiles Martin. "Well, say I am crooked—what can you do about it?"

"We can raise such a stink that you won't try to get away with it. You'll have to turn it over to the government."

Martin smiles, saying: "There's something in what you say. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll take half the cash and half the Scotch. I'll go fifty-fifty—and I call that treating you fellows damn' decent."

Hinkson looks at Meaker, who after a little while says: "I guess you got us. It's in the locker under that transom you're sitting on."

Martin looks into the transom locker and hauls out a hefty little canvas bag.

"Where's the rest of it?" asks Martin.

"The rest of what?" says Hinkson.

"Oh, hell—pipe down on that line o' slush! I was aboard that squarehead brig before you were fairly away from her side. I'd been watching you from my power boat since the fog lifted. I trailed you up the harbor and into this dock tonight. So pipe down on that line and produce the other three bags."

Meaker then tells him where the other bags are—one in the port transom locker and the other two under a hatch that's under a rug on the saloon floor. Martin hauls them out and says:

"What gets me is why you ever came back here with this yacht after pulling off what you did today."

"We're not such dumb-bells as you think," says Hinkson. "We sold this yacht last night and we're getting our

(Continued on page 50)

DENNIS KING STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE "THE VAGABOND KING"

UNBALANCED RADIO
MEANS DISTORTED TONE
BALANCED PHILCO
MEANS TRUE CLEAR TONE

When Dennis King goes on the air, the radio whose units are only approximately balanced cannot bring you a true reproduction of his brilliant singing voice, but only the distorted approximation portrayed at the left. Pictured at the right is the true, clear, vividly lifelike tone which Philco attains by extraordinarily exact balancing of all units.

PHILCO RADIO DISCOVERIES

bring you supreme performance at amazing, low prices

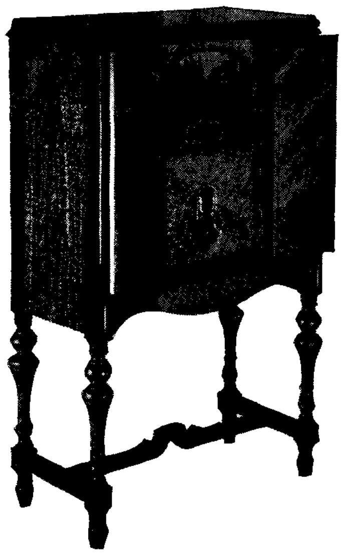
PHILCO Screen Grid Radios are *different* from other radios—you know it the minute you hear them.

Discoveries made in the Philco research laboratories have been built into the new 1930 Philco Screen Grid sets, and give you such acute selection of stations, such enthralling distance range, such clear, rich, *natural* tone, that Philco today must not be confused with any other radio at *any* price.

Before you buy, ask if the radio you are offered is a *screen grid* set. Silence on this point may mean last year's mechanism in this year's hollow box of wood. Ask what the colorful names applied to radio speakers *mean.* It's easy to invent a name—harder to perfect such a thing as Philco's exact balancing of all electrical units—*eliminating* radio distortion.

Compare before you buy. Philco dealers are staking their success on Philco supreme performance. Because of this performance, the radio world turned to Philco in 1929. The demand has continued to grow in 1930. Tremendous acceptance makes it possible to build into *these two new sets,* Philco's recently discovered features, which cannot be duplicated in any radio at any price:

1. *Philco Screen Grid*—A newly invented circuit—a screen grid tube as detector—new—doubles amplification—enormous power—hair-trigger selectivity *anywhere* on the dial—seven tubes and four condensers—all electrical units *exactly balanced,* giving magnificent undistorted Philco *tone*—priced *as low as* $112 in beautiful Console Cabinet.



PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

2. *Philco Screen Grid PLUS*—Newly invented *Automatic* Volume Control—gets and *holds* far-distant stations without fading—enormous power brings rare programs—new double-tuned input circuit sharpens selectivity—it tunes sharply *anywhere* on the dial—no "cross-talk," even in crowded local stations—concert-hall volume when you want it—and *no distortion* at any volume because of Philco's balanced units, which produce that wonderful Philco tone—pure, true, *natural,* for voice or music from highest note to lowest sound—in plain truth, a super-radio, as your dealer will be glad to prove to you.

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PHILCO HIGHBOY

With New Screen Grid Chassis	$139.50
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A full range of other exquisite furniture models, including a new, compact Console with genuine butt walnut and bird's-eye maple panels at $112. Table Models, Lowboys and De Luxe Highboys from $67 to $225.

Slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Each furniture model, regardless of price, includes a built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker with *two* 245 power tubes, push-pull. All prices less tubes.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
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If you do not know his name, please write us.

Ed. V. Price & Co.
CHICAGO

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

The Captain's Holiday

Continued from page 48

money for her in a Broadway hotel before we go to bed tonight."

"What a lovely bird you are!" says Martin. "Well, so long." He picks up two of the bags.

"Hey there!" yells Hinkson. "Who's going to untie us?"

"I don't know," says Martin. "Not me."

They leave by the for'ard passageway. I step back to the cabin companionway. Soon I hear a car driving off. I go back to the saloon. Meaker and Hinkson are still sitting at the table. I stand over Meaker: "Mr. Meaker, before I left home you said you'd pay my expenses back to Gloucester if I wasn't hired to go master of this vessel for the winter—that right?"

"That's right, Captain."

"Then if I take the lashin's off your hands you'll give me my expenses now?"

"Why, of course—what made you think I wouldn't?"

I take the lashin's off his hands, and he reaches for his side pocket where he carries his pistol. I clip him in the jaw and, his feet bein' lashed, he goes to the deck easy, and I hop onto him and take his pistol out of his pocket for him. Before any more accidents can happen I take Hinkson's pistol out of his pocket, too. Meaker looks up at me from the floor, saying: "You misunderstood me, Captain. What do you call your expenses to Gloucester?"

To which I say: "Tonight in a hotel and the fare back is twenty dollars—that fair enough?"

"Fair enough," he says and he passes me two tens from his wallet.

I tuck the money away and tell him to put his hands behind him, and he says, "What for?"

And I say: "As I told you back in Gloucester playing smudge, I'm no crazy adventurer. It's safety first with me. Put 'em behind you." I stick one of the pistols against his chest, he puts his hands behind him, and I lash 'em together. I then take the two bags of gold that Martin'd left on the table, tuck them under my arms and start for the cabin passageway.

"Where's he going?" shouts Hinkson.

"What you going to do?" yells Meaker.

"I'm goin' to pitch it out for four and here's High Jack the first swing. Another swing and maybe I'll ketch low game and smudge out." I put the two bags into one of my suit cases and leave the vessel.

I can hear Hinkson's voice telling Meaker what he thinks of him for hiring me while I'm stepping onto the wharf.

THE suit case and what's in it weighs maybe one hundred pounds, no great weight, but still no cream puff to be carrying round. I walk along and the first taxi I see I hail and tell the driver to take me to the nearest police station.

There's an officer behind the desk in the police station and I heave the suit case up in front of him saying: "There's $20,000 in gold in that, and if you'll give me two or three men and a car I'll take 'em to where I think we'll maybe pick up another $20,000."

He wastes a couple of minutes asking questions, which I answer as far as I think I oughta, and then he gives me four men and a car. We drive to Martin's apartment house.

I step into the elevator and get off at Martin's floor. I take the elevator man with me, saying to him: "You knock at room 96 and say to Mr. Martin, or whoever it is lives there, that you got a special message for him." He's a darky, man grown, and he demurs till I stick my pistol into his back and tell him to hurry along and not be wasting time for both of us.

So he knocks on the door and when Martin's voice asks who's there, the elevator man tells him what I'd told him to say. Martin opens the door, and when he does I push in ahead of the elevator man and back Martin into an easy chair. I tell the elevator man over my shoulder to get out and close the door going; which he does.

Martin stares at the pistol I'm holding, and then says: "Well, Captain, this is a surprise. Can't I get you a little drink?"

"Thanks," I says, "but I'll have to pass up any drink tonight. Where's the gold?"

"Gold? What gold?"

"What gold? You sound like Hinkson down aboard the vessel. 'What gold?' says Hinkson."

He makes a face and then he sort of smiles, saying:

"You fire a gun here and you'll start something. We're on the tenth floor, and before you could make the street somebody would get you."

I stood up. "There's four cops below, and the understanding is that if I ain't back below again within a reasonable time, then two of 'em are to bust in the door of apartment 96. And don't roll your eyes toward the fire escape. There's two of 'em standing by below to ketch anybody comin' that way."

"Police?" he says. "Why, Cap, you're not going to turn me in, are you?"

I s'pose I ought've turned him over to the police, but I'm no officer of the law, and he'd certainly treated me to some good rye the night before, so I say: "You turn me over the gold and I'll see that you get away. But you better hurry."

He goes to what looks like a radio till he opens it up and I see it's a safe. He opens the safe and brings out the two bags of gold. Then he says:

"Now how you going to get me out of here without my being grabbed?"

I TELL him to pick up the two bags, and he does, and down the elevator we go. Two cops are standing by when out of the elevator we step.

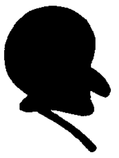
I say to them: "I met Captain Martin, formerly of Gloucester, on a deck above and he was kind enough to give me a lift with my two bags." And to Martin: "Thanks, Captain, set 'em down."

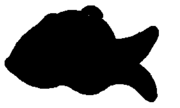
I walk to the street door with Martin and tell him good night.

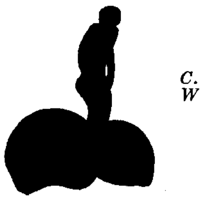
Being for safety first, just as soon as I see that the old Norwegian gets his money and Scotch back—and he don't altogether forget me in takin' it back I drive her for Gloucester and my winter fishin'.

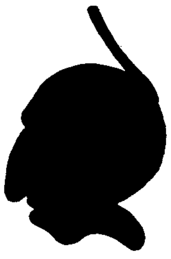
You can't escape your Shadow

The silhouettes below will give you an idea of the possibilities in this fascinating game of shadow sculping. If you've ever envied a magician his ability to make shadows take shape, here's your chance to get even. Colliergraphs emerge with surprising readiness from these five neatly designed pieces. Read the instructions and begin at once.


Eva Pennington, 1815 Fleming Road, Louisville, Kentucky

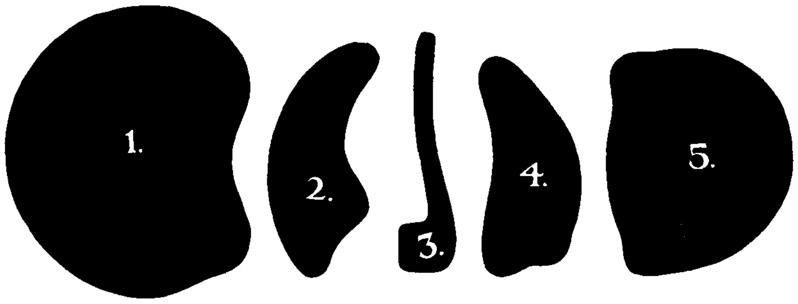

Darline Makinson, 1707 West 4th Ave., Spokane, Washington


C. A. Olson, 1520 W. 1st St., Tulsa, Oklahoma


Mrs. E. L. Greene, 239 West Nomie St., Ironwood, Michigan

Here are the pieces—cut them out

CUT out these five black figures. For greater ease in manipulation, mount each separately on cardboard. Then lay them on top of one another and shift them about until you have achieved a silhouette of the person, animal or plant you have in mind. When you are satisfied with the result, paste the pieces together and mail them to: Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Five dollars each will be paid for those published. None can be returned.



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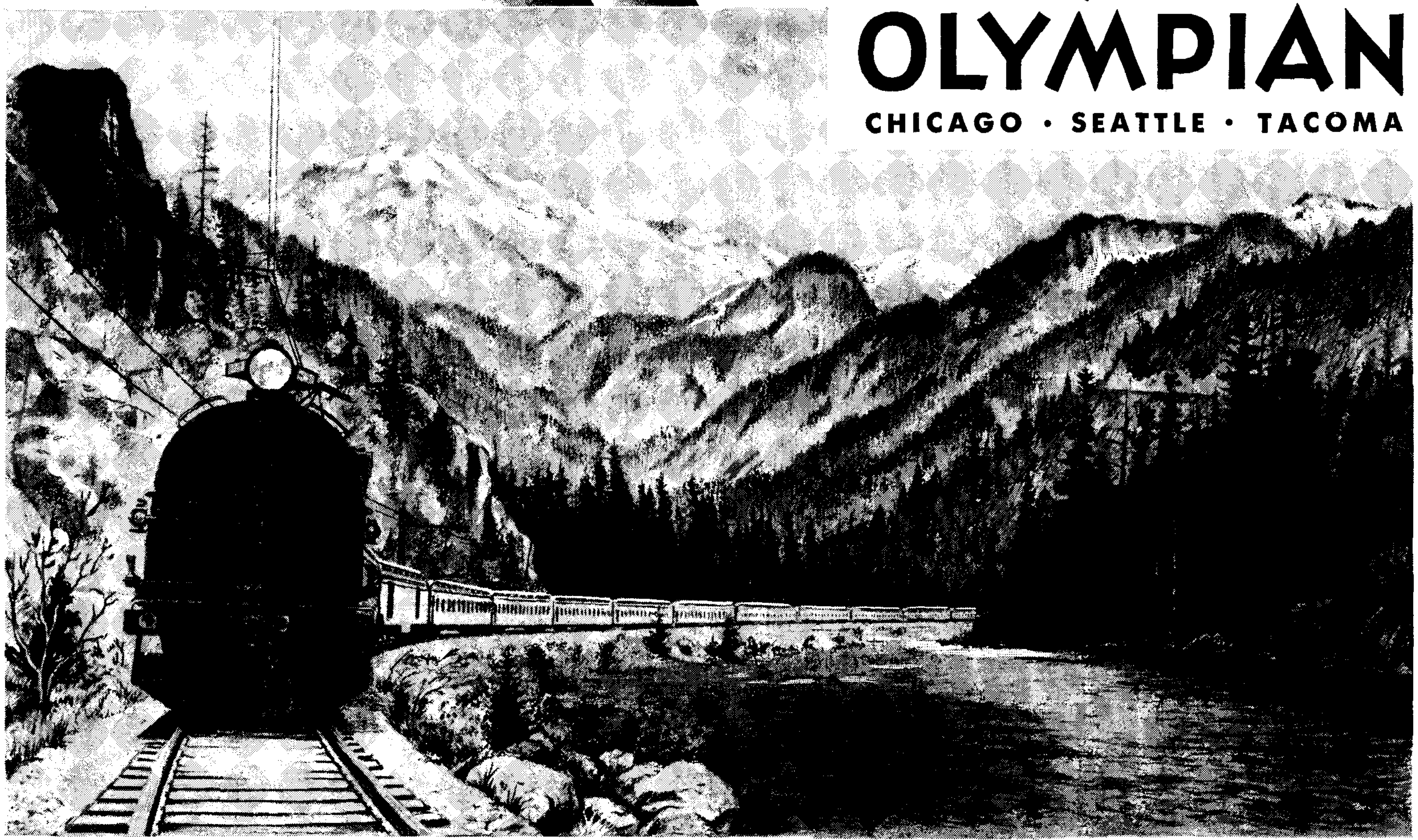


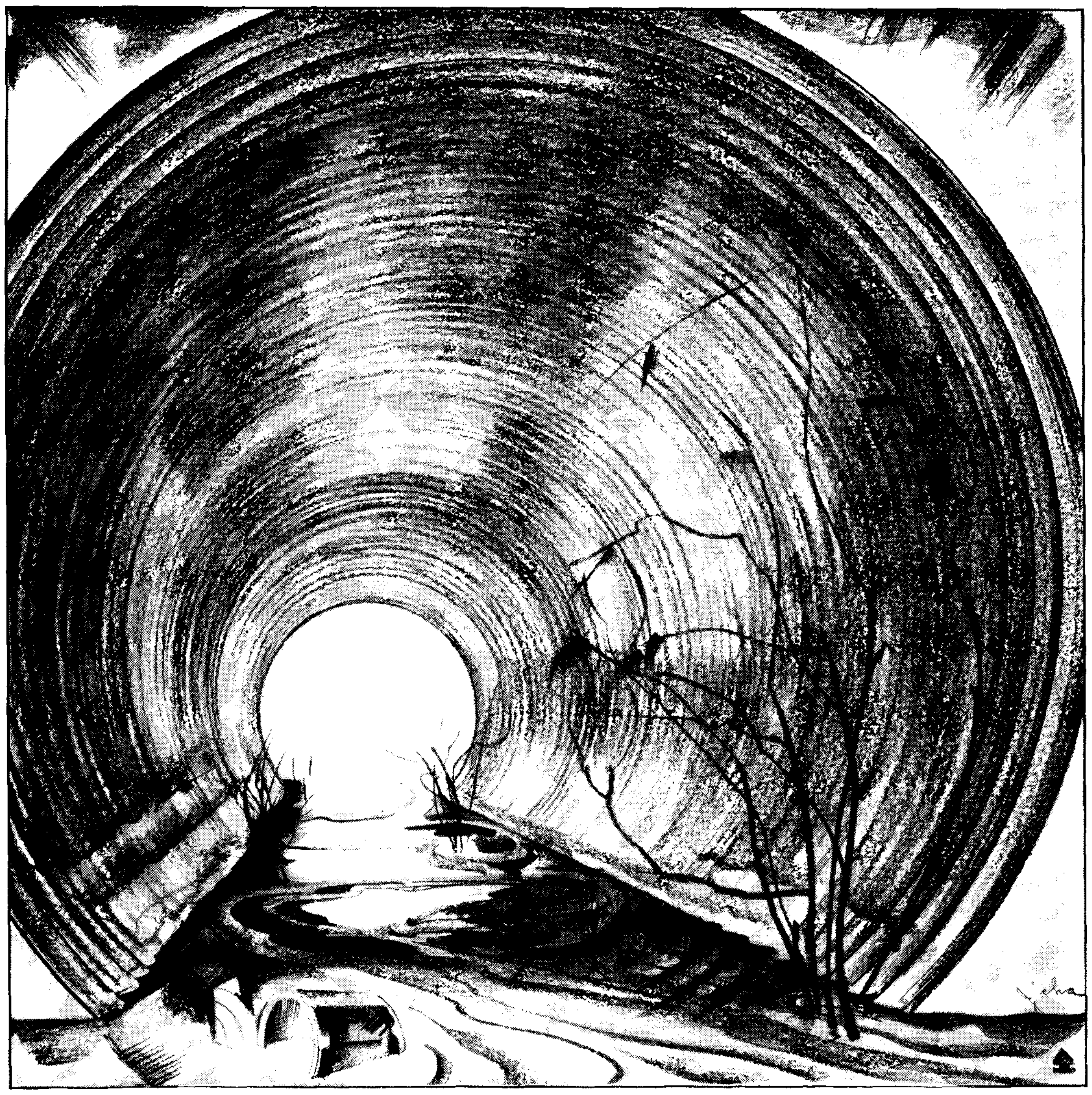
THE SCENIC ROUTE

THIS queen of all transcontinental trains is favored fully as much for the wondrous trail it traverses as for its own luxurious charms. Between Chicago, Seattle and Tacoma, its path is through the very heart of America's scenic wonderland—electrified for 656 miles; over the Belt, Rocky, Bitter Root and Cascade ranges; free from smoke, soot and cinders. In every way a distinctive train . . . in atmosphere, in hospitality, and in material refinements, which include silent roller bearings—only transcontinental train thus equipped; every travel luxury, and those marvelous meals by Rector, whose return Broadway would gladly welcome. The satisfaction the Olympian affords is illustrative of the effort 50,000 loyal workers are constantly putting forth in behalf of The Milwaukee Road's patrons—travelers and shippers alike.

For copy of "Key Notes" containing information concerning this railroad, its famous trains and the territories they serve, write The Milwaukee Road, Room 865C, Union Station, Chicago, Illinois.

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

ELECTRIFIED OVER THE ROCKIES TO THE SEA



Buried beneath the ground, under all highways and railway embankments, are tunnels formed of corrugated metal. In time of heavy rains and floods these culverts carry off the drainage and prevent disastrous washouts. Obviously, these culverts must be of rust-resisting metal if they are to endure.

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Beneath the highways and railroads of the world, where culverts carry off heavy drainage . . . damp soil and drainage water all unite to corrode the metal.

Ordinary metal gives way too soon. That's why highway and railroad engineers turn to Armco Ingot Iron. Hundreds of thousands of the original Armco culverts are still in use, after years of service without repairs or upkeep of any kind.

For other underground uses, such as caskets, burial vaults, water mains, sewage systems and mine equipment, Armco Ingot Iron is used.

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Whenever *you* buy a product or equipment made of plate or sheet metal, you will get longer service if you make sure it's made of Armco Ingot Iron; or if you have it built specially, insist that it must be made of this *rust-resisting* material.

Whenever you see this Triangle on a product made of sheet metal, it means that the manufacturer of that product has gone to the expense of using special sheets designed to best serve that particular use.

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"BE SURE IT'S MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON"

Social Error

Continued from page 21

and maybe quicker. He is undoubtedly the toughest guy here tonight, or anywhere else in this man's town for that matter. Yes, ma'am, Bad Basil Valentine is one dead tough mug," I say, "although he is harmless looking at this time. Bad Basil kills many a guy in his day. In fact, Miss Mackyle," I say, "Bad Basil can scarcely sleep good any night he does not kill some guy."

"My goodness!" Miss Harriet Mackyle says, looking Basil over very carefully. "He does not look so bad at first glance, although now that I examine him closely I believe I do detect a sinister gleam in his eye."

WELL, Miss Harriet Mackyle can hardly wait until she gets away from me, and the next I see of her she has Basil Valentine surrounded and is almost chewing his ear off as she gabs to him, and anybody can see that Basil is all pleasured up by this attention. In fact, Basil is snagged if ever I see a guy snagged, and personally I do not blame him because Miss Harriet Mackyle may not look a million, but has a couple, and you can see enough of her in her evening clothes to know that nothing about her is phony.

The party is going big along toward one o'clock when all of a sudden in comes Handsome Jack Maddigan with half a heat on, and in five minutes he is all over the joint, drinking everything that is offered him, and making a fast play for all the dolls, and talking very loud. He is sored up more than somewhat when he finds Miss Harriet Mackyle does not give him much of a tumble, because he figures she will be calling him on top the minute he blows in, but Miss Harriet Mackyle is too busy with Basil Valentine finding out from Basil how he knocks off six of Al Capone's mob out in Chicago one time when he is out there on a pleasure trip.

Well, while feeling sored up about Miss Harriet Mackyle passing him up for Basil Valentine, and not knowing how it comes Basil is in so stout with her, Handsome Jack bumps into Red Henry, and Red Henry makes some fresh crack to Jack about Basil moving in on him, which causes Handsome Jack to hit Red Henry on the chin, and knock him half into the lap of Miss Midgie Muldoon, who is sitting in a chair with a lot of little mustaches around her.

Naturally this incident causes some excitement for a moment. But the way Miss Midgie Muldoon takes it is very surprising. She just sort of dusts Red Henry off her, and stands up no bigger than a demi-tasse, and looks Handsome Jack right in the eye very cool, and says, "Ah, a parlor tough guy." Then she walks away, leaving Handsome Jack with his mouth open, because he does not know up to this moment that Miss Midgie Muldoon is present.

Well, somebody heaves Red Henry out of the joint, and the party continues, but I see Handsome Jack wandering around looking very lonesome, and with not much speed left compared to what he brings in. Somehow I figure Handsome Jack is looking for Miss Midgie Muldoon, but she keeps off among the little mustaches, and finally Handsome Jack takes to belting the old grape right freely to get his zing back. He gets himself pretty well organized, and when he suddenly comes upon Miss Midgie Muldoon standing by herself for a moment, he is feeling very brisk indeed, and he says to her like this: "Hello, Beautiful, are you playing the hard-to-get for me?" But Miss Midgie Muldoon only looks him in the eye again and says: "Ah, the parlor tough guy! Go away, tough guy. I do not like tough guys."

Well, this is not so encouraging when you come to think of it, but Handsome Jack is a guy who will never be ruled off for not trying with the dolls, and he is just about to begin giving her a little more work, when all of a sudden a voice goes "Ha-ha-ha," and then it says: "Hello, you fool!"

Now of course it is nothing but the parrot talking, and it says again, "Ha-ha-ha. Hello, you fool!" Of course the parrot, whose name turns out to be Polly, does not mean Handsome Jack, but of course Handsome Jack does not know the parrot does not mean him, and naturally he feels very much insulted. Furthermore, he has plenty of champagne inside him. So all of a sudden he outs with the old equalizer and lets go at Polly, and the next minute there are green feathers flying all over the joint, and poor old Mister, or maybe Missus, Polly is stretched out as dead as a doornail, and maybe deader.

Well, I never see a doll carry on like Miss Harriet Mackyle does when she finds out her Polly is a goner, and what she says to Handsome Jack is really very cutting, and quite extensive, and the chances are Handsome Jack will finally haul off and smack Miss Harriet Mackyle in the snoot, only he realizes he is already guilty of a very grave social error in shooting the parrot, and he does not wish to make it any worse.

Anyway, Miss Midgie Muldoon is standing looking at Handsome Jack out of her great big round beautiful eyes with what Waldo Winchester, the scribe, afterward tells me is plenty of scorn, and it looks to me as if Handsome Jack feels worse about Miss Midgie Muldoon's looks than he does about what Miss Harriet Mackyle is saying to him. But Miss Midgie Muldoon never opens her mouth. She just keeps looking at him for quite a spell, and then finally walks away, and it looks to me as if she is ready to bust out crying any minute, maybe because she feels sorry for Polly.

Well, naturally Handsome Jack's error busts up the party because Miss Harriet Mackyle does not wish to take any chances on Handsome Jack starting in to pot her canaries, so we all go away leaving Miss Harriet Mackyle weeping over what she can find of Polly, and Basil Valentine crying with her, which I consider very chummy of Basil, at that.

A COUPLE of nights later Basil comes into Mindy's restaurant, where I happen to be sitting with Handsome Jack, and anybody can tell that Basil is much worried about something.

"Jack," he says, "Miss Harriet Mackyle is very, very, very angry about you shooting Polly. In fact, she hates you, because Polly is a family heirloom."

"Well," Jack says, "tell her I apologize, and will get her a new parrot as soon as I get the price. You know I am broke now. Tell her I am very sorry, although," Jack says, "her parrot has no right to call me a fool, and I leave this to anybody."

"Miss Harriet Mackyle is after me every day to shoot you, Jack," Basil says. "She thinks I am a very tough guy, and that I will shoot anybody on short notice, and she wishes me to shoot you. In fact, she is somewhat displeased because I do not shoot you when you shoot poor Polly, but of course I explain to her I do not have a gun at the moment. Now Miss Harriet Mac-

(*Continued on page 54*)

DAD'S FIRST FLIGHT

I CIRCLED the house before settling the Travel Air on the lower lawn and as usual, Dad watched from the steps.

Once down, Gwen sprang out without my help. "Dad's always on hand, isn't he?" she asked as we walked toward him.

"Never misses a take-off or landing," I answered, "even though I've ceased to be a novelty to everyone else."

Gwen's next question was simple enough, but it stopped me. When she asked, "Has he ever been up?" what could I say? Neighbors, schoolmates, even the gardener had been passengers. But Dad, never. He didn't seem the type. But I've found you can't predict just who is going to be sky ambitious and who isn't.

"Dad," I said, when we approached, "Isn't it about time you and I went up to look at a few silver linings?"

"Well, son," he smiled, "if you hadn't invited me I was just about to take her off the ground myself."

We lost no time. Gwen's helmet and an overcoat were his flying clothes. We were over the elms in a twinkling. Dad was having the time of his life. Whenever I looked around he wore the same rapt expression. I took my hands from the controls—held them over my head to show the plane's automatic stability. Then back we came to the lawn in a slow glide.

Dad's face was all aglow. "Wonderful experience," he said, "Never felt so big or so small before."

And he keeps getting keener! Air minded? He's positively air hungry. Why, this afternoon after we flew from the club, he said, "Say, don't you think it would be sportier if we changed the 165 engine to a 225?"

* * *

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Cravenette
MALLORY
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY
392 Fifth Avenue, New York

(*Continued from page 53*)

kyle says if I do not shoot you she will not love me, and I greatly wish to have Miss Harriet Mackyle love me, because I am practically daffy about her. So," Basil says, "I am wondering how much you will take to hold still and let me shoot you, Jack?"

"Why," Handsome Jack says, very much astonished, "you must be screwy."

"Of course I do not mean to really shoot you, Jack," Basil says. "I mean to maybe shoot you with a blank cartridge, so Miss Harriet Mackyle will think I am shooting you sure enough, which will make her very grateful to me. I am thinking that maybe I can pay you $1,500 for such a job although this sum represents nearly my life savings."

"Why," Handsome Jack says, "your proposition sounds very reasonable, at that. I am just wondering where I can get hold of a few bobs to send Miss Midgie Muldoon a bar pin, or some such, and see if I cannot round myself up with her. She is still playing plenty of chill for me. You better make it two grand while you are about it."

Well, Basil Valentine finally agrees to pay the two grand. Furthermore, Basil promises to put the dough up in advance with Dave the Dude, or some other reliable party, as this is rather an unusual business deal, and naturally Handsome Jack wishes to have his interests fully protected.

Well, the thing comes off a few nights later in the Hot Box, and it is all pretty well laid out in advance. It is understood that Basil is to bring Miss Harriet Mackyle into the Hot Box after regular hours when there are not apt to be any too many people around, and to find Handsome Jack there. Basil is to out with a gun and take a crack at Handsome Jack, and Handsome Jack is to let on he is hit, and Basil is to get Miss Harriet Mackyle out of the joint in the confusion.

Handsome Jack promises to lay low a few weeks afterwards so it will look as if he is dead, and Basil figures that in the meantime Miss Harriet Mackyle will be so grateful to him that she will love him very much indeed, and maybe marry him, which is really the big idea with Basil.

It is pretty generally known to one and all what is coming off, and quite a number of guys drift into the Hot Box during the night, including Dave the Dude, who seems to be getting quite a bang out of the situation. But who also bobs up very unexpected but Miss Midgie Muldoon with Buddy Donaldson, the song writer.

HANDSOME JACK is all upset by Miss Midgie Muldoon being there, but she never as much as looks at him. So Handsome Jack takes to drinking Scotch more than somewhat, and everybody commences to worry about whether he will hold still for Basil Valentine to shoot him, even with a blank cartridge. The Hot Box closes at 3 o'clock in the morning, and everybody is always turned out except the regulars. So by 3:30 there are only about a dozen guys and dolls in the joint when in comes Basil Valentine and Miss Harriet Mackyle.

Handsome Jack happens to be standing with his back to the door and not far from the table where Miss Midgie Muldoon and this Buddy Donaldson are sitting when Basil and Miss Harriet Mackyle come in, and right away Basil sings out, his voice wobbling no little: "Handsome Jack Maddigan, your time has come!" At this Handsome Jack turns around, and there is Basil Valentine tugging a big rod out of the hind pocket of his pants.

The next thing anybody knows, there is a scream, and a doll's voice cries: "Jack! Look out, Jack!" and out of her seat and over to Handsome Jack Maddigan bounces Miss Midgie Muldoon, and just as Basil finally raises the rod and turns it on, Miss Midgie Muldoon plants herself right in front of Jack and stretches out her arms on either side of her as if to shield him.

WELL, the gun goes bingo in Basil's hand, but instead of falling like he is supposed to do, Handsome Jack stands there with his mouth open looking at Miss Midgie Muldoon, not knowing what to make of her jumping between him and the gun, and it is a good thing he does not fall, at that, because he is able to catch Miss Midgie Muldoon as she starts to keel over. At first we think maybe it is only a faint, but she has on a low-neck dress, and across her left shoulder there slowly spreads a red smear, and what is this red smear but blood, and as Handsome Jack grabs her she says to him like this: "Hold me, dear, I am hurt."

Now this is most unexpected, indeed, and is by no means a part of the play. Basil Valentine is standing by the door with the rod in his duke looking quite astonished, and making no move to get Miss Harriet Mackyle out of the joint as he is supposed to the minute he fires, and Miss Harriet Mackyle is letting out a few offhand screams which are very piercing, and saying she never thinks that Basil will take her seriously and really plug anybody for her, although she also says she appreciates his thoughtfulness, at that.

You can see Basil is standing there wondering what goes wrong, when Dave the Dude, who is a fast thinker under all circumstances, takes a quick peek at Miss Midgie Muldoon, and then jumps across the room and nails Basil. "Why," Dave says to Basil, "you are nothing but a rascal. You meant to kill him after all. You do not shoot a blank, you throw a slug, and you get Miss Midgie Muldoon with it in the shoulder."

Well, Basil is a pretty sick-looking toad as Dave the Dude takes hold of him, and Miss Harriet Mackyle is putting on a few extra yips when Basil says: "My goodness, Dave," he says. "I never know this gun is really loaded. In fact, I forget all about getting a gun of my own until the last minute, and am looking around for one when Red Henry comes along and says he will lend me his. I explain to him how the whole proposition is a joke, and tell him I must have blanks, and he kindly takes the lead out of the cartridges in front of my own eyes and makes them blank."

"The chances are Red Henry works a quick change on you," Dave the Dude says. "Red Henry is very angry at Jack for hitting him on the chin."

Then Dave takes the rod out of Basil's hand and breaks it open, and sure enough there are enough real slugs in it to sink a rowboat and no blanks whatever, which surprises Basil Valentine no little.

"Now," Dave says, "get away from here before Jack realizes what happens, and keep out of sight until you hear from me, because if Miss Midgie Muldoon croaks it may cause some gossip. Furthermore," Dave says, "take this squawking doll with you."

Well, you can see that Dave the Dude is pretty much steamed up, and he remains steamed up until it comes out that Miss Midgie Muldoon is only a little bit shot, and is by no means in danger of dying. We take her over to the Polyclinic Hospital, and a guy there digs the bullet out of her shoulder, and we leave her there with Handsome Jack holding her tight in his arms, and swearing he will never be tough again, but will get her a nice little home on Basil Valentine's two grand, and find himself a job, and take no more part in his old life, all of which seems to sound fair enough.

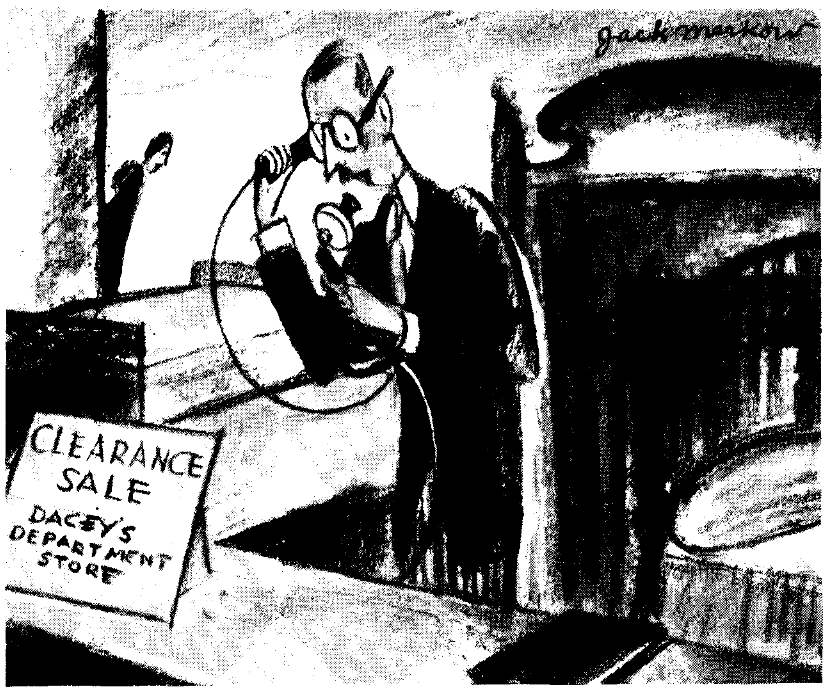
IT IS a couple of years before we hear of Miss Harriet Mackyle again, and then she is Mrs. Basil Valentine, and is living in Naples over in Italy, and the people there are very much surprised because Mrs. Basil Valentine never lets Mr. Basil Valentine associate with guys over ten years old, and never lets him handle anything more dangerous than a niblick.

So this is about all there is to the story, except that when Handsome Jack Maddigan and Miss Midgie Muldoon stand up to be married by Father Leonard, Dave the Dude sizes them up a minute, and then turns to me and says like this:

"Look," Dave says, "and tell me where does Miss Midgie Muldoon's shoulder come up to on Jack's left side."

"Well," I say, "her shoulder comes just up to Jack's heart."

"So you see," Dave says, "it is just as well for Jack she stops Basil's bullet, at that."



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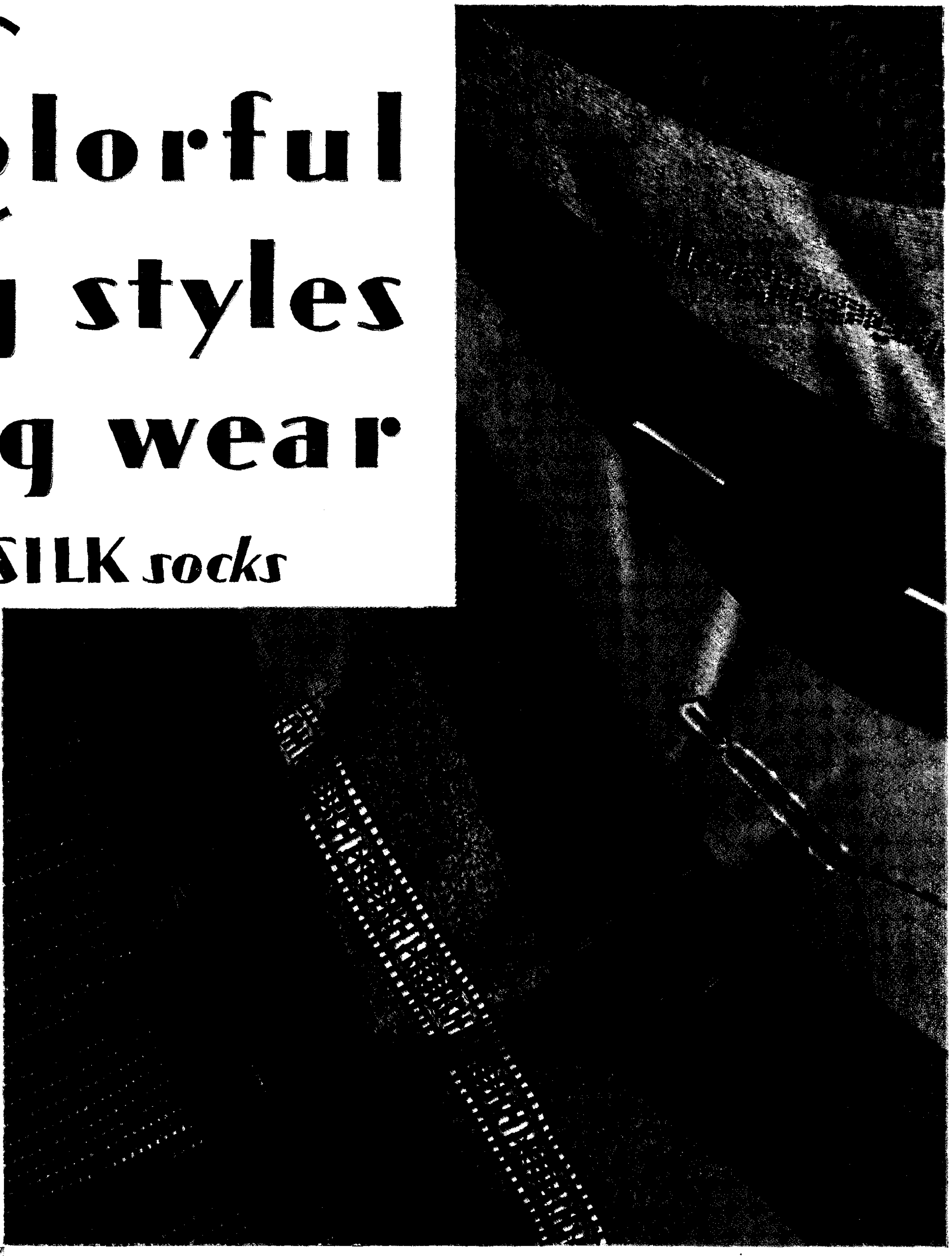

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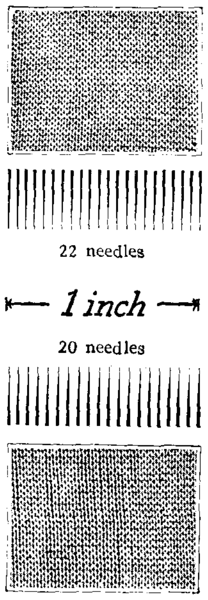

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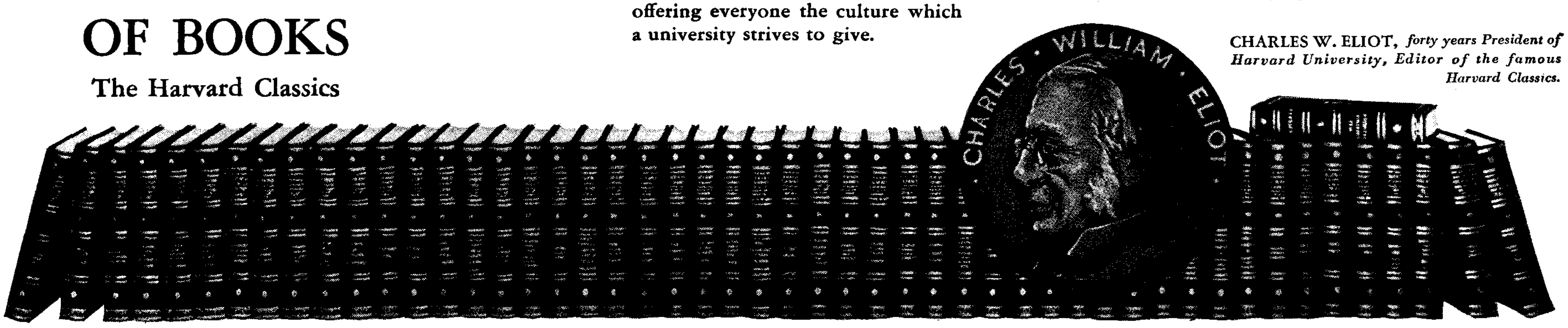

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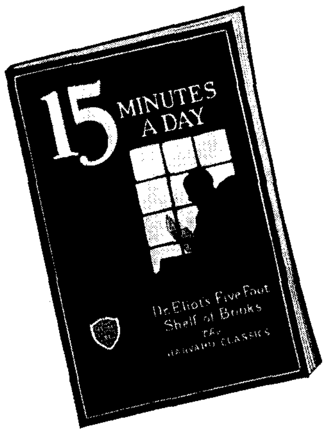

Old Thunder Pumper

Continued from page 9

"Yeah, you should," Clem monotoned. "Everybody knew Willa was right sweet on you, Mississip'. Everybody but you, anyway.... And now that she's got herself lost, come looking for you—"

"For God's sake, shut your mouth!"

Just before dawn they pulled up and waited for the light; and when it came Clem Harky sighted in his landmarks, and located the dim, inconspicuous print of a small heel.

"That's the last earthly sign, Mississip'."

Mississippi Tyler got down and brought his dogs about him. He hardly knew how to put them onto this new kind of trail. He made them all lie down, then took Chicoree by the scruff.

"This is it," he told the red and white leader, making his voice exciting. He pushed the dog's nose hard down on the track. "Get it, and like it, and hang on! Now, go on!"

IN ALL that redbone pack Chicoree was the brains. Mississippi feared he would not get the idea, since the method was new; but Chicoree did. The trail was old, considering the dry heat of the soil, but Chicoree's voice blared, and he set off at a trot.

Holding the rest in was hard, but Mississippi managed it with voice and quirt, forcing their noses to the heel print, one after another. Most of them would have taken the cue from Chicoree, but he wanted to be sure. Last of all, the Thunder Pumper volunteered and gravely examined the heel print as the others had been forced to do.

They pressed forward briskly for a little while, for here the trail was on fairly favorable ground, compared to what was ahead. And presently, searching the tough soil with their eyes, the men found another visible print that the way of the dogs had shown.

"They've got it," Harky exulted. "By God, they know their work!"

"Don't cheer yet," said Mississippi.

"You're thinking of Crackman's Rocky?"

"That, and something else." You see, they did not know what would be at the end of that trail, even if it was ever reached.

Roy Linstrom joined them presently, guided to them by the clamor of the pack. He reported that there was no news. "Never see such a disappearance as this," Linstrom admitted. "I've been in the Rimrock near forty years, and thought I know it pretty good; but this beats me."

"We'll be to the end soon now," said Clem.

Mississippi told them they had better not get up their hopes. Ahead now loomed the far-stretching, crack-laced granite surfaces of the mesa called Crackman's Rocky.

It lay low to the desert, that vast ancient pour of rock. It had been a molten flow once, but the ages had split and broken its surfaces with ten thousand clefts. On the one hand Crackman's Rocky lost itself in the desert sands that buried it, and on the other merged into the abrupt lofty ledges of the Mogollon rim, along which it lay mile on mile. Mississippi had been dreading the arrival of the hounds at Crackman's Rocky, and hoping the trail would skirt it, for granite forever baked in the southwestern sun holds but little scent —and that for not very long.

Up the slope of the granite Chicoree led the pack, and by the leader's instant voice-change Mississippi knew that the granite told them nothing. The dogs were running on general direction and hope. After a few hundred yards Chicoree admitted it and back-cast to the sand; but once more upon the granite lost his way.

Casting carefully, checking both sides of the widening dike to see that the trail did not leave, Chicoree led them on until at length they came to a widening of those naked long reaches of stone, and Mississippi dismounted. Somberly he loosened his cinches and sat down on a block of rock.

"We'll be here some little time," he told the other two slowly. "There's nothing to do now but wait."

Now a long time passed without result. Once Chicoree voiced uncertainly, and the pack rallied to him full cry; but it came to nothing, and Chicoree later denied his own belief.

Every hound pack has a dog who is both bully and trail expert—boss in every way. If a man is said to have a crack lion pack, it usually boils down to one leader. In Mississippi's pack Chicoree was that one best dog, a time-sharpened red-and-white hound who was seldom still, but used his head just the same.

Often when the pack had lost a cold trail, and were fanned out twelve ways in futile casting, Mississippi had seen Chicoree standing silent and alone, pretending to test the empty wind. Then presently Chicoree would go trotting off some new way, up a draw, perhaps, that the trail had not suggested; and in another quarter of an hour would come his jubilant belling, sometimes from far away: "Lion! Lion!" Then all the pack would swing in on the recovered trail, and they would run that lion down.

So, with the trail lost on the hot naked rock, it was Chicoree upon whom Mississippi depended.

"I've combed this throw of the rock twenty times," complained Harky. "I found out as much as the dogs did, with my own eyes. If this is the best they can do we might as well—"

"Give him time," said Mississippi. "Chicoree's left the pack, and gone off on his own. You'll hear him, pretty soon now. There's a *hound* dog. I don't suppose he's been stumped three times in as many years. Give him a chance!"

Yet an hour passed, and two hours; the pack was becoming impatient and discouraged. Those that had cast wide were coming in, waiting for Chicoree's voice. Chicoree might strike the trail beyond the earshot of the men, but the hounds would hear and answer, following him up—once he belled.

THEN, at the end of three hours, Chicoree came in. He carried his head and tail low, a foolish-looking red and white form that was for once completely silent. That old war dog, who had made all the hunting reputation Mississippi had, had met utter defeat, and knew it, and was done.

Mississippi sat down for a moment, his face in his hands. Clem Harky and Roy Linstrom were silent, tired men on tired mounts. No one knew the Rimrock better than these three, but now they did not know where to go that they had not already gone, nor which way to turn. About Mississippi began to gather the weaker hounds, half a dozen who flopped down around him in raglike postures, plainly considering the hunt ended.

Chicoree was still casting, or pretending to, at a disconsolate walk, and so were Belle and Strap; and the two pups, Three Star and Hennessy, were still running in their perpetual circles, making a

(*Continued on page 60*)

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Ask most girls you meet and they will tell you they do more worrying about how to keep their wave than any other matter of personal appearance.

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EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
READY-RUBBED

(*Continued from page 59*)

big show of remembering what they were after, which probably they did not. And of course there still kept coming to them the deep bass bloomps of the Thunder Pumper, coming up so slowly that he was still working that part of the trail that was on favorable earth. But all that had no meaning, with Chicoree beat. And as the hours passed it was easy to see the pack was demoralized.

"It's getting late," said Linstrom.

Mississippi rose, his face grim and gray as the face of the baffling rock itself. Slowly he tightened his cinch.

"They may pick it up some other place," he offered without conviction. "We'll swing some long circles of our own, using our heads the best we can."

Mississippi stuck a foot in the stirrup; but there, suddenly, he checked. "Wait a minute," he said in a queer voice.

He had cast one glance back along the way they had come, and something he had glimpsed there held him immobile. The two other riders followed his eyes.

Then, through a break in a split ledge, appeared a slow low-headed form, so far off and so formlessly gray against gray that they could hardly make out what it was—until it lifted its head, and the deep halloo of the Thunder Pumper came up the wind.

"Aw, it's only—" began Clem Harky.

"He can't do nothing," grunted Linstrom.

Mississippi's voice was hardly audible, but it seemed torn out of him, so that it cut down the comments of the others.

"*Pumps is on the rock!*"

"You mean he's—"

"Wait!"

They could see the Thunder Pumper more plainly now, a putty-colored, splay-footed, big-fool dog, his long ears dragging on the rock. At every other step he paused to sniff deliberately, and each time he bayed, before he passed on. "Snuff-snuff—she set foot here. Blooroop! . . . And here, again. No, wait. Yes, I am sure. Bloowowup! . . . And the next step was here. . . ."

Slow, deadly slow, baying individually each invisible print, the Thunder Pumper came on. He was working just as he had always worked the scent of lions, on all those long trails whose ends he had reached futilely, after the quarry was long dead. Faithful to himself—that was it; loyal first and always to the convictions that were bred in his blood and bone.

AND slowly it dawned on Mississippi that the Thunder Pumper did not know that he had come to barren rock where no scent could hold, that he was not aware that he was working a vanished trail that no dog-nose could hope to detect. For to the Thunder Pumper all difficulties and all trails had at last proved the same, and he was working the vanished scent exactly as he had worked his first hot reeking bear track a long time ago.

"Bloowump, awwump, awwump! Here she stepped, I know. And here—let us make certain. Yes, exactly here. Wowooo—oh!" Pumping doleful thunder over every lost touch of Willa Brent's boot.

"Can it be possible he knows—"

"You bet he knows," said Mississippi, the muscles tight around his eyes. "Slow, ghastly slow, always; but wrong? He never was wrong in his life. . . ."

The tears were running down Mississippi's leather face by now. That was partly for love of that slow honest dog, who had been true to his own ways all these years to serve his purpose here. But mostly because the beloved trail the Thunder Pumper traced was a broken, wavering line. "She—was looking for me," he told himself over and over. "I'm never going to forgive myself for that."

Then—the Thunder Pumper faltered. He had come to the place where a brace of hounds had laid their hot smoking bodies on the rock; and all over the stone, too, were the invisible trampling trails the twelve dogs had made, and the men, and the horses' musky-smelling hoofs. He stopped and lifted his head, and for the first time slowly turned it to look Mississippi in the face with his mournful yellow eyes.

It was as if he said, "*This is as far as I can go; there is no more left.* . . ."

Mississippi did not speak, because he could not; slowly he sat down, and averted his face from the other men. The Thunder Pumper whimpered—and put down his head. And once more he was lost in the mysteries of the trail.

At sunset the Thunder Pumper brought them to the edge of the rock, still step by step to the last; and here the redbone pack—the pack that had failed—recognized the trail shown to them on the better earth. The horses could no longer keep up, and Mississippi followed the dogs alone at a stumbling run through the starlight.

So finally he came to a limp slender figure lying motionless in a ravine, not ten yards from a point at which Clem Harky had passed in his hallooing search. Though a dozen had ridden there, they would hardly have found her, so still she lay under the chinquapin scrub. She was alive. . . .

BEFORE Willa Brent at last opened her eyes, and knew where she was, or with whom, she was established in Mississippi's bunk, in the cabin he had built thinking of her.

"Will you ever forgive me, Mississip'?"

"For what, child?"

"For coming here—"

"Why, honey child—"

"I just couldn't stand it any longer, Mississip'."

"It must have been terrible, what with all them relations—"

"It wasn't *that*. It was just the thinking that you were gone, and that I wasn't going to hear the hound music coming down the trail to our house any more."

"I—I reckon I'd have come down that trail before very long," said Mississippi. "Of course, after your paw made you promise you wouldn't have anything to do with me any more—"

"Why, Mississippi, I never promised any such a thing!"

"Why—but I thought—"

"YOU were in the saddle by then. But I told Dad that that was the one thing I would *not* promise, ever in the world. Then, after while, I guessed you had misunderstood; and I rode up to your cabin, and you were gone. So I thought I'd just ride along, kind of casual, and pretend—" Willa began to cry.

"Shush, there—it's all right now, honey child."

"I wouldn't admit the truth to myself; but there's no use fooling any more. I know now I'd rather live with you in a tree than be alive any place else at all."

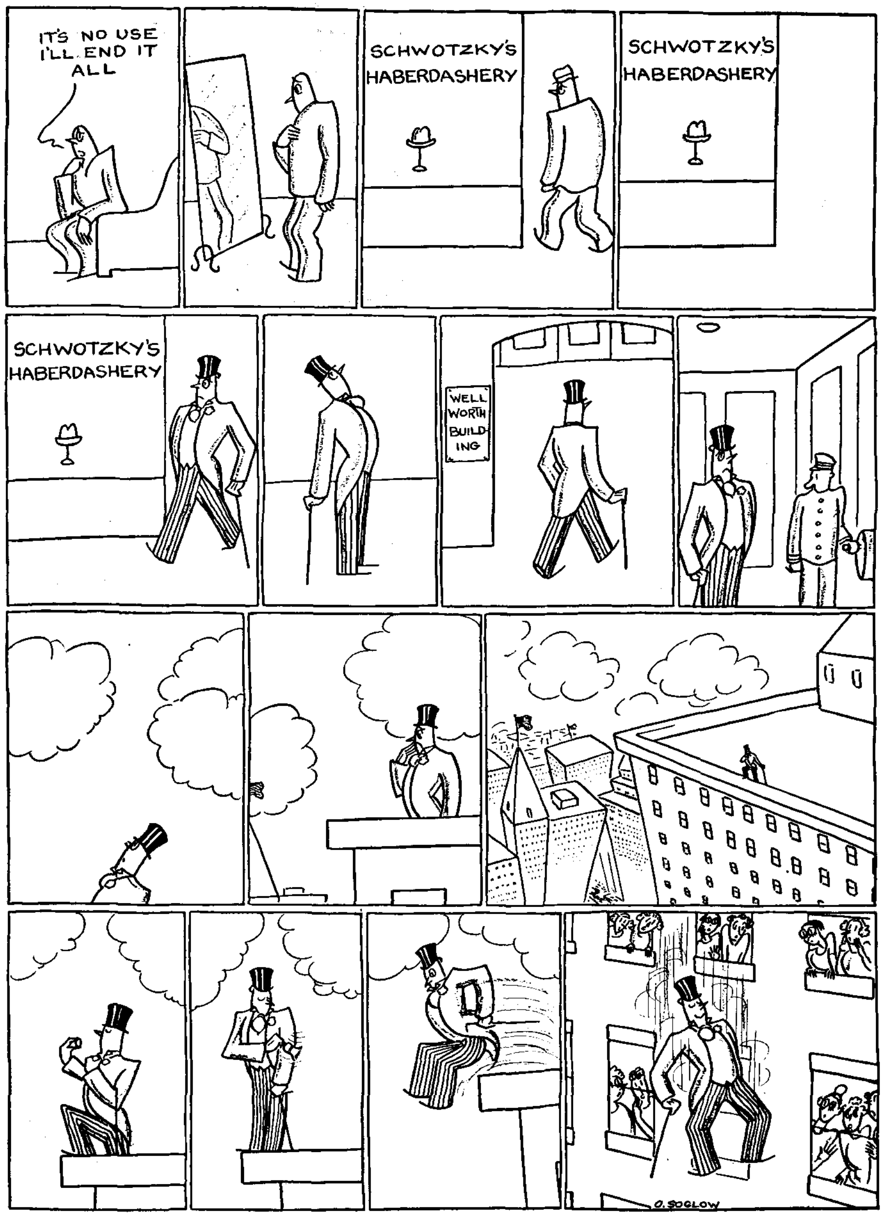
"Reckon we won't have to live in a tree, hon."

Perhaps her eye caught the glint of the old brasses from that other country that Mississippi was from; for she looked around the room for the first time. A look of puzzlement came into her face as she saw all those surprising things that he had so painstakingly gathered there.

"Mississippi—where are we?"

"Home. Home, honey."

The forgotten Thunder Pumper came in wearily and laid a big mournful head on the edge of the bed.



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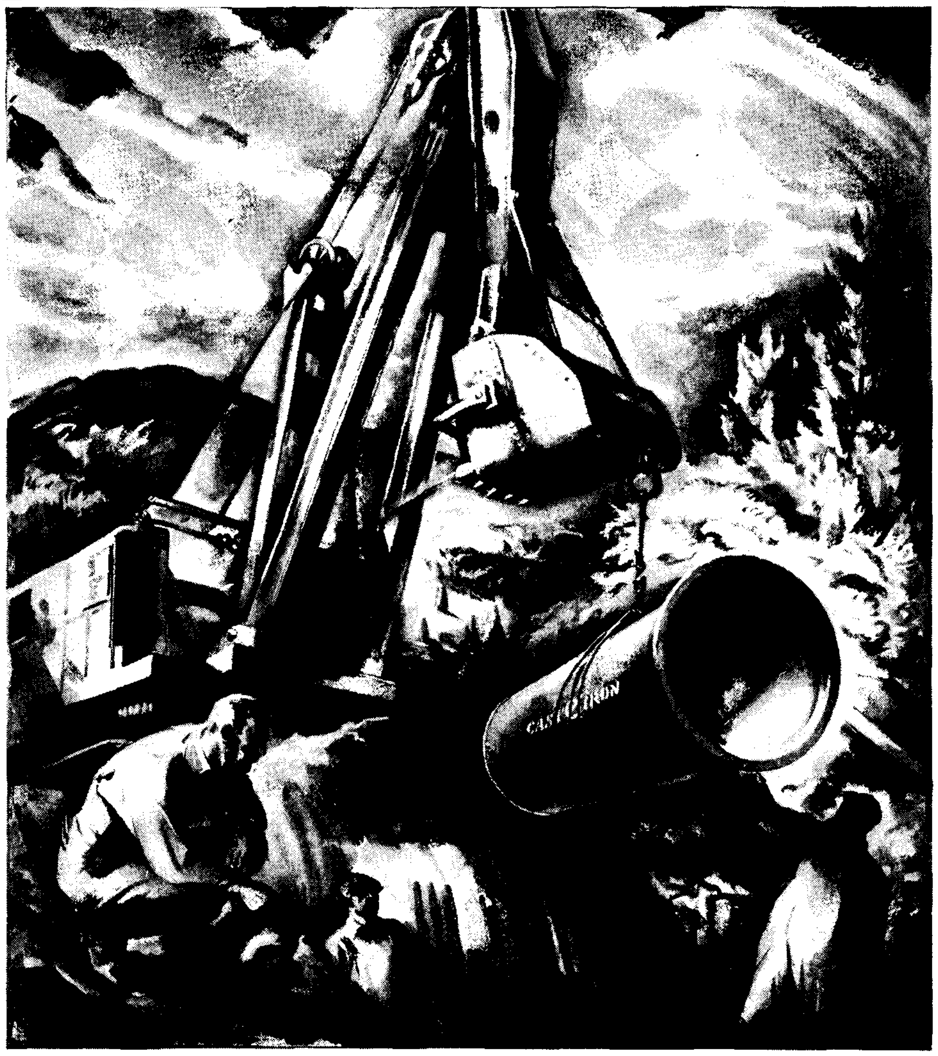

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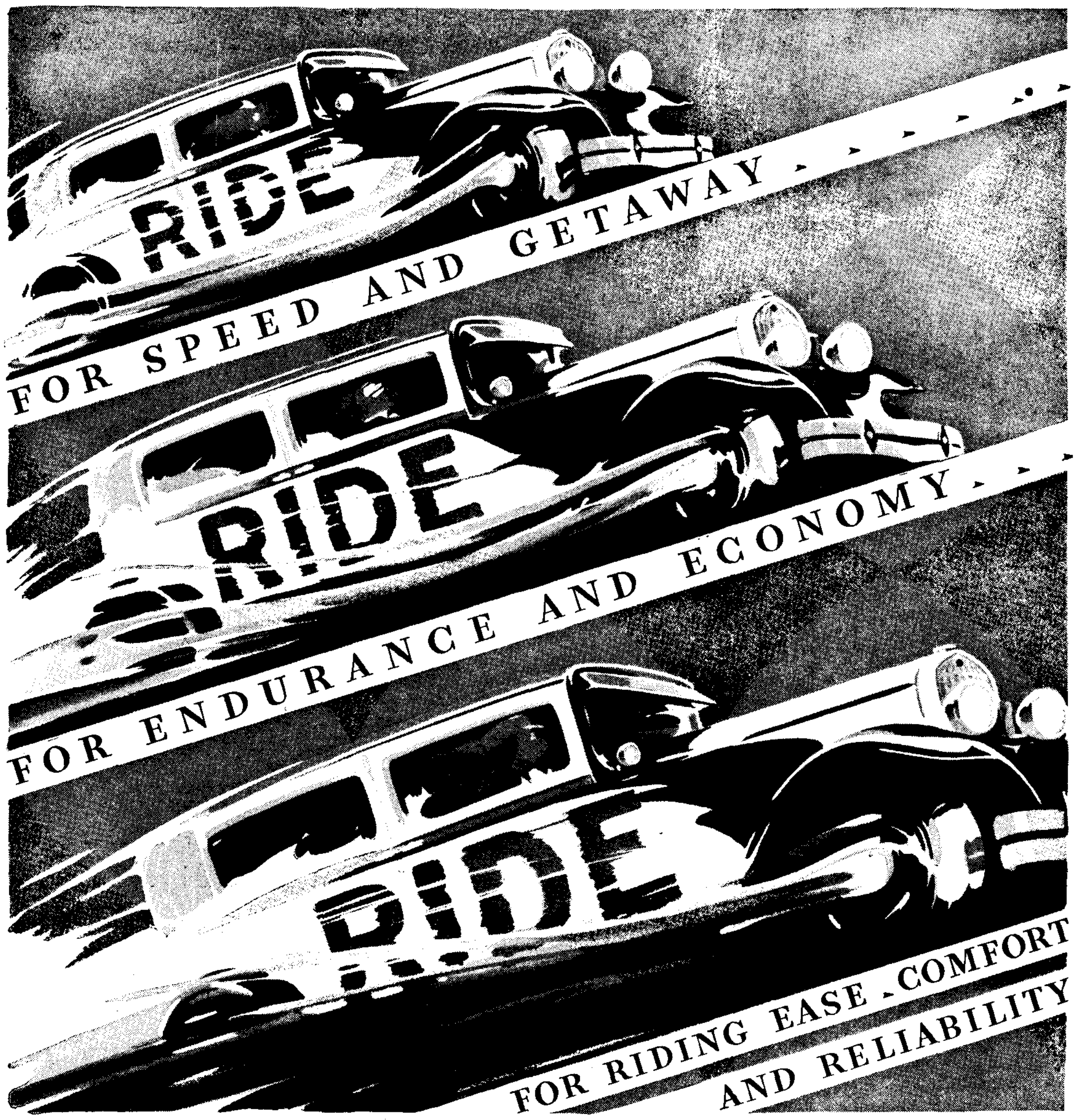
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They Show What Every Essex Can Do

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You know what marks fell to Essex in your own community. Now consider the multiplied proofs as established in every part of the country.

Most important of all—Challenger Week convinced tens of thousands that Essex represents the greatest dollar for dollar value in car satisfaction that the industry offers. They are talking about it everywhere—about its beauty—its comfort—its brilliant performance and economy. They are convincing others. They are sending others to ride. They are making YOU want to ride before you buy any car.

No wonder its sales are also the talk of motordom.

The NEW ESSEX Challenger

AT A PRICE ALL CAN AFFORD

Bus Driver's Dream

Continued from page 17

longed and dreaded to do; the wild fearful thing that no bus driver ever had done since the first green coach rolled forth to the glory of the Lord.

He saw himself, perched on his driver's seat, creeping down the Avenue toward that fatal entrance, toward the fulfillment of his dream. The bus was full of people with vague, blank faces. Looking back over his shoulder, he saw only one face that lived. It was the face of Miss Brown. Her eyes were like stars. She met his glance and smiled. She knew, she understood—*and she wanted him to do it!*

JUST ahead of him the irresistible curve held out its friendly invitation. A quick, firm pull at the wheel and they were off the Avenue; they were lumbering down the drive. They were in the Park.

Faster, now, and faster! The road unraveling beneath them! The green world flashing by! The world of April flashing by! Trees and grass and flowers, children and nursemaids, pigeons on the wing; lovers strolling in the paths; little dogs barking; old bums dreaming on benches. . . .

A newsboy shouting an extra:

"Fifth Avenue Bus Driver Goes Mad! Trusted Employee Takes Passengers for Unscheduled Joy-Ride Through Central Park."

All right, all right, what of it? Jim Macgruder takes Miss Brown for unscheduled joy-ride through April morning. . . .

Ten cents' worth of April! Unscheduled joy-ride!

"Jim! Jim! Wake up! You're havin' a nightmare."

"No, I ain't, Mamie. It's all right. You go back to sleep, Mamie."

He got up and dressed in the dark.

At seven-forty-five that morning Jim Macgruder jockeyed his bus around the corner of 110th Street and Fifth Avenue. Miss Brown was waiting there. He knew she would be. She held out her hand to signal him, and as he pulled in to the curb, she looked up and smiled.

In that moment Jim knew he was lost. But he was no longer afraid. As he started off down the Avenue his only worry was that he'd forgotten to take his pills that morning. There was an annoying tightness around his chest.

The traffic light was against him when he reached Seventy-ninth Street. He waited, with his engine racing, with his heart pounding as if it would burst. There was a loud roaring in his ears. His eyes were blinded by a queer brightness. Dimly he saw the familiar channel of the Avenue stretching southward, straight before him. But off to the right, a hundred feet ahead, curved the drive that led into the Park, into the unknown and the unscheduled. . . .

The light changed from red to green. The cop's whistle sounded.

Now!

He would do it if he died. . . . And he was dying. Vaguely he realized it, and vaguely he grinned at the specter of death. . . .

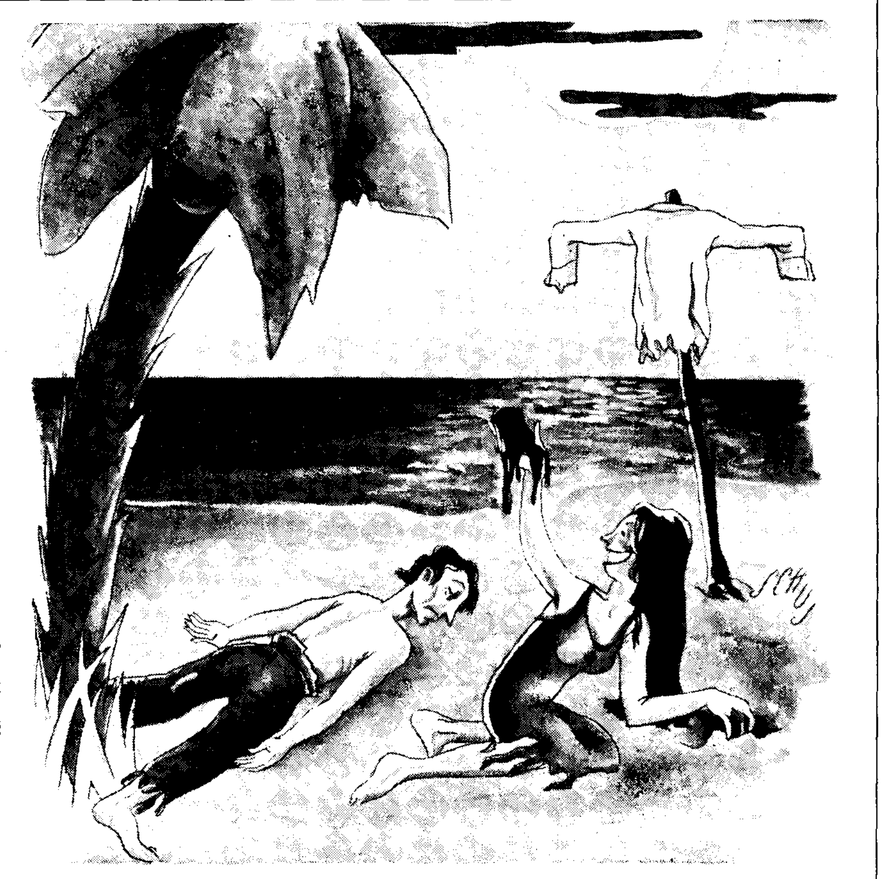
Pull the wheel to the right, to the right. . . . What strange country was this into which he was driving? This queer cloudy world, with pale stars streaming by?

Miss Brown, this is for you. Miss Brown, this is your joy-ride. I—hope—you—enjoy—it.

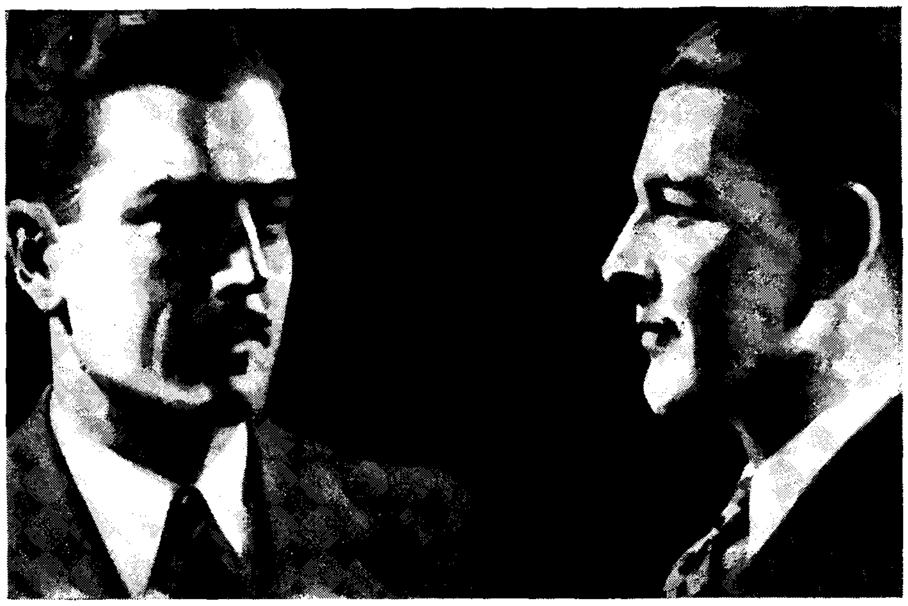
THAT same day in one of the evening papers appeared a brief editorial paragraph which read as follows:

"There is a moral lesson to be noted in the death this morning of James Macgruder, former Fifth Avenue bus driver. Stricken by a heart attack while at the wheel of his bus, Macgruder, who had just started to cross Seventy-ninth Street, held the vehicle true to its course and with his last vestige of strength brought his passengers safely to rest at the Fifth Avenue curb.

"We suggest that Macgruder's grave be marked by a suitable tombstone and that on this tombstone be carved the inscription: 'Loyal Unto Death.'"



"John! John! Beauty clay!"



A sense of real discovery comes to the first-time user of

AQUA VELVA

for After-Shaving!

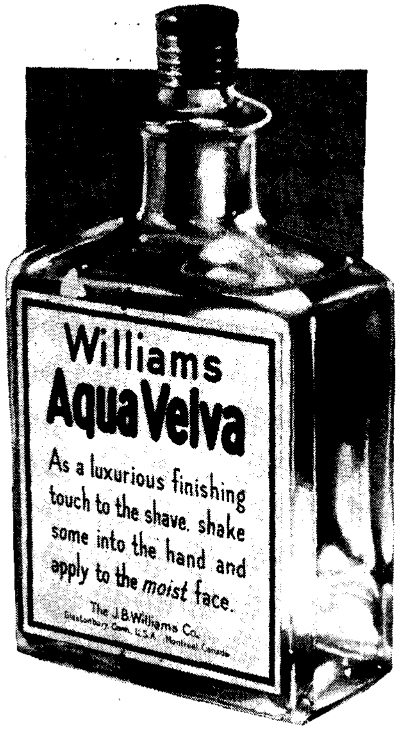
"Eureka!" (*I have found it*) cried Archimedes on making a great discovery.

The first-time user of Aqua Velva may not cry "Eureka". But in a measure he feels it. He has found something—and knows it.

He has found what we believe to be the only thoroughly scientific after-shaving preparation ever made. Combining in one product all the qualities an after-shaving preparation ought to have.

Aqua Velva starts its work with a pleasantly tingling thrill; healthfully livens, wakens, stimulates the skin. Cares for tiny nicks and cuts, often unseen. Protects from dust and germs, wind and weather; and, indoors, from undue dryness. Makes for youthful firmness of skin texture. Conserves the skin's natural moisture.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps, for three generations the Standard by which all others have been judged, Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin all day as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and Fit!


Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B.Williams Co.
Glastonbury Conn. U.S.A. Montreal Canada

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers.
Or a Free Trial Size by addressing:
Dept. C-30, The J. B. Williams Co.,
Glastonbury, Ct.—Montreal, Canada.

Just notice the fine skins of men who use

Williams

Aqua Velva for after shaving

SAVE WITH SAFETY AT YOUR Rexall DRUG STORE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CHAIN OF INDIVIDUALLY OWNED DRUG STORES

Safeguard your health and your purse

Join the army of thrifty millions that save with safety at the 10,000 Rexall Stores. Let your Rexall store be your headquarters for sick-room aids . . for beauty, comfort and hygiene requisites . . . for all the many articles that the well-regulated home requires.

Your Rexall Druggist co-operates with the United Drug Company. His stocks are continually being replenished from the 12 mammoth factories of this largest producer of drug store commodities in the world. Rexall merchandise is always new and fresh. And because there are no in-between profits, Rexall prices are lower.

Liggett's are also Rexall stores. There is one near you.

Firstaid Adhesive Plaster can be relied upon for lively cohesiveness. Used by physicians, dressing stations and hospitals throughout the country.

Uncle Sam

Continued from page 35

returned He opened the outer door wearily, as though he were exhausted by the day's experience. He then seated himself, took from a drawer a sheet of paper and began to write. It was his weekly letter to Antoinette—unusually long in this case.

Toward the end, after an account of the week's doings, he put down these words:

"They leave for home tomorrow, and Priscilla and I shall miss them. I suppose it's family prejudice, but they're a fine lot. I wonder if we shall ever persuade them to come out again together.

"Or, perhaps, I wonder if they'll come again singly. They will give you their own version of our world out here, and perhaps their accounts, balancing off each other, will be nearer to the truth than anything I could tell you. But I fear they don't like us any too well, and from many points of view I sympathize with them. What they may not see is precisely what I think you would understand if you were here. You must come! I can't let you always say no. You who travel so little are the one person who could see the good in us. I know you could because what I try to do here I learned from you; at least I believe I did.

"At home you all have a certain distinction—it shows in the manners, perhaps even in the personality. Out here we go along on a good-natured level which my brothers call vulgar or, as John said yesterday, common. Well, I guess I am naturally common. But so many other people are too that I can't get up the same degree of disdain for commonness which John and Orlando express. If I must confess it, dear Antoinette, I love these common folk in this raw spot. The best mayor we have had kept a livery stable before he went into politics. He was as careful of his fellow man as he had been of his horses, and that raised the standard of government at once. And when I see the children out here, young animals though I suppose they are, but well fed, well exercised, and abounding with health, I'd like to live five hundred years to see what the place will be like when they have perfected all their undistinguished impulses.

"You are so fond of old things, and I have always had such a weakness for the new, I've often wondered why we should feel so deep a sympathy. . . .

"Don't you ever dare to mention that check again! I am glad you could use it. What don't I owe you!"

HE REREAD the letter, addressed the envelope, and went out to Perry's desk to look for a stamp. While he was standing there the telephone rang. It startled him with the thought that it might be Elizabeth Martin. He felt relieved to hear Priscilla's voice.

"What is it? Oh—the children tonight, eh? Yes. Well, I think that's a fine idea. Certainly. Very kind of Emily. Let them spend the night with the Wiggins' youngsters. I am hoping we can all have a good talk by ourselves. All right."

He put down the telephone and went back for his hat. Then, with the same air of fatigue, he closed the door behind him.

Some vestige of that grim expression which Perry had noticed was still lurking in his eyes when they gathered that evening for the farewell dinner. He made a strange contrast with the gay scene Priscilla had prepared. When the family went into the dining-room, Alicia gave an exclamation of delight.

"Each time we sit down to eat, Priscilla, you have something more lovely to surprise us! Where did you get that lace?"

PRISCILLA was pleased, but she didn't stop to show it—she was busy seating the guests. She put Emily Wiggins at Sam's right, and Alicia at his left. In this second decision she really had no choice, since Alicia announced she would not be separated from her adorable brother-in-law. They were all going home next day, and Priscilla could afford to give even a dangerous woman her head. She was of two minds about Alicia. When Orlando's wife made those smartish remarks of hers, with dark eyes half closed and that indolent smile, she found herself extremely critical. But at other moments she knew she liked Alicia quite as much as Sam did. The visit to Bellevue disclosed her good qualities. She was not so lazy as she seemed, she was kind, she was quick to see merits in other people. Priscilla began to wonder whether Rafael's charm was not inherited from his mother.

At her own right hand she would have put John, honoring the eldest, but the seating arrangements wouldn't permit. It was inconsiderate of Tom Wiggins not to be there. She knew the first rule of good society, that husbands and wives shouldn't sit together. Now that the dinner was beginning, she had an uneasy conscience—with a little more effort she might have worked it out better. But perhaps not. For example—she had put Frederick next to Alicia, and then Margaret and Orlando. If she had put John in Orlando's place, she would have had to substitute Gretchen for Margaret, and then Orlando for Frederick, and then someone else for Alicia. It simply didn't work out. Next to Orlando she had her own chair, not opposite Sam as she would have liked, but a little off the center. Then came John, of course—that left Gretchen sitting next to Emily. It was obvious that John would rather talk to Emily than to Gretchen; perhaps, too, he'd feel it more honor to be at Emily's right than at Priscilla's left. . . . Priscilla wondered whether Sam would do so much entertaining if he knew all the cerebration involved in just arranging the place cards.

Emily Wiggins at once seized the stage, of course.

"Sam, I hadn't the faintest idea your family were all so large and handsome!"

She had invited Emily and Tom, in order to show the relatives there was culture in Bellevue, but if Emily got off on one of her tangents, and indulged in irony, they wouldn't appreciate her. . . . Emily kept on:

"Tom was awfully sorry he couldn't be here. I told him it was the opportunity of the season, and he ought to let the bank take care of itself, but he's like the rest of the men." She smiled at Alicia.

"I'm sorry I didn't meet him," said Orlando's wife. "You'll tell him so, won't you? I understand he's extremely charming, and so far as I've observed that's not true of all of his sex."

JOHN often wished Alicia would grow up. He looked across the table at Emily.

"I understand you and your husband had a lot to do with this school system Sam has been showing us today."

"Well, we've done all we could."

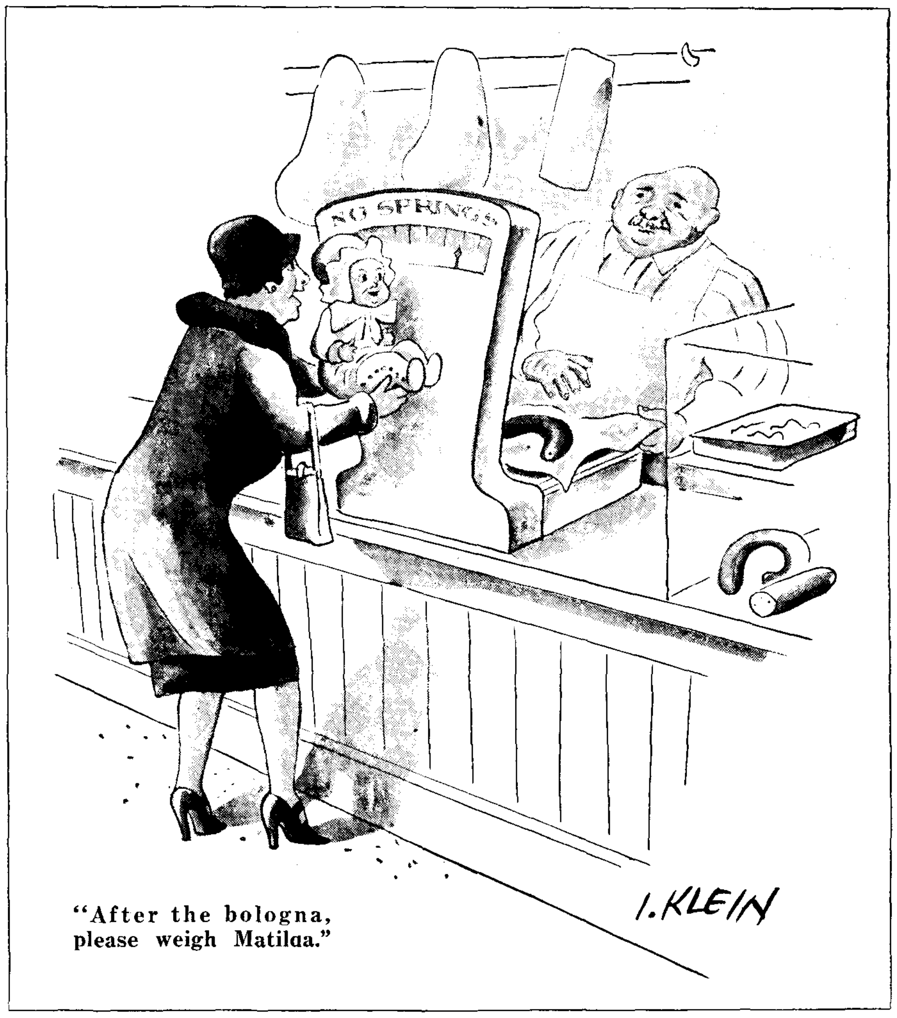
"I found it very interesting," said John. The way he pronounced the word Emily knew he was disgusted with something.

Sam put down his soup spoon.

"Why, John?" he asked.

John gave a short laugh.

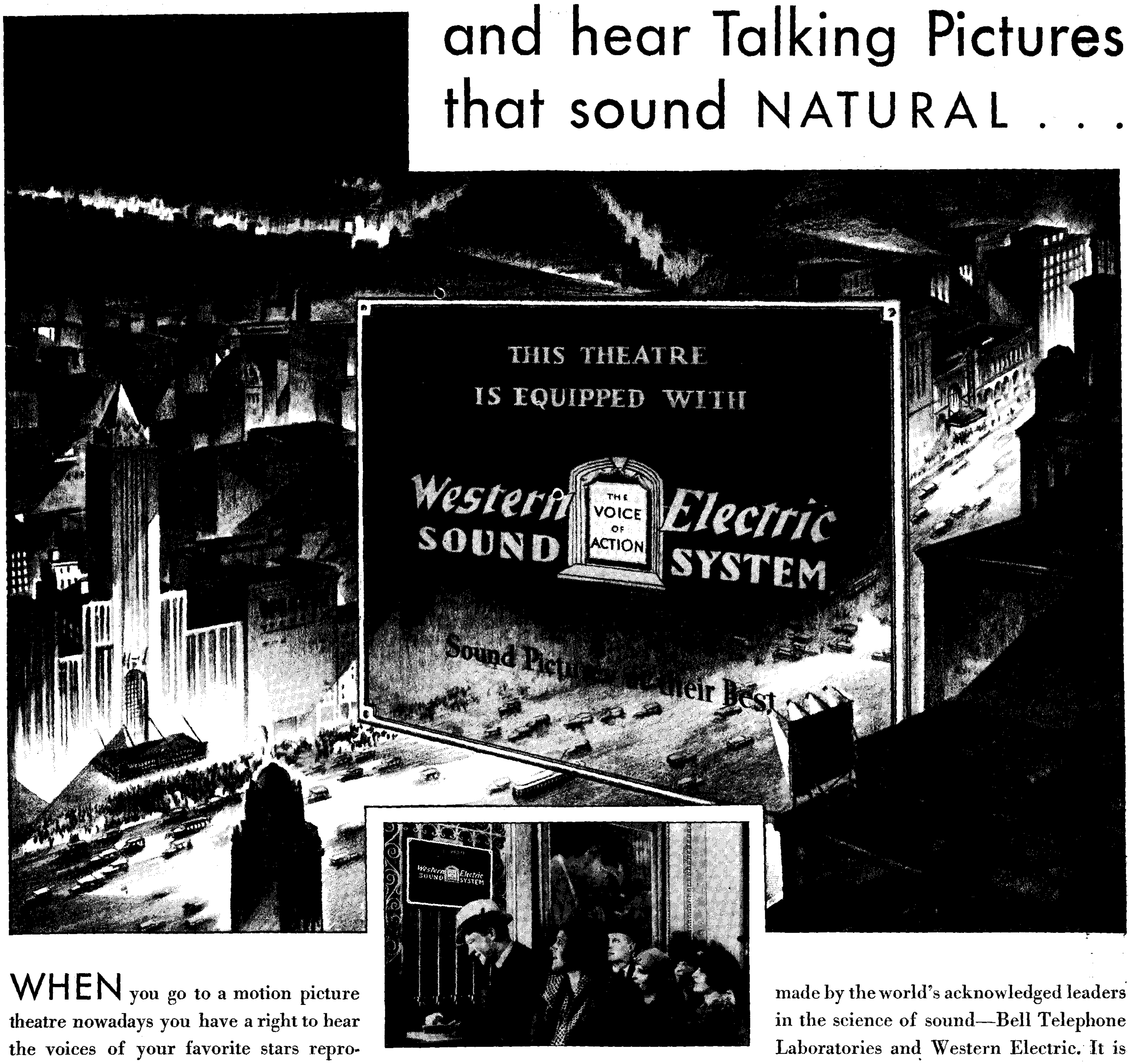
(Continued on page 66)



"After the bologna, please weigh Matilda."

Follow this SIGN

and hear Talking Pictures that sound NATURAL . . .


THIS THEATRE
IS EQUIPPED WITH
Western Electric
SOUND SYSTEM
THE VOICE OF ACTION
Sound Pictures at their Best
Western Electric SOUND SYSTEM

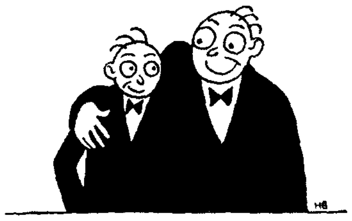
WHEN you go to a motion picture theatre nowadays you have a right to hear the voices of your favorite stars reproduced with full justice to their artistry. Fortunately you can do just that—provided you select a theatre which displays the "Western Electric equipped" sign. This apparatus reproduces speech and music in natural tones because it was designed and made by the world's acknowledged leaders in the science of sound—Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric. It is the result of an experience of over half a century in making telephone apparatus that reproduces the voice with naturalness. For thorough enjoyment of your talking picture entertainment, look for the Western Electric sign.

Western Electric
SOUND SYSTEM
THE VOICE OF ACTION

MADE
BY THE MAKERS
OF YOUR
TELEPHONE

TO MEN
WHO FOLLOWED
IN FATHER'S
FOOTSTEPS

Most men inherit a first preference for the kind of razor father used as naturally as they cast their first vote for his political party. It is a matter of family loyalty.



But sooner or later there comes a time when the old razor loses its wallop. We know a man who forgot his razor when he left for an overnight trip on a Pullman and came home with a brand new set of shaving habits.

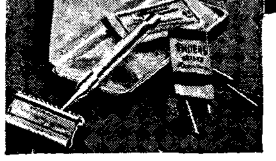
This readiness to discard the familiar does us credit. It makes for action, and life without action would be a poor, dull thing. If your razor loses caste in your eyes, take no chances. Buy another, as you value your disposition. But before you buy another we would like a word:

The Enders razor will cost you only a dollar, with six blades. And if you are like the many men who have written us, you will stay with it for a long, long time.

We could tell you a lot of things about it. We could tell you that if you take it lightly in your finger tips and draw it easily over your face, you will be delighted with the way it glides through your whiskers. We could tell you about its deftness and its perfection of balance. We could get scientific about the way Enders blades are tested for keenness on a human hair.

But we won't because you probably won't believe us anyway, Instead, get yourself one and try it. Then you *will*. Enders Razor Co., Inc., 105 W. 40th Street, New York City.

Enders
RAZOR



The Hair Test
New Enders Razor
with 6 blades. $1.00.
Blades, 5 for 35c.
If you cannot find an Enders locally, send *purchase price to us.*

Uncle Sam

Continued from page 64

"I saw everything in that school but education! Amusement, excitement, what you call inspiration—but nothing to train them."

"Of course not," said Emily. "It isn't a circus."

John preserved his dignity.

"When that older boy got up this morning in your assembly, to encourage the others to attend the basket-ball game, I didn't like the language he used. It wasn't distinguished. It sounded a bit rowdy."

"I quite agree with John," said Priscilla. "It often worries me, the way our young people talk."

Sam looked for a happier view of thought.

"What did you think of the singing this morning? That part-song wasn't bad, was it?"

AT THE mention of music Gretchen leaned forward.

"Really I don't think it was so good, Sam. Awfully rough in places, and the voices aren't trained at all."

He looked disappointed. "Is that so? I admit I liked it. Perhaps my taste is poor. It was better than anything we had when I was a youngster."

"Oh, but the schools at home do beautiful work in music now, don't they, Frederick?"

Frederick admitted they did, since his wife asked him. It seemed to make less difference to him than to her.

John, having set his teeth in the previous question, was reluctant to let it get away from him.

"There's another thing, Sam," he went on. "I didn't at all like the way the youngsters crowded into the assembly-room and crowded out. There seemed to be some attempt at discipline, if I interpreted correctly the gestures of a few monitors, but the attempt was a complete failure. They were nothing but a mob, pushing and shoving."

Emily Wiggins laughed—Sam expected her to break out with her customary "Nonsense!" But perhaps she restrained herself, since it was her hostess who was speaking. What he thought she would have said, however, encouraged him to answer his brother.

"I see little that's wrong with them. If we were to discuss the question frankly, John, I'd admit that you talk more precisely than they do, and your words sound better, but I'd add that you are a little formal, a little cold, and I like their spontaneity. A matter of taste, I presume. Or perhaps it's something more. If their manners were no longer spontaneous, I fear something inside of them would be checked—they'd be losing some of the energy and the high spirits we need out here. As I remember my own younger days, the educated people expected to discipline us artificially, to train us, as you call it, in the schoolroom—that is, in a kind of vacuum. I've come to believe that if everybody gets busy and works—I mean, uses all his faculties—the training will be supplied by life, all the training that's necessary."

"It would relieve my mind if I could see it that way," said Priscilla, "but I can't. Sam has talked like this year in and year out. I still wish the children would wipe their feet on the mat before they come into the parlor, and that they wouldn't all talk at once, that they wouldn't *shout* so loud!"

"If you feel so strongly about it," said Sam, "let's get down to a special case."

He spoke sharply—they all turned toward him.

"John, George told me this morning you wish him to go home with you tomorrow. I suspect you feel this isn't the proper place for your son and heir."

John hadn't expected to discuss the matter publicly, and he was annoyed at the challenge, but he replied with apparent composure:

"I *have* been wondering whether George ought not to come home now. Perhaps he's derived all the benefits possible from his visit."

"George gave me the impression that you hadn't put the matter to him quite that way. I'm not sensitive, John. Go ahead, say what you think! Give us an illustration of the general theory we've been debating here."

"Why, I don't care to criticize you, Sam. George thinks he's had a splendid time here."

"That's all right! Do you feel he ought to go back with you? If so, is the reason for your feeling the fault you find with our—culture?" He hesitated before the last word; it sounded bitter.

"To be quite frank, George would prefer to stay, Sam. Perhaps I must give up my ambition to have him back with me. He's a fairly determined young man."

"John, nothing could make me happier than to keep him, if that's your wish and his. But he's an honest boy. He wouldn't have been deeply disturbed this morning, if you hadn't expressed to him some serious distrust of us all."

Priscilla tried to calm him:

"Discuss this some other time, Sam."

"We'll discuss it now!"

"Well," said John, "I did say I thought he was missing true culture."

"That's about what he told me."

"Of course, there are admirable things here, Sam—extraordinary prospects in business! But it's all commercial."

"I can see that myself," said Orlando. "The men here are interested in nothing but business."

Emily smiled at him.

"How about the women?"

"Oh, the women of course go in for finer things, Mrs. Wiggins, but you know the real test of culture isn't in the women. They would be refined anywhere. Cultured society is one in which the men are interested in—well, more spiritual things." He lowered his voice when he got to the spiritual things.

"That's the way Tom talks! He *ought* to be here to support you, Orlando."

"Isn't that odd!" said Sam. He had regained his temper and gone back to his food, as soon as Orlando began to speak. "Tom is changed a lot. There was a time when his ideas and mine were the same. Before he went into the bank, that is."

"Well, he certainly has approved of culture, recently. He says my pictures have taken effect at last. Only the other day he told me he had some doubts of the usefulness of science in education—he wished our children had had more literature."

SAM looked up from the chicken he was wrestling with. Priscilla was watching. What was the use of discussing culture? He always preferred the leg, and after all these years he still went at it as though he would rather pick it up in his fingers.

"Well, Tom can think what he likes, Emily. I stand by what we're doing out here. Every hope I have for this old world is in these youngsters you've been criticizing."

Margaret had been gazing at him with her quiet, cautious eyes.

"But didn't you love what you saw when you came home last year, Sam? I thought you were quite stirred by the old place."

"I was. But it belongs to the past, Margaret—my past, as well as yours. I'd forgotten how much I should care about it. But the future's here."

Frederick adjusted his eyeglasses.

"There is some connection between a future and a past—you couldn't look forward to anything, if it weren't for what's behind you."

"What's behind me will take care of itself. I'm interested in the part where I have a choice. What's finished is finished."

John glared at him. "You consider we are finished?"

Sam dodged him once more:

"By the way, Priscilla, speaking of the past, it makes me think. I heard from an old friend of yours this morning—Elizabeth Martin."

"You don't mean it! Did she write to you?"

"No, she left a telephone message with Perry—I fancy she'll call again. She's married now—you remember Ethan Saunders at the lumber camp?"

"I do not! I met none of your camp friends!"

"WELL, he used to spend some time with her—they may have been engaged then. Her father seems to be in trouble. Perry understood she wanted me to help him."

"Poor Mr. Martin!"

"I judge he's poor now," said Sam, "but why the tone of pity? When I boarded with him he was an old reprobate, and if you remember, I had to marry you to save you from his clutches."

"You did nothing of the kind, Sam! How dare you say it! He would have been a very fine man, if it hadn't been for his wife."

Emily Wiggins was enthralled.

"This is all new to me!" she said. "Why haven't I heard this gossip before? Did you really have to rescue Priscilla, Sam? Priscilla, my dear, you can't imagine how much better I think of you, knowing you once were in real danger! What did he try to do—if it's possible to repeat at the dinner table?"

"Sam is talking absolute nonsense, Emily!"

Orlando turned to her.

"What was the matter with Martin's wife?"

Priscilla smiled. "She was one of those over-conscientious people—jealous old cat. Poor Mr. Martin worked from morning till night to support her—he led a dog's life."

Sam could hardly believe his ears. Was this the judgment his wife put on another? Across the table she sat, happy, even elated. She was closer to his people than he was—in any question, Gretchen and Margaret would be on her side, and she had come to realize what sterling character was John's.

"I'm not surprised that Mr. Martin is in trouble," she said. "He never had much chance to lay by for the future."

It was on Sam's lips to remind her that one shouldn't set too much value on material things, but his best thoughts never got uttered.

"I'm surprised," she went on, "he didn't write to you himself."

"Not so sure he can write, when it comes right down to it! Besides, I suppose the situation's embarrassing."

Orlando seized the moment: "Is that daughter of his good-looking—this Elizabeth what's-her-name?"

(*Continued on page 69*)

HER LONGEST WALK IS FROM CURB TO CAR . . .

Yet she has "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

SHE simply *lives* behind the wheel. Her friends say that if the front door were a bit wider, she'd park her car in the living room and save herself walking at all.

Yet for all her sole-saving habit she has a most bothersome case of the ringworm infection commonly called "Athlete's Foot"! And she doesn't know what the little rash-like eruption of tiny blisters between her toes* mean.

How many millions of Americans share this girl's affliction and, like her, wonder what it is!

*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—so Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton* is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds "*it is probable that at least one half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

This will be good news to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms*. Don't let the disease become entrenched for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with i-t-c-h-i-n-g — or a moist, thick skin condition — or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed below at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom*.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.

An IMPORTANT MESSAGE to Farm-Trade Dealers

FEBRUARY
5¢
Country Home
ESTABLISHED 1877 AS FARM & FIRESIDE

EFFECTIVE with the February issue, Farm & Fireside became The Country Home. It is now a modern and beautiful magazine for rural people.

The Country Home addresses the same fine audience of more than 1,400,000 families living on the best farms and in the smaller towns of the country.

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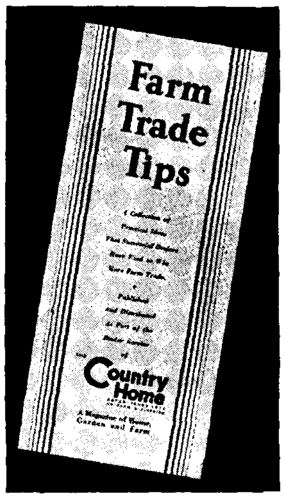

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ESTABLISHED 1877
AS FARM & FIRESIDE

A MAGAZINE OF HOME, GARDEN AND FARM

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY · 250 PARK AVENUE · NEW YORK
PUBLISHERS OF · WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION · THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE · COLLIER'S · THE COUNTRY HOME · THE MENTOR

Uncle Sam

Continued from page 66

For once, Sam and Priscilla laughed together.

"Not unless she's changed," said Sam.

"I don't know that I'd trust him, Priscilla, even at that," said Orlando. "Sam is getting to be quite a lady's man."

The lines came, ever so faintly, into Priscilla's face.

"He always was," she said. "He has a great way with them."

"Well, he has a charming photograph on his desk. I tried to draw him out about it."

PRISCILLA felt that for that evening she must play the game.

"Was there only one photograph?"

Orlando reassured her: "One at a time is the rule."

Sam spoke very quietly:

"This morning I had a new picture from Irene—something she had taken when she was doing Spanish dances."

"Oh, is that the dancer?" said Orlando. "Alicia and I have seen her. She dances beautifully. I never can reconcile her looks," he went on, "with the fact that you brought her up out here. She's what I'd call the last word in sophistication."

"I'm not sure I know what that is," said Emily Wiggins. "Irene was a favorite here."

Alicia turned her lazy eyes toward Sam.

"Is she really nice?"

"I think so."

"Well, perhaps I made a mistake in keeping Orlando away from her. He was for going up to introduce himself, after the performance, and I barely restrained him. It cost me a frightful effort."

The conversation lagged. Sam had no wish to say more about Irene, but his mind, in spite of himself, was following the obvious possibilities, if Orlando and Irene should meet. The day had left him tired—no single nerve, he thought, had escaped severe punishment. He was in a mood to let fate take its course.

Emily started the talk again. The other women gave her no help.

"Sam, what's this we hear about the factory?"

"It's true. Who told you?"

"Tom—two days ago. But who's to run it?"

"Whitcomb, of course—he always has run it. I sold it to him, there'll be no other change."

"I don't know about that! Jim won't be so wise, perhaps, if you're not at his elbow."

John was listening intently. Of course Sam might have factories which he knew nothing of, but if he had disposed of the hardware factory—

"What's this you've sold, Sam?"

"Oh, the place I put up to make your kind of goods—you remember—to supply Luke's store."

"You don't mean you've sold that?"

"Yes. What's the matter?"

John was too angry to recall where he was. He pushed back his chair from the table, as though he would escape from an unpleasant entanglement.

"That's the foolest thing you've done yet! It's absolutely beyond my comprehension!"

The outburst frightened Priscilla.

"Sam!" she said. "I do wish you wouldn't discuss business at dinner! What do we women care whether you've sold real estate!"

"It isn't real estate!" John insisted. "It's the foundation of—"

Margaret came to Priscilla's aid:

"That will do, John! You'll have to let Sam manage his affairs without so much noise from you."

John looked penitent as to the noise, but obstinate as to his opinion. He pulled his chair in again. Priscilla made an effort to save the evening from total shipwreck:

"Margaret, do tell us about the new play—the one you and John liked so much!"

Emily Wiggins brightened.

"Oh, do! That's one thing we lack here—the theater!"

MARGARET was pleased to be called on.

"Why, it's just a new piece that has impressed the critics at home about two young people who expected to marry but for some accidental reason didn't, and the man, hearing the girl is dead, becomes a monk—it's in the Middle Ages."

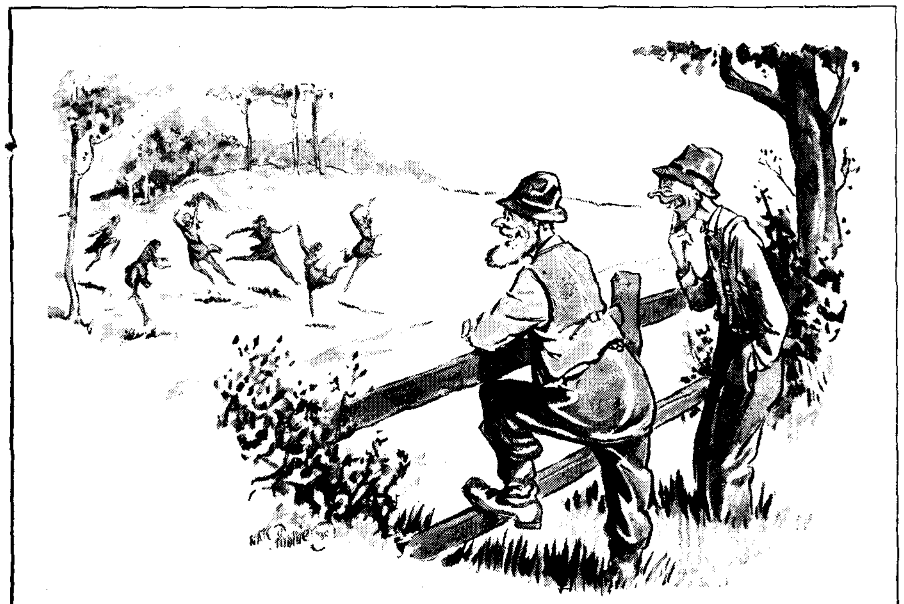
"Late fifteenth century," put in Gretchen.

"Yes—and the girl was going to have a child, and they would have married, if she could have found him, but when she did find him he was a monk, so they couldn't."

"Why not?" said Sam.

"He was a monk!"

"Ah—to be sure. What happened next?" (*Continued on page 70*)



"I bet they got into a bumble bees' nest!"

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(*Continued from page 69*)

The absurd question staggered her. "Nothing! Isn't that enough?"

Frederick had done justice to Maggie's cooking, and was now ready to give his attention to an intellectual cause.

"It's the way it's told, Sam. The love scene in the first act, the scene at the end of the second where he enters the religious life, not because he wants to but because he can't think of anything more desperate, and the last scene, at the end of the third, where she comes to the monastery gate and they recognize each other, and of course he can see at a glance that she'll soon be a mother—I know nothing nobler on the modern stage! It would be too realistic if it weren't so tragic—that's what lifts it up."

"It has an educational value, too," said Gretchen. "The costumes are historically correct."

"It reminded me of the story of the parents of Erasmus," said Priscilla. "That's why I was interested. A picture of the ancient times—you remember those old houses we went to see, Margaret?"

"To me," said Sam, "it isn't tragic at all—it's just a bad accident. I'd like to know why they didn't keep in touch with each other, if they'd gone so far already."

EMILY laughed, but the others considered the remark inappropriate, and to Priscilla it was embarrassing. Entertaining Sam and his relatives was not easy—as soon as a promising subject was started, someone killed it.

"I dare say it will be years before we have such plays out here. The public taste isn't ready."

Sam recalled her opposition to his plan for inaugurating a theater in Bellevue—her fear that some of the young people might develop an ambition to go on the stage.

"No," he said, "the best minds of Bellevue would consider such a piece a little immoral."

"It happened ages ago," explained Frederick. "It's historical."

"Is the audience historical? Out here, if it's naughty enough, we'd enjoy it in the present."

Priscilla saw there was no use trying. She let the talk drag on till the coffee was ready. When they left the table for the library, Margaret and Gretchen stopped to admire the glassware, and to find out where it could be had, and at what price.

In the library the talk was no sprightlier. She was surprised that as soon as the men were well started on their cigars Emily Wiggins went home. Margaret remembered some unfinished packing. Gretchen admitted she was sleepy. Priscilla accompanied them upstairs.

At their departure Sam went over to his seat at the library table, spread out the evening paper and turned the pages deliberately till he had found the financial column. The others watched him. John saw what he was reading, and considered the performance rude.

"We disturb you, Sam?"

"Not at all!" Sam looked up at him in surprise. Whatever it was John had meant, the others apparently agreed with it—he could detect criticism.

"I'm afraid you haven't enjoyed Bellevue," he said. "The talk this evening made me realize how much there is in our daily life that wouldn't appeal to you. But I'm glad you came to see for yourselves. We are—just what we are."

For a moment no one answered, but the three elder brothers were remembering that since they were his seniors they ought to help him, if it wasn't too late. John knew instinctively how the others would like to have the matter put.

"We've had a very profitable visit—very informing. Of course, one can't help comparing the life you've set up here for the one you left."

With the paper still spread out before him, Sam was gazing up at his brother, his face more gaunt than usual.

"You think I've lost something, eh?"

"Frankly, yes. You've lost the opportunity for culture. Perhaps temporarily, but I confess I've discovered no signs of a revival."

Sam nodded slowly, as though the point carried weight.

"There's no interest in art, except among a few, like your friend Mrs. Wiggins, and that type of person isn't serious, anyway. No urge to the creative side of life—or if one of your young people has talent, he or she must leave home and come to us—like Irene. The sort of world you've got into the habit of admiring is spiritually barren!"

Sam continued to watch his brother, but with no motion now of assent. He sat upright, braced, as though John were striking him in the face.

"It's not simply the larger, public aspects of culture," said Orlando. John looked around at him, a little surprised that anyone else should speak. Orlando continued, unrebuked:

"The defect shows in your social relations. At home a dinner party is not simply a meal—it's an occasion for the exchange of amiable ideas, for imaginative trifles, for wit. This evening, now—I enjoyed it very much, of course—but I couldn't avoid noticing that the talk was unimportant and ungraceful, an exchange chiefly of irritabilities. You must see that for yourself. . . . I quite agree with you, John—it's a spiritual barrenness."

Sam's chin had sunk between his hands. His elbows were braced on the financial page. He looked extremely weary.

"There's no use, however," said John, "in making a criticism unless one goes to the root of the trouble and suggests a remedy. You don't mind my saying this, Sam? It's in your interest. Orlando and Frederick and I have discussed it frequently, and we've tried to convey the idea to you many times before. The root of the trouble is your preoccupation with money. I can appreciate your ambition to be independent. Altogether laudable. You wouldn't belong to the family if you felt otherwise. But even that ambition can be followed to excess. Money has become your god, or at least, my dear brother, it has become your habit. During our stay we have been struck by the fact that practically all our conversation has turned on some matter of business. And here at the end of the evening, at the close of our visit, the picture of you which apparently you wish us to carry away is this abandon of yourself, in the midst of your guests, to the study of the local financial column."

SAM'S head had sunk deep between his hands. The attack had crushed him. Looking down at him there, John wondered if he had spoken too plainly, and Frederick was on the point of suggesting that enough had been said for one evening—any further aspects might be covered next morning.

To their surprise, Sam suddenly spread his hands and lifted his head.

"Ah!"

The cry he gave was a long, choking sound, half agony, half joy. As he got to his feet, he pointed a finger at the page, near the bottom of the column.

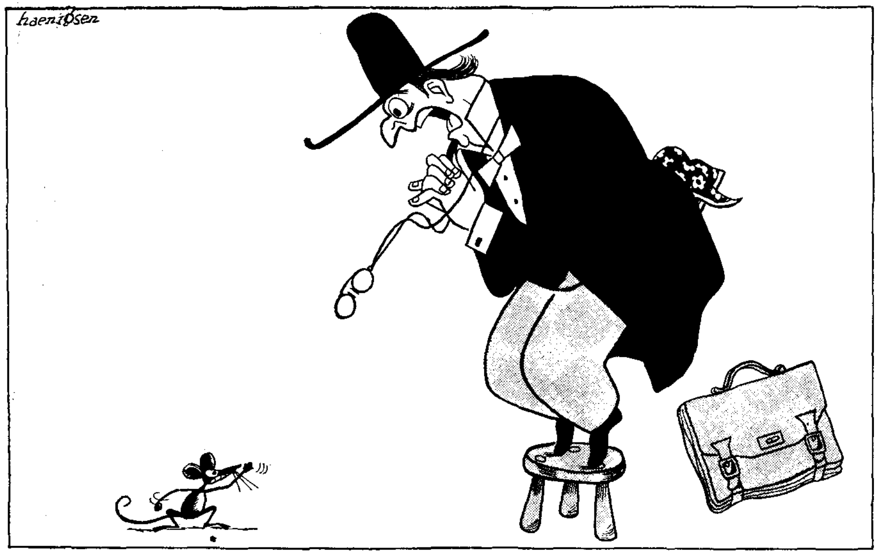
"Western Common!"

Before he could finish, he had to clear his throat and breathe deep.

"Western Common has gone up!"

They could only glance at each other. They knew then he was hopeless.

(THE END)



And George did it

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE bravest act in the Senate for many years was the vote of Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska against an increase of the duty on sugar. Mr. Norris comes up for reëlection next fall. Nebraska is a beet-sugar state, one of the two or three real beet-sugar-raising states in the country.

By voting against a higher rate on sugar Mr. Norris alienated some support among the beet farmers of western Nebraska. And he needs all the support he can get in order to be renominated and reëlected.

He bolted Herbert Hoover for President in 1928 and campaigned for Governor Smith. So the Hoover Republicans of Nebraska are against him. Not only that but bolting is dangerous business at best. Moreover, he probably never in his life desired so much to be renominated as he does now, for with the coalition in the saddle his opportunity to accomplish results is greater than it has been in twenty years.

Still being an honest man and believing that the consuming masses should not be taxed to keep an artificial industry alive, he voted against more protection for beet sugar. The country could almost afford to pay the added tax on sugar to keep George Norris in the Senate.

As a contrast there is Robert B. Howell, Mr. Norris' colleague from Nebraska. Mr. Howell goes about the Senate floor tight-lipped and implacable, a hater of the fleshpots of Mr. Grundy. He didn't bolt Mr. Hoover. He does not come up for reëlection until 1936 and so is under no immediate pressure.

He probably doesn't believe in a higher duty on sugar any more than Mr. Norris does. But he voted for it all the same.

Obsessed with Fear

While we are on this subject of courage, it is worth while remarking that deficiency in it is what does more to discredit the Senate than any other defect in its membership. Even the brains of a timid man are only about fifty per cent effective.

Most senators live in terror of organized minorities, the beet growers, or the rural preachers, or the straw-hat makers, or the Anti-Saloon League. They tremble before the mail they receive every morning.

They have modified the old saying, "He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day," so that it reads, "He who lives to run away will live to run away another day." And generally they do.

Every roll-call tells the tale of the runaways. If the issue is awkward an incredible number of gentlemen of the Senate find themselves unavoidably absent on the public business. And there are always senators who will vote one way if there is a viva voce vote with no record and the other way if some miscreant insists upon a roll-call. And there is a queer form of timidity which makes a senator willing to be "paired" for or against a measure, when he shrinks from voting openly either way on that measure. The theory is, apparently, that his constituents will not read far enough to see the lists of pairs at the end of the roll-call or, if they do read that far, will not perceive its significance.

The Instinct for Victory

The fate of close measures depends upon the skillful manipulation of the weaklings, avoiding a roll-call, providing them with pairs, putting pressure upon them to make them vote, or affording them an excuse to be absent from the chamber.

Yet the difference between political cowardice and political courage is often nothing but a question of political intelligence. Nine tenths of the political cowards are politically stupid. Fear is generally fear of the unknown. The man who has an instinctive sense of the political consequences of his acts is generally not afraid to act.

Roosevelt, who has perhaps the reputation of being the boldest of our politicians, had a sure instinct for the winning side. He calculated the consequences of his acts as carefully as the senator who weighs his morning mail to decide his vote. But having made up his mind he dashed into action, booted and spurred like a Rough Rider.

Some years ago I signalized the arrival of Senator George of Georgia in the Senate with the remark that here at last was a great Democratic senator from the South. George has the grand manner. I know of no one who has it in a greater degree. He has a distinguished presence and a splendid voice. He has an easy flow of eloquent words. He has a good legal mind. He has yet to show, however, that he has the courage of a great senator.

A wise man who knows men well divides them thus: "Some men," he says, "are great from the neck up. Some men are great from the breast up. Some men are great from the belly up. And now and then a man is great all the way up." It is a hard test when applied to senators.

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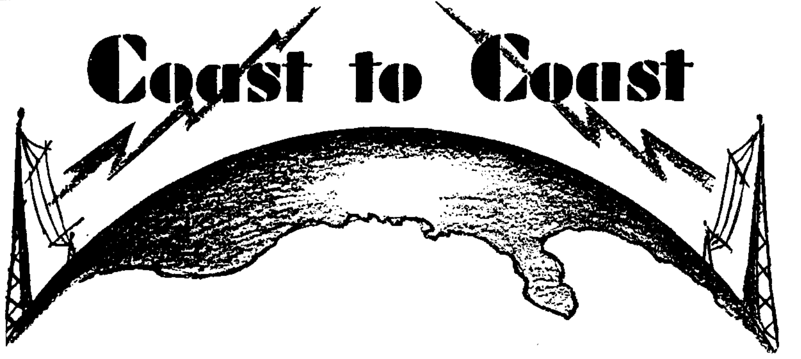

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Every Sunday Evening

Collier's Radio Hour

Such a Relief

Continued from page 11

is doomed. That's nearly all nonsense. Of course, a good many people have given up farming, and, because there are still far too many people engaged in it, many more are going to quit within the next few years. In fact, I predict that within the next twenty years our farm population, which today represents about thirty per cent of the whole, will have dwindled to twenty per cent.

"But what of it? Farming, right now, is stepping into what you might call its machine age; mechanical appliances are taking the place of hand labor; scientific knowledge is being substituted for unscientific habit, and, in short, INDUSTRIALIZED AGRICULTURE, offering a greater opportunity than any business I know of, is just around the corner.

"Now," went on Mr. Campbell, "I guess you want to know exactly what I mean by industrialized agriculture. Well, in an industrialized packing house every item of cost is pared down to the last notch, every bit of by-product is utilized to its ultimate value, and every piece of machinery is operated as many hours as possible every week. The industrialized farm is going to be operated just that way. There are already quite a few of them in the United States, and they are all making money, but before they become the rule, and not the exception, two changes have to take place:

Wanted: A Change of Heart

"First, the general public, including our bankers, has to change its mind in regard to the profits to be derived from agriculture, and, second, the manufacturing interests of the country must be made to understand that until the purchasing power of the farming industry is equal to that of their own industry our so-called prosperity will be all lopsided and the manufacturers themselves will be losing a huge annual profit.

"Fortunately these two things are becoming understood. Manufacturing industrialists, especially, are beginning to wonder at their own short-sightedness in working so hard and spending so much money to develop a market for their products abroad when right at home twenty or more millions of customers are only waiting for the day when they can make money in order to go out and spend it. For this reason, because it will help all other American industries to earn and spend more money, and also because our captains of finance KNOW that industrialized agriculture IS profitable, capital is gradually turning in its direction. So the day is not far off when the modern farm will be a reality."

"And what will that mean?"

"It means that the whole aspect of the agricultural industry will be changed. To begin with, farms will be bigger, and in proportion to the increase in their size the number of men and draft animals used to cultivate them will decrease while the investment in machinery will become greater. Thus more people, as time goes on, are bound to leave the rural districts, but those who remain will be rated as skilled laborers whose wages will be as high, and whose working hours as easy, as in the manufacturing industries in the cities.

"Take our own operations as an example of all of this. We try to run our farm as if it were a factory and in so doing we have found that in order to cut *production costs*, of wheat, for instance, down to the lowest point we must farm in units of not less than two thousand acres. We do that. Throughout the year we keep our tractors and other machines running a maximum number of hours; we pay our men, skilled laborers, as high wages as they could earn in any mechanical trades, and the resultant figures—because an accurate system of accounting is as necessary on a farm as in an automobile factory—give the answer.

"We are farming our land and harvesting our wheat crop at a cost, including upkeep of machinery, depreciation and replacement, of eight dollars per acre. This is only about one half of what it costs the average wheat farmer to produce his crop, and the figure is low enough to make it almost impossible to sustain a loss over a period of ten years, no matter what the weather conditions or the price may be.

"Now anybody, any group of business men, or any corporation if you prefer, with sufficient capital can go into the farming business on a large scale and do exactly the same thing. They can reduce the cost of production of any agricultural product to a minimum.

"The apparent competitive disadvantage, due to cheap labor elsewhere, which American agriculture has to combat in its search for a world market can be overcome without the aid of debentures and subsidies, and without lowering the standard of living on our American farms. In fact, in my opinion, based on a large practical experience, it is possible to raise the standard of living and still win the world markets if we go at it in the right way. In this country we have vast areas of land, perfectly suited for agriculture, which can be had for much less than their real value; our implement makers lead the world in the excellence and efficiency of their product, and our mechanical and agricultural schools every year are turning out several thousand scientifically equipped farm experts and farm engineers.

"With a combination like this to work with, and with capital provided by our banks, which are literally bulging with money, is there anything to prevent an industrialized agriculture in this country from putting its products on the world market at as low a production cost as any country on earth?"

There are no Hicks and Hayseeds

Mr. Campbell started to leave. "But just a minute," I said. "I want to thank you for what you have told me, and through me told the readers of Collier's. But there is just one more question I would like to ask: When all you have predicted has come to pass, what will become of the traditional American farmer?"

Mr. Campbell interrupted me with a laugh. "The traditional farmer," he said, "disappeared from the American rural scene a long time ago. There are no longer any hicks and hayseeds in this country. They are nearly all business men now. All they need is somebody to back their game for them and they know how to play it at a profit. And if I may say it, I'd like to add that that pretty phrase about farming being 'a way of life' is not nearly as appealing to the farmers as to the politicians who coined it. They, the farmers, I mean, would much rather have their dwellings called country homes than farmhouses, and would vastly prefer to have their business considered a money-making one, rather than have it sniffed at as a mere living."

How to Make a Hole in One

Continued from page 16

pretty lucky for many years to get a ball off the tee in one stroke.)

To master the secrets of making a hole in one was, however, always my ambition and suddenly I got the knack of it out of a clear sky.

It was so easy, in fact, that I did not at first believe it myself, a state of mind which seemed to be pretty general among fellow golfers to whom I proclaimed the feat later. A somewhat hysterical dash from the tee to the green by all concerned, including caddies, revealed the ball nestled comfortably in the cup, however. I had gauged everything perfectly. It was very simple. I don't expect any serious trouble in the future, barring the return of an old tendency to press, lift my head and swing with my eyes shut.

No golfer ever knows how wonderful life is until he has made a hole in one, and it is to help others to feel this thrill and experience this happiness that I am writing this article. What is the use of a man making a hole in one if he is not willing to help others?

Don't Concentrate

First of all, the reason so many golfers do not make holes in one is that they think too much about it. It is all right for a golfer to say to himself, "It would be nice to make a hole in one here," just before addressing the ball, but he should then let the matter drop. It is no good standing over the ball and thinking, "This has got to go into the cup," "If this isn't an ace, what a bum I'll be," etc. This destroys confidence, upsets the mental balance and in many cases induces the heebie-jeebies.

The day I made the hole in one I scarcely had given it a serious thought. It was on the number two hole, a drive of about 137 yards across a lake full of lost balls, and generally half full of thrifty New Englanders looking for them. I had teamed up with a Mr. Ralph Walker, a New Haven undertaker, who had no cases that afternoon but who nearly had a couple the moment after my ball plopped into the cup. I have since realized that in view of what happened I was under a big disadvantage in playing a twosome, as it is impossible to play golf with less than one partner and if anything had happened to Mr. Walker I should have been without a witness, which would have been about the greatest tragedy that could come into a golfer's life.

It was a mild clear September day, one of those days when conditions for a hole in one are more favorable than at any time in the year except possibly early June and the last ten days of October.

We had done fairly well on the first hole, a par five (Mr. Walker getting an eight and I a seven), and neither of us questioning the other as the game was young and no suspicions had developed.

The number two hole is all water carry, the drive being from a little peninsula running out into the lake like a sore thumb. Two swans and a flock of ducks dart about the waters. These were a mental hazard to visitors, but members who play the course right along get so accustomed to them that they can't play any water holes without waterfowl on them and have been even known to express a yen for alligators and sea lions.

"There's a rather fresh breeze," said Walker, "coming across the lake. You'd better allow for it."

He is quite a flatterer.

"What would you use?" I asked.

"I'm taking a Number 6," said my undertaker friend.

"What do you think?" I asked my caddy, who seemed strangely disinterested.

"I think a Number 5," he said.

So I took a Number 4, not wanting to offend either, fidgeted around a bit, struck my stance (which is that of a street foreman straddling a manhole), looked at the flag a few times, waggled the club for a moment or two and then took a sock at the ball. It sailed high in the air.

"In the water!" I exclaimed as I watched its flight.

"Too high, I guess," said Mr. Walker.

"I should've used a Number 3," I said, getting my alibi ready.

And then it happened. . . .

The ball cleared the water by a foot and rolled slowly onto the green, just reaching the cup and plunking into it.

"It's in!" cried Mr. Walker, dancing around and slapping me on the back.

Well, you could have knocked me over with a niblick, and it might have been a good thing if you had.

I stood quite limply for a moment. Then my astonishment gave way to emotions not even approached on the morning I saw my first Christmas tree. The earth shook, the near-by hills seemed to shimmy, the birds burst into song and, if I am not mistaken, one of the ducks gave a queer gurgle and sank out of sight. The exact details are not clear in my memory, but I know I danced with Mr. Walker, kissed the caddy and was on the verge of throwing money at a swan.

Then Mr. Walker escorted me around the pond to the green, where we gazed at the ball in the cup.

"Some golfer!" said Mr. Walker.

"Don't I know it?" said I.

And that, boys and girls, is how I made a hole in one. I attribute my success to clean living, the fact that I never touched tobacco until I was eleven years old, and have always made it a habit to go to bed early in midwinter, particularly if anybody seemed about to suggest a rubber of bridge.

> Note from Collier's Editor:
>
> [Your account of the hole in one is interesting but you do not say anything about the other subsequent sixteen holes that day. What, for instance, did you get on the third hole, and what was your score for the day?]

A Sorry Sequel

Well, it is pretty mean to go into things like that. The truth is I didn't do so well there, as the accompanying diagram will show. The third tee is seventy-five yards from the second green and faces another direction, yet my first drive went cock-eyed and into the water hole across which I had made my "ace," believe it or not!

"You wouldn't think it could be done," I remarked to Mr. Walker at the time.

"It never has been before," nodded my partner.

This smote my morale and I dubbed my second drive, too. From that point on it was pretty terrible and, if you must know, my score for that five par hole was TEN (10). It must have been something I ate. The other fifteen holes are nothing I like to think about either, and when we got back to the club house and totaled up the cards my score for eighteen holes was 103, despite the hole in one.

But what of it? No golfer, however good, can be perfect!

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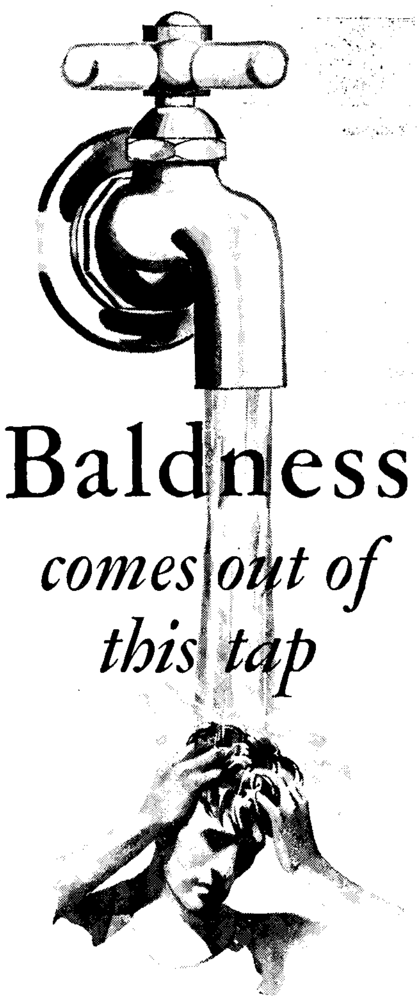

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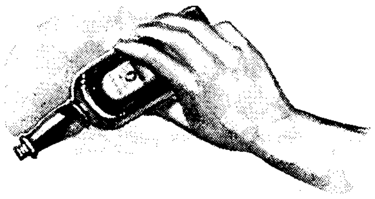
IF every water faucet were taken out of every home in the land you'd see fewer bald-headed men walking the streets.

Water dries men's hair. It's a quick, easy way to slick hair down—but you'll probably pay for it with baldness before 40!



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Instead of water use Wildroot Hair Tonic. Use it every morning. Massage vigorously for a moment, then comb while wet. You'll still have your hair at 60, and healthy hair, too! Wildroot retards falling hair, stops scalp itch at once. It removes dandruff-scales and invigorates your hair roots, too.

Why not try a bottle today? You can get Wildroot Hair Tonic at your druggist, barber's or department store.

P. S.—Try Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo in the extra big bottle at your druggist.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic... Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

The Bright Shadow

Continued from page 13

tried to be friendly, but . . . oh, well, I may as well be frank. I am afraid he thinks that I, too, am pursuing him because of his success, and that has rather forced me to keep him very much at a distance. I love him, Mr. Kane, and for that reason I cannot tolerate the idea that he believes I am pursuing him."

The studio manager rose and extended his hand. "I am delighted to have met you," he said. "I'm a single man who has always dreamed of such a woman as you are. I wish you luck—not only for the sake of Massive, but also because you deserve happiness."

In the three weeks that followed, the mystery concerning Doris' presence on the lot deepened, and another factor was added.

IT WAS obvious that John Kane had become interested. Until this moment he had been known as a human iceberg. He attended few parties, gave none himself and was apparently interested exclusively in his work.

Yet suddenly he blossomed forth. Several times Doris Lake was seen visiting his office in the Administration Building. Thrice he was seen with her at picture premières, and one Saturday night he took her to the Mayfair.

The conclusion was obvious. And while others watched with interest, Kenneth Rayley was perturbed.

His vanity was touched. And he resented Doris Lake's friendship with John Kane. He didn't like Kane, anyway: the executive's steel gray eyes had a disturbing way of looking straight through him, and the man was furthermore in constant disagreement with Rayley's method of handling his own picture production.

Kenneth's new picture was released and promptly checked off in the loss column. Even then the fading star did not realize that he was wrecking his box office value by catering to his personal vanity. He was on the crest and could not understand that he was rapidly becoming a luxury which no producing company could afford.

Meanwhile John Kane found himself falling in love for the first time in his life. He blessed the situation which associated him with Doris, even though the success of her scheme meant that she would marry another man. He did not declare his love for her; that, he knew, would be futile, and so he took what happiness he could from her society—working with her, and quietly attempting to conceal his own feelings.

But she was a woman—and knew. John Kane was everything that Kenneth Rayley wasn't. He was quiet and self-effacing; he did his work well and without ostentation . . . and so far as his feelings toward her were concerned he betrayed them only by the occasional flash of pain in his fine eyes when they were discussing Kenneth Rayley.

The girl took stock of the situation. Kenneth had one more picture under his existing contract. That he would pursue the same wrong course which had marked his last four releases she did not doubt—and she knew that immediately thereafter he would receive the rudest jolt of his life when Massive failed to take up its option on his further services.

And so one day when he was paying his lunch check, she asked him for an evening and he consented, chiefly because he wished to satisfy himself that her paramount interest was in him. Rayley preferred to believe that her intimacy with John Kane had been a means to arouse his jealousy. But that night as they drove through Santa Monica and out along the cliffs Doris startled him by her uncomplimentary incisiveness:

"Yes, I came out here to be near you, Kenneth. But it was because you needed someone to save you from yourself. You have reached the heights and you are too blind to realize that you are about to be pushed off . . . Remember this: The fallen star has mighty little chance of ever rising again."

He looked at her in amazement. "I don't know what you're talking about, Doris."

"Is that so? Well, do you know that your last four pictures—including the new one—have been terrible flops at the box office?"

"Well, yes . . . but it wasn't my fault."

"No? Whose fault was it? You selected the stories, okayed the treatment and dialogue, and picked your own director. You virtually supervised production. Under your contract the hands of the studio executives were tied. Oh, no, Kenneth—the fault is yours . . . it is yours because you think yourself a superman when you're nothing but a fine actor. Would it surprise you to know that when your next picture is completed Massive will refuse to renew your contract at any price?"

"That's not true!"

"I wish it weren't, Kenneth—but it is."

And now, indeed, he was impressed. For an hour his worry caused him to revert to his old self, and he begged humbly for information and assistance.

She explained clearly and concisely. She told him why she had accepted the job of cashier; she explained to him that because the Round Table was very close to her desk she had been able to absorb all the studio gossip, and that she knew he was a laughingstock.

She made him see the absurdity of what he had been doing.

He shook his head miserably. "And what can I do about it?"

"You have one more picture to make under your contract. You can go to John Kane and tell him you've been a fool. You can ask him to put some competent person in absolute charge of your next picture. They have an excellent story and the proper director already selected. You won't like the story and you despise the director; but the picture will make a fortune, your contract will be renewed on sane terms and you will once again taste success. What do you say?"

He bowed his head. "I say, 'Thank you, dear.' And I'll play your hunch."

THE following morning Rayley presented himself in John Kane's office and did as Doris had advised. Kane, delighted, summoned the new director and the author of the story which was deemed a good one for reëstablishing the *falling* star.

As Doris had prophesied, Kenneth liked neither story nor director; but he sensed that this was his last desperate chance, and so signified his willingness to try it.

Production was rushed and within a week the company had been assembled. John Kane watched the daily rushes and reported to Doris with enthusiasm.

"It looks good, Doris. Kenneth has really become tractable." He laughed shortly. "I wonder if that man will ever appreciate what he owes you?"

She looked away and clasped her hands nervously.

"That doesn't really matter, does it,

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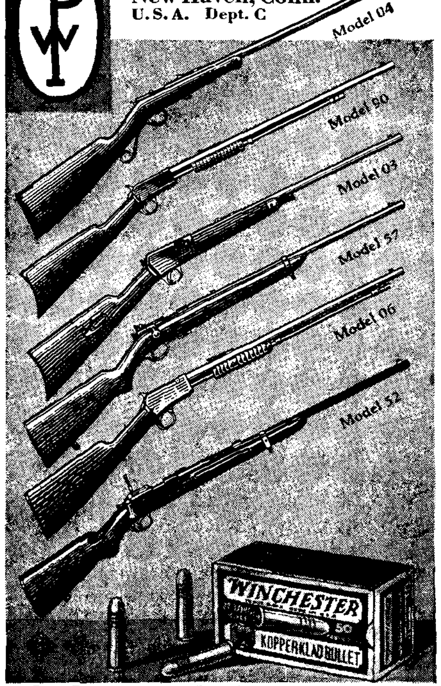


WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK

John? I came West to accomplish something—and once I've done my job, I'm satisfied."

Timidly, Kane touched her hand. It was the closest he had ever come to a caress.

"Until then, Doris, may I be with you frequently?"

She looked at him and smiled. And so, while Kenneth Rayley labored day and night on the new picture, John Kane and Doris Lake took long drives together and the man learned to love her more passionately—and more hopelessly—than ever.

THE picture was completed and shipped to a near-by city for a preview. And the following morning John Kane sent for Doris. It was with difficulty that he spoke calmly:

"You've done the work, my dear. Kenneth's new picture is a knockout, and he has just signed a new contract. I feel sure that he is now headed for greater heights than he has ever before attained."

She looked at the studio manager gratefully. "We can thank you for it, John."

"No—not exactly. And I have explained to Rayley just what he owes you. He is in that room yonder—and he is in a very grateful mood." Kane hesitated for just a moment. "Go in and speak to him, Doris. He wants you."

She turned to obey and he spoke again. There was a smile on his lips, but his voice was husky.

"I suppose," he said with assumed lightness, "that our publicity department will soon have an engagement to announce."

She nodded. "I hope so, John."

The door closed behind her, shutting out John Kane's last forlorn hope. For ten miserable minutes he waited, steeling himself to be the first to congratulate Kenneth Rayley on his reëngagement to the only woman he—Kane—ever had loved.

Then suddenly the door opened and Doris and Kenneth entered. Rayley seemed bewildered. He nodded briefly to John Kane and passed quickly from the room. Doris and the studio manager were left alone.

"What's the matter?" inquired Kane.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that Kenneth isn't very happy."

"Not happy?" Kane was on his feet. "How can a man fail to be happy when he's engaged to you?"

"But you see, John—he isn't engaged to me."

"You mean he didn't ask you to marry him?"

"Yes, he asked me. I thanked him—and refused."

"You don't love him?"

"No-o. I'm afraid not."

A sudden exaltation came to John Kane. With pulses pounding he crossed the room and put his hands on Doris' shoulders.

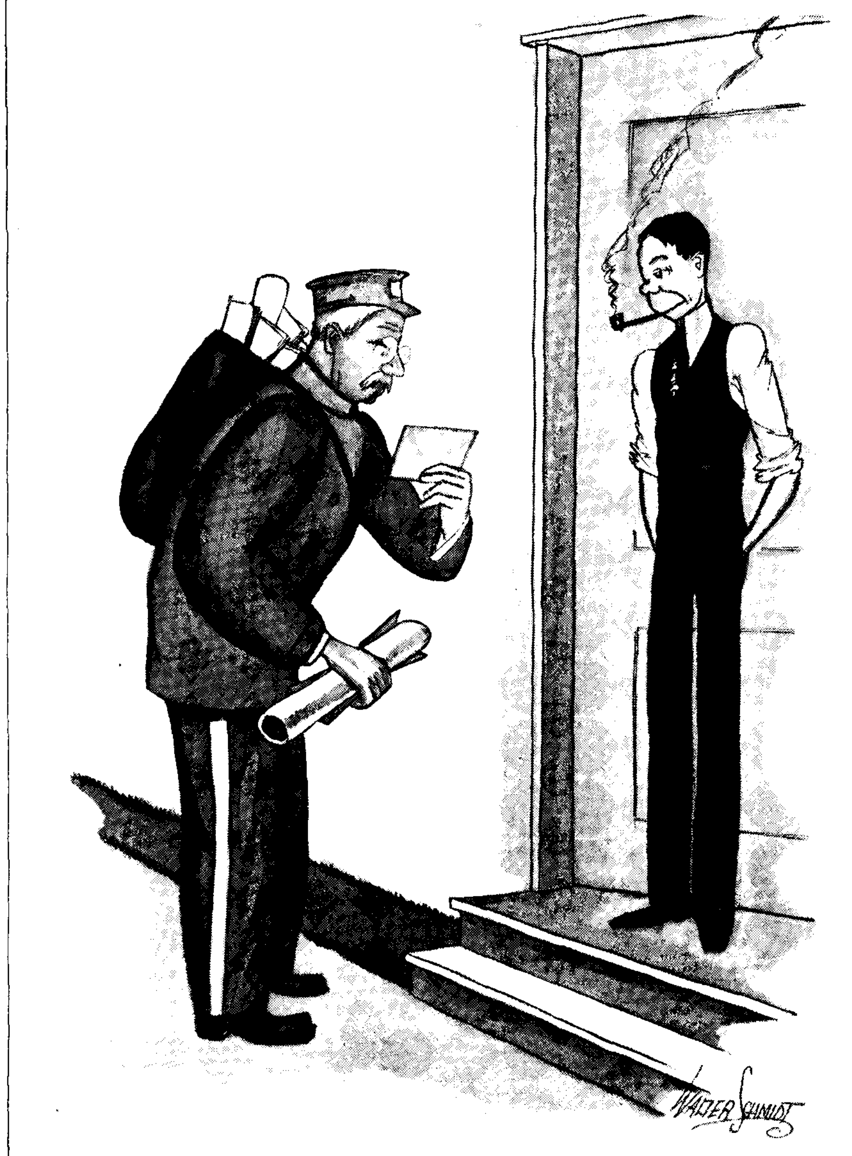
"Just before you went into that room," he said huskily, "you remarked that you hoped the publicity department would soon have an engagement to announce. Didn't you mean your own engagement?"

"Yes. . . ."

"To whom?"

And she, who had always known that John Kane loved her, looked fearlessly into his eyes.

"That," she answered happily, "seems to be a matter for the studio manager to decide."



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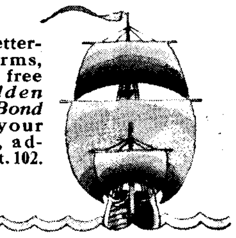

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Stepdaughters of War

Continued from page 25

no more effect on me than the hidden drums of an orchestra—for I have no nerves. Automatically I bathe my body, automatically I converse with my fellow workers, automatically I write letters, obey orders, eat and sleep—a flesh-and-blood case containing nothing save the machinery that keeps Smith, assistant cook, alive.

Spring—Cheery and Blimey singing over the vegetables as though they were primroses and daffodils. Even Misery not grousing for once. And I do not care.

" 'Ark at that soppy little bird," says Blimey, "singin' its guts out over there. Makes yer feel like a new 'at some'ow."

"Wisht I 'ad a new chap," says Cheery; "blow the new 'at."

"I've finished the third corner of my crochay bedspread," says Misery. "Turned the corner last night."

Cheery and Blimey are sprucing up. Blimey has discarded the issue hat which has never suited her little sharp face and has become the proud possessor of a softer, more becoming shape.

They both come of large families living in two small rooms in a crowded slum district, and they still revel in the luxury of a bed to themselves. At first they mistrusted the long rows of bathrooms, but now they are immersed at every available opportunity. Blimey has cut her hair in imitation of mine, her skirt is shorter than the others', and her burberry a few shades lighter.

This personal cleanliness and extravagance of dress is not for mere show. It is a commercial proposition, the capital, so to speak, that Blimey is putting into her business—the business of marrying the first suitable Tommy she can snare. For as Blimey shrewdly says, you get it all ways—"If 'e comes through the war 'e works and keeps yer; if 'e won't work an' keep yer 'e gets sued for maintenance; if 'e gets wounded 'e gets pensioned; an' if 'e's killed there's yer widow's allowance—yer can't go wrong."

Which is why Blimey enlisted. At home she had no wages to buy clothes. Her father took every penny she earned. She is refreshingly frank about it—unlike most of the others who joined up in the sacred name of patriotism.

Candid Opinions

"Dirty lot o' liars," Blimey calls them, and takes a fiendish delight in winning the confidence of the flag-waggers until she unearths their real motive, which she then discloses, without the slightest compunction, to the world—"Joined up to help win the wa-wer me foot!—joined up to do it on 'er ma for wallopin' 'er for comin' 'ome at midnight with a soldier. Patriotic me belly!"—or when she hears someone boasting, " 'Ere, is yer trumpeter dead?"

My sister WAAC's are certainly not backward in blowing their own trumpets. The newspapers, the recruiting officers, and the army out here have told them they are noble creatures, and they resent not being patted on the back all the time. The band must go on playing for the Mutual Admiration Society. When the music fades to a pianissimo passage they help it out with a concerted chorus of self-praise: "We're each releasing men to fight, don't forget—each of us doing her bit for the country—the slackers at home ought to see us—good job they've started tribunals for the men hanging back—pity they haven't got them for the women too—"

Some of them don't even know what the war is about. The truth is, the greater percentage enlisted because of the pay, which is good, considering they are rationed and uniformed free. Incidentally the change from home life is not to be despised. They had no idea there would be personal danger, but once in they stick it because they're here for the duration. There is just as much danger from the air in England now, by all accounts, and the munition girls on high explosives are taking far greater chances. Incompetence or lack of discipline will always get you a free ticket Blightywards, of course.

Cheery joined up in a fit of pique because her regular young man was billeted in a French village where there were "Mamselles." "I told him two could play at that game," says Cheery. She is a born flirt. Her motto is "Familiar to all, courteous to none." She is pretty and has a roving eye.

Misery is engaged to be married to a young man in England exempt from military service on the grounds of being "indispensable." She comes from a good home with a piano in the parlor and lace curtains at the front windows. She's not used to this sort of rough life. She came out to save money for the wedding. Her grouse is as permanent and perpetual as her catarrh. She crochets fiercely at every available opportunity at a bedspread destined to cover herself and Fred at some remote date.

"Garn, ye'll be too busy blowin' yer nose to need a bed," gibes Blimey.

The Unit Administrator wants me in her private office. I have only had this special summons once before—when Mother wrote to her the month I arrived with a request that I should be recommended for a commission on account of my previous war service at the convoy.

The Unit Administrator reminded me very forcibly of Aunt Helen in her manner. She was breezy, she was jovial, she was energetic, she was determined, and dreadfully, overwhelmingly charming. The interview might be described as a succession of surprises. On her part, that is. She was *surprised* I had not spoken of my excellent record. She was *surprised* I had not confessed to being the driver who was with the well-known Georgina Toshington on the occasion of her sad death on active service. She was *surprised* I had not tried for a commission in the WAAC's. She was *surprised* that, if I had not tried for a commission in the WAAC's, I had not joined up as an ambulance driver. All these things surprised her. But not to the extent that my refusal to budge from my assistant cook's job surprised her.

The Interview

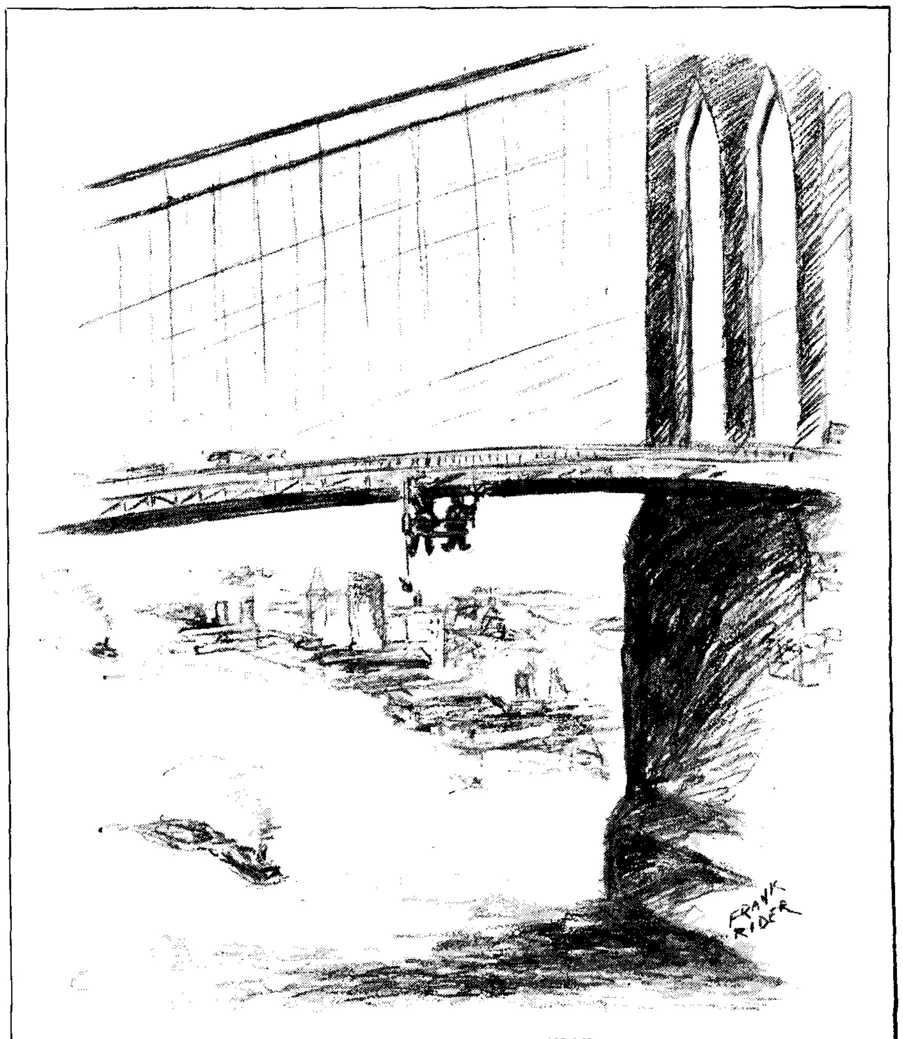
I knock on her door and enter indifferently in reply to her invitation. She has a letter in her hand. I recognize the handwriting instantly. Mother. I have not answered her last half-dozen letters.

"You wanted me, ma'am?"

"Sit down, Smith."

I obey. It is an uncommon request. The Unit Administrator does not usually request the rank and file to be seated in her presence.

"Smith, I have an unpleasant task before me. I want you to prepare yourself for some rather bad news. Your mother thinks it would be better for me



"Got anything on for tonight, Bill?"
"Yeah, I gotta go to the wife's bridge party."

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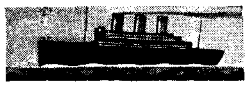

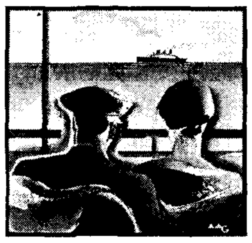

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to break it to you than have you open a letter and receive a shock."

I wait patiently.

"It has to do with your fiancé, Captain Evans-Mawnington."

Roy? Killed, I suppose? I am not surprised. Everyone else is killed. Trix was wiped out in an air raid on the hospital five months ago, Etta Potato was torpedoed crossing the Channel within the last three weeks—everyone is killed. It is only a question of time. Why should Roy expect to escape? He is better dead. I am glad he is dead—because once he brought romance into my life and I loved him for a little while.

"Your mother writes—I hate having to tell you this, Smith, it is *so* unfortunate—she writes that he is blinded and has had a leg amputated from the hip."

I watch her stolidly.

"But he behaved with conspicuous bravery and is to have the M. C. Smith, let that console you. The M. C. It helps, doesn't it? The M. C.?"

"Sometimes I think Mother would rather have a decoration than me." Roy said that the night we became engaged, the night we dined together in the little restaurant with the pink lights. The night I was so happy I kept on saying it aloud—"I'm happy, I'm happy, I'm happy!"

"Devotion to Duty"

"The M. C., Smith. A great, great honor. If you want to weep, Smith, weep. I understand, my dear."

"His mother will be pleased about the M. C., ma'am," I say quietly.

The Unit Administrator looks disappointed. She expected a big emotional scene and feels cheated. She would have fussed over me with a smelling bottle and personally supervised my removal to the sick bay. She prides herself on the personal touch she introduces into the love affairs of her girls.

"Perhaps you would like me to arrange urgent leave, Smith?"

"No, thank you, ma'am. I'd rather carry on."

She smiles. "Devotion to duty, Smith. Private griefs must be set aside when duty calls, mustn't they? I am proud of you. You have set a fine example to the Unit."

She shakes my hand emotionally.

I go back to my trestle table where the onions and carrots are waiting.

When the air raids come, as they do every night when the moon shines, a whistle blows, we collect our blankets and mattresses and are marched about a mile out of camp to the trenches that have been built since the time a bomb fell on a wing of the camp hospital and crumpled it to powder. Now the weather has improved, the raids are increasing in number and violence. Each becomes more daring than its predecessor.

The rumor is flying round that we are losing the war, and our army is recoiling before the big advance of the enemy. Every day we are losing ground, they say. Soon we expect to strike camp and retreat. It is a curious feeling, as though a terrific landslide were sweeping down and we, in the valley, were doomed to be engulfed unless we run. Daily the guns grow nearer, more menacing, almost deafening. We can distinguish between the different ones now—we know the lines must have dropped back if only for that reason.

Two letters lie open on my bed before me—Mother's and Roy's.

My dearest Girlie:

Isn't it wonderful that Roy has had the M. C. Wonderful and sad. Our poor blinded hero. And my little girlie is to marry him and be his eyes. I am proud of him, as proud as though he were the son God has denied me, the son I would so gladly have given to England had I been able. I gave my youngest girl to England, my little Trix, whose medals I always wear on official occasions. But, in the midst of my grief, I can still smile and thank God that she died in the service of her country—a country that will never forget. The brave boy is in hospital in Brighton and his poor mother is with him. She is grieved at his affliction but, as she says, how much worse if he hadn't been recommended for an M. C. It really is a *great compensation*. I'm sure the dear boy thinks so too. Dear boy, I feel already that he is my own son.

And, darling, you really must give up that absurd WAAC job. The wife of a captain and M. C. can hardly go on peeling vegetables, can she? I have written to your Unit Administrator and suggested it.

Darling, what an inestimable privilege you have, marrying one of England's disabled heroes, devoting your life to his service! . . .

Your ever-loving
MOTHER.

Dear Nell:

The nurse is writing this for obvious reasons. Mother will have told you about my eyes and my leg, but there is something she hasn't told you because she doesn't know. There will never be any perambulator on that lawn of ours, Nell. You understand? I couldn't expect you to marry me. You're brick enough to stand the blindness and the limp, but the other is too much to ask any woman. So I release you from your promise.

I suppose they've told you of the M. C. If I was writing this myself I'd tell you what they could do with it.

Don't worry about me, Nell; I don't really care. I haven't cared about anything for a long time. I only wish to Christ they'd left me another five minutes in the trench. Yours, ROY.

I pick up my pen slowly.

Dear Roy:

Don't be a silly ass. I hate kids, anyway.

Yours in haste to catch the post,
NELL.

"Air raid!"

I collect my blankets and mattress methodically as usual and don my coat and hat and muffler. The night is clear and cold and cloudless, without a breath of wind. An ideal night for a raid. Outside the girls are hastily falling in, ready for roll-call. Cheery, Misery and Blimey fall in beside me. They are laughing and chattering.

Waiting in the Dark

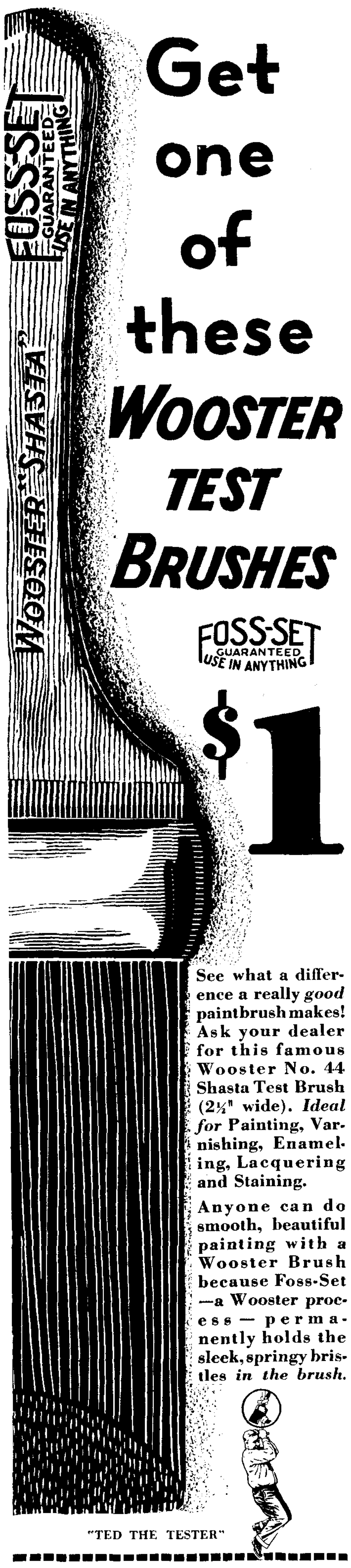
We are so accustomed to this sort of thing that we regard it merely as an infernal nuisance. Familiarity breeds contempt. Our shelter is lined with sandbags and earth, and unless the man in the machine scores a bull's-eye nothing can harm us. We know it is difficult to make a direct hit from the air. So let's make the best of life. Cheery has a tin of toffee, Blimey and I have some biscuits and chocolate, while Misery has the inevitable crochet work which she can do as ably in the dark as in the light.

"March!"

We stagger forth, stumbling and giggling with our cumbersome loads. A mile is not a long distance, but army mattresses are no joke to carry for any length of time. We arrive gasping. There is no sign of the enemy planes as yet—the warning has been given in excellent time. We settle ourselves comfortably.

Misery immediately starts a frenzied assault on the bedspread while Cheery

(*Continued on page 78*)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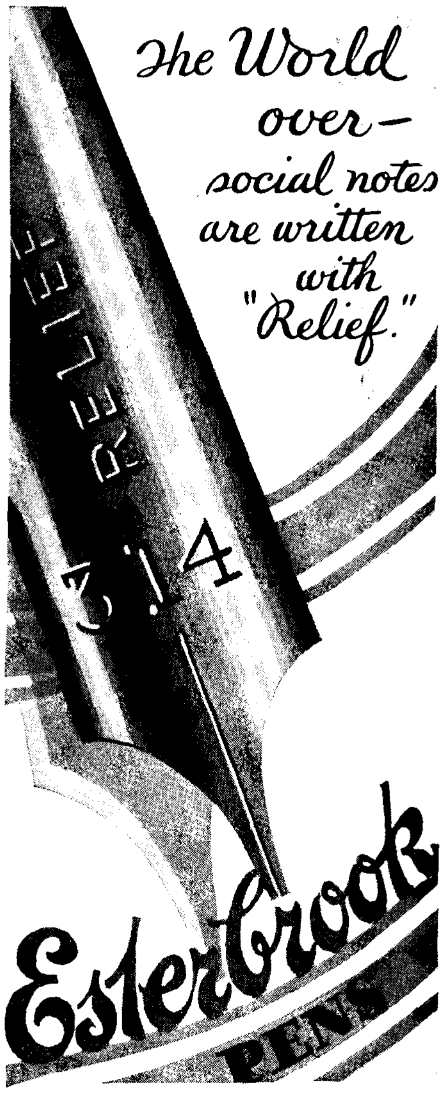
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(*Continued from page 77*)

and Blimey, sotto voce, in case a forewoman hears, begin to tease her about Fred.

"I betcher Fred's 'avin' a good old 'ot time in the ole town tonight with some of them munition girls," says Blimey, slyly digging me in the calf.

"Hark!" whispers Misery. "Hark!"

The enemy planes have come within earshot. Buzz, buzz, buzz—like a giant swarm of giant bees.

The gossip and the laughter die down to a murmur, then gradually fade away altogether. We sit there in the semi-darkness waiting. It is not the most pleasant sensation in the world sitting in a shelter waiting for bombs to drop. Even though the odds are a hundred to one against a direct hit, it is a nasty feeling—like anticipating a dentist's drill, or making a speech in public, or hearing a burglar trying an insecure window-catch—apprehensive, uncertain of what may happen next.

Falling Bombs

Now the picnic has started. The bombs are falling thick and fast, each explosion nearer. Worse tonight than they have ever been, we whisper. We whisper the same thing every night. In the half-light I can see Misery's fingers working rapidly—in and out she wriggles the crochet hook, her voice murmuring—"Two chain, three treble, two double crochet, four treble, turn, two chain—" Her plain, gaunt, absorbed face bends over the work as though she can see the pattern plainly. She has been working on the bedspread for eighteen months—another six months and it will be ready for her and Fred. "*If* the war ends then, but wot 'ope?" says Misery, always the perfect pessimist.

There is a terrific explosion, startling in its unexpectedness, like a frightful peal of thunder, followed by a rain of shots. We know what that is—machine guns aimed from the air at some target after the bomb has scored a hit. We sit up. Hardly have we recovered from the shock than there is another ear-splitting explosion—nearer. More machine-gun fire follows it. Now we see the machine overhead, outlined black against the clear sky. The bombs are dropping all round the trench. Our ears are ringing. We are all deathly quiet now, watching—all but Misery, who crochets for dear life. Another bomb and another hail of machine-gun fire. We stare at one another, not daring to ask what we are all thinking.

Have they found our trench? Are they aiming at us? They seem to be concentrating dead on us. Usually they make for the soldiers' encampment to the right or the woods to the left, but tonight is different. Another ear-splitting explosion. A flash of flame. That was very near. The noise of the engine is near, too. They are flying very low tonight.

Ploo-op. Crash! Through the half-light our eyes seek one another, startled. We listen. Four engines. We can count them distinctly. Four bombers flying low over our trench. Someone asks what our own planes are doing to let the raiders through like this, dropping their bombs like rain, deafening us until our heads are pounding and our ear drums throbbing.

"Put that blarsted crochay away," whispers Blimey harshly. "Fair get on my nerves you do, crochayin' as though they was playin' marbles up there with them bombs, gettin' on everybody's nerves you are with yer rotten crochayin'—"

Ploo-op. Crash!

The end of the trench suddenly collapses with a roar. There is a flash of flame outside. The sandbags cave in slowly as though coming to a mighty decision before falling. The bomb has caught the end of the trench. Five feet to the left and the airman would have scored a direct hit. One of the girls is hit—bleeding. The others, panic-stricken, begin to huddle together at the other end. The plane comes down in a swoop, lower, lower—engine roaring. We can see his bombs hanging below the wings. Lower, lower—another bomb is unleashed. It falls in the middle of the trench.

There is a mighty explosion, a flash of flame, an ear-splitting percussion that knocks me flat on the ground. Something falls on me. I lose consciousness. When I come to, girls are screaming all round me—the air is filled with the groans of the dying. Something heavy is lying across my legs. With difficulty I remove it. It is a sandbag. I stand up. My mouth is full of dirt but I am not hurt. Beside me lies Cheery—she is quite dead. The top of her head is blown off and one of her hands is missing. She looks as though she had tried to shield her face. Blimey is bleeding from a wound in the arm—the blood is pouring from it. "Now see wot's 'appened to me new burberry all covered in blood, now see wot's 'appened to me new burberry all covered in blood"—she keeps muttering, holding her arm out to divert the stream from her clothing to the ground. I cannot see Misery anywhere. There is a pile of earth and wood where she had been sitting. Madly I begin to dig, with bare hands. I find an edge of the crochet work—she is not far from it. I manage to get her out. I raise her head. She is alive—just. She cannot speak. Her lips open and shut soundlessly. She wants something. I hand her the crochet work. A look of content comes over her plain face. The crochet bedspread will never be finished by Misery. She dies as I watch her.

The trench is like a slaughterhouse. All round me girls are lying dead or dying. Some are wounded. The wounded are trying to staunch one another's blood. A few are shell-shocked. One scales the side of the shelter frantically, scrabbling and digging her toes into the earth like a maddened animal, then runs shrieking into the night. In the distance the buzz of the planes grows fainter and fainter. The raiders have been beaten off at last.

I tie Blimey's arm. She nearly fights me as I tear strips from her petticoat to bind the artery. At last voices are heard. Soldiers from the camp rush on the scene, cursing and blaspheming at the sight of the mangled women.

There's Nothing More to Lose

The roll is called. The casualties are heavy. Ten dead, two missing, twenty-four injured. Four are unhurt, and of these three are shell-shocked. I am the only woman out of forty to escape.

The ambulances are coming. The dead are lying neatly in a row. The wounded lie beside them. Soldiers are trying to dress their wounds. Blimey is unconscious from loss of blood. Her burberry will never be any use again. Misery and Cheery lie at my feet. Misery is clasping her unfinished crocheted bedspread. Cheery looks curiously naked without her right hand. The stump of her arm is still shielding her face.

A soldier comes over to where I am sitting on the side of the trench.

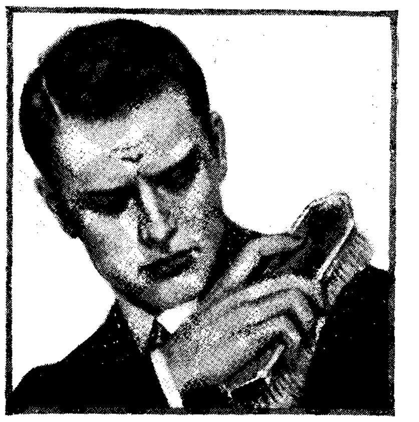
"Well, you wasn't meant to die tonight," he says.

I turn my head in his direction and begin to laugh softly. He is alarmed.

"Can't get you a drink, can I? You're not hysterical nor nothing?"

I tell him no. I have never felt less hysterical in my life.

THE END



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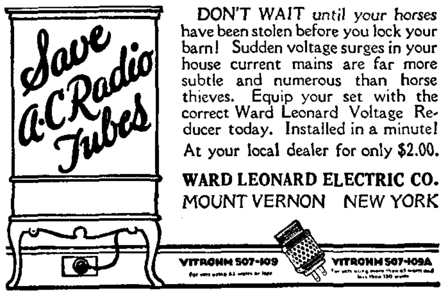

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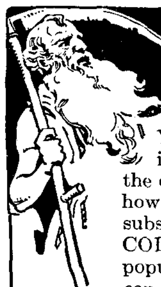

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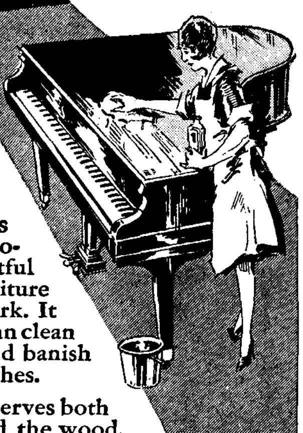

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Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 19

"It means," I replied, in a voice as husky as his own, "that someone has finished the job . . . and finished it as Sir Lionel had planned!"

The Tomb of the Black Ape was extraordinary.

Whilst structurally it resembled in its main features others with which I was familiar, it was notable in its possession of an endless fresco of huge black apes. There were no inscriptions. The sagging portcullis viewed from the interior of the chamber created an odd hiatus in the otherwise unbroken march of the apes.

Low down in the corner of one wall was a square opening which I surmised must lead to an antechamber, such as is sometimes found. The place contained absolutely nothing so far as I could see except a stone sarcophagus, the heavy lid of which had been removed and laid upon the floor. Within was a perfectly plain wooden mummy-case, apparently of sycamore, its lid in position.

I WAS defeated. Either the mummy-case was the least valuable object in the burial chamber, and everything else had been looted, or the thieves had been interrupted in the very hour of their triumph!

I hope I have made the scene clear. Ali standing almost as still as a statue, holding his lantern aloft; Weymouth a dim figure at one end of the sarcophagus, and I facing him from the other; the black apes marching eternally around us. Because this was the scene, deep there in the Egyptian rock, upon which eerily a sound intruded. . . .

"What's that?" Weymouth whispered.

We stood listening, reduced to that frame of mind which makes sane men believe in ghosts.

And, as we listened, the sound grew nearer.

It was made by soft footsteps. . . .

Weymouth recovered himself first; and:

"Quick!" he whispered to Ali. "Through the opening!"

He pointed to that square gap which I have mentioned and which I supposed communicated with an antechamber.

"Quiet!" he added. "Not a sound!"

Led by Ali, we crossed the chamber, and as the headman stooped and disappeared only a dim and ghostly light shone out to guide us.

"Go on!" Weymouth urged.

I ducked and entered. Weymouth followed.

"Cover the lantern!"

Ali began to speak rapidly in Arabic, but:

"Cover the lantern!" Weymouth repeated angrily. "Be quiet!"

Ali threw something over the lantern and we found ourselves in utter darkness.

In a low tone, the headman began to speak again, but:

"Silence!" Weymouth ordered.

Ali Mahmoud became silent. He was one of the bravest men I have ever known, but, now, his broken tones spoke of fear. Partially, I had gathered what he wanted to say. My recognition only added to the horror of the situation.

That quiet shuffling had ceased. The air was indescribably stuffy, as one finds it in such places. I knelt, resting my shoulder against the side of the opening, hoping that I might have some view of the outer chamber if anyone carrying a light should enter it.

Hard breathing in my ear told of Weymouth's nearness.

Of the size or shape of the place in which we were hiding I had formed no impression whatever.

There was absolute silence. I found myself listening to the ticking of my wrist-watch. A minute passed.

Then dawned a dim light. It outlined the triangle beside the portcullis.

The light increased. I recognized it as the ray of an electric lamp. And in some strange way this discovery was a relief. I supposed, without recognizing the fact, I had been in the grip of superstitious fear. God knows *what* I had expected!

But the approaching threat became less horrible at the moment I realized the presence of modern science in its equipment.

A figure appeared in the opening . . . a fan of white light spread itself across the floor.

The figure stooped and entered. . . I saw an Arab woman robed in shapeless black, her pose furtive. She held a flash lamp, casting its ray all about the burial chamber. This was anomaly enough. But I was less concerned with it than with the hand that held the torch. . . .

A delicately slender hand it was, nurtured in indolence—an unforgettable hand, delicious yet repellent, with pointed, varnished nails; a cultured hand possessing the long, square-jointed thumb of domination; a hand cruel, for all its softness, as the velvet paw of a tigress.

My breath came sharply. Weymouth's fingers gripped my shoulder.

Had he seen what I had seen? Did he understand?

The woman crossed in the direction of the sarcophagus. I saw that she wore loose slippers—that her ankles were of that same dull ivory as the chaste, voluptuous hand.

She disappeared. Only by those shadows which the torchlight cast could I judge of her movements. She went all but silently in those soft slippers, but I thought that she had stooped to examine the sarcophagus. Apparently she made no attempt to raise its wooden lid. The light grew brighter—ever brighter.

SHE was approaching the low entrance to that antechamber in which we crouched!

At the very threshold she paused.

The light of her lamp painted a white fan which extended to within a few inches of my knees, touching nothing but rugged floor. By sheer chance—as I thought, then—no one of us came within its radius.

It moved, shining now directly upon the triangular opening beside the portcullis. I could see the woman's body as a dim outline. She stooped and went out. I listened to the rubble moving beneath her slippered feet as she mounted the sloping passage. Weymouth's breathing became audible again close to my ear. The sound receded . . . receded . . . and ceased; then:

"Ali," Weymouth directed. "Uncover the light."

Ali Mahmoud, dragging his robe from the lantern, dim yellow light showed us the low-roofed, rough-hewn chamber in which we crouched.

"Effendim!" Ali exclaimed, in quivering tones. "I saw him when first we came in. Look!"

Face downward upon a mound of rubbish in an angle farthest from the entrance was a brown man, naked except for his loin cloth and dark turban knotted tightly about his head!

"He is cold," Ali continued; "and as I

(*Continued on page 80*)

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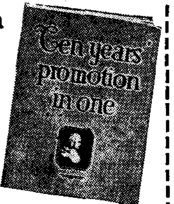

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ECONOMY — speed — safety — and durability — you get these in an "Old Town" square-stern sponson powered with an outboard motor. She skims the water — shoots along as stoutly as the staunchest cruiser.

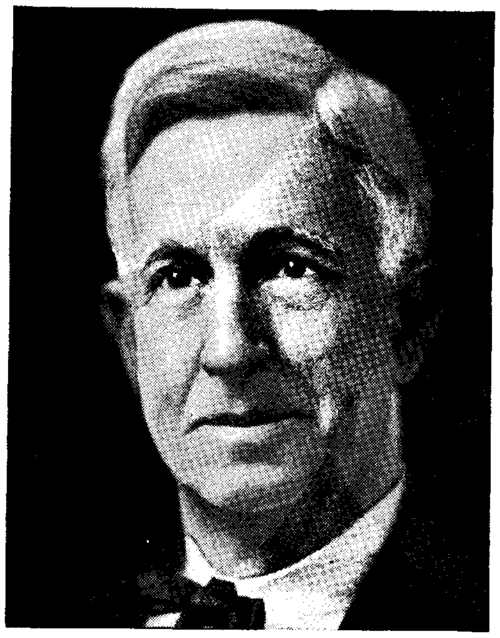
The extra-strong stern cares for the weight of the motor. Rigidity is wrought into the ribs . . . no vibration or shaking. This and the heavy, non-leak canvas means she won't "loosen up" and need soaking or caulking. An "Old Town" doesn't require going over for a long, long time.

Free catalog shows many outboard craft, including big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood family boats; dinghies; rowboats; speedy step-planes; and also all canoe types. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 143 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

Running A City Man-Sized Job

—but it never got too big for Kirby of Abilene!



"I CAN ride down two horses a day, and ride them rough, too, if necessary." That's the way the Hon. E. N. Kirby, 64-year old ex-mayor of Abilene, Texas, feels about life in general.

They say down in Abilene, a hustling 30,000 population Texas City, that a good deal of ex-mayor Kirby's success is due to his brimming vitality. His Honor pins that good health, not on any magic, not on any strange diets, or difficult exercises, but on a simple discovery, which, as he says, he would not give up for $5,000 in gold. That was Nujol.

It is the simplest thing in the world to be well the Nujol way, and millions of people have found out the happiness—the brimming, buoyant, joyous health—that Nujol brings. We all have poisons in our bodies, which make us low in our minds, depressed, and which interfere with our happiness. Nujol cleans these out, as regularly as clockwork. Not with drugs, not with medicines, but with natural internal lubrication, which our bodies need as much as any machine. Isn't that simple?

The Hon. E. N. Kirby thinks he made a great discovery when he found Nujol ten years ago. Suppose you see what Nujol will do for *you*. Just get a bottle tonight in its sealed package in any drug store. It costs but a few cents, and it makes you feel like a million dollars. It is hard to believe that the way to happiness through health is so easy—but the only way for you to prove it is to try it yourself. Nobody else can do it for you. *Begin Nujol tonight!*

If you want to know how to keep well, send for free 24-page book "Getting the Most Out of Life." Address Nujol Laboratories, Dept. 5-A, 2 Park Ave., New York.

A PAYING BUSINESS AT HOME!

Using his home as his office, Charlie Cox of Washington has built up a permanent, profitable business by looking after the local subscription interests of COLLIER'S and other Crowell publications in his town. The same opportunity is yours if you want to take advantage of it.

LET US HELP YOU

Without cost or obligation, free outfit and instructions for turning your spare time into cash will be sent if you WRITE TODAY.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-81
The Crowell Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York

DON'T BE BURIED ALIVE!

Be An $8000 A Year Man

$20 to $25 a DAY. Cash in Your Pocket Every Night

BILLS . . . BILLS . . . BILLS. There they are staring you in the face. You want to pay them . . . every man does . . . but sometimes you don't know what to use for money. Listen! . . . do you know what's the matter? You're not earning what you are worth. You can put $20 in your pocket every day and it is up to you to do it. The KRISS-KROSS Stropper has helped thousands solve this one big problem and why not you. Mail the coupon today for the big money making plan.

Wake Up — Get on Top — Make Thousands of Dollars

Become the local representative of the amazing shaving invention . . . The KRISS-KROSS Stropper. If you are an ambitious man we will appoint you at once. Hundreds of men have made $20 to $50 in a single day . . . we need more . . . we need you . . . thousands are waiting for a demonstration of the KRISS-KROSS Stropper. To show it, is to make a sale . . . and a sale puts real money in your jeans in a jiffy. N. C. Paige made $104 in three days. He says . . . "they simply take it out of your hands. I really don't have to sell it at all." Paige is just an ordinary fellow but he sure is going like a house afire. You can do it too. H. King pulled out $66 in one day. Better send the coupon now . . . get started . . . learn the facts . . . it will not cost you one cent.

Free Razor Offer

IF YOU ACT NOW!

We want Quick Action. If you get busy and send in coupon at once, we will send you our amazing FREE KRISS-KROSS Razor Offer, but act at once or you may be too late.

KRISS-KROSS CORPORATION, Dept. C-404
1418 Pendleton Ave., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Tell me how I can make big money demonstrating KRISS-KROSS Stroppers. Also send complete details of your selling plan and your FREE RAZOR offer.

Name..

Address..

City.............................State..........

(*Continued from page 79*)

knelt in the darkness I had to support my weight upon his dead body. . . ."

On hands and knees I crawled out into the passage. I contrived to make no sound.

Ali's lantern was just visible at the bend. Standing upright, I headed for it, stepping warily. At the corner I dropped to my knees again and stared up the slope. She was not in sight: I could trace the path beyond the wall to the next bend.

I proceeded. . . .

IN VIEW of the ladders I pulled up. A vague light, moonrays on black velvet, broke the darkness. I thought perhaps it came down the shaft . . . but it began to fade.

I hurried forward. I reached our excavation and looked up. No one was on the ladders.

Hopelessly puzzled I stood, listening.

And in that complete stillness I heard it again . . . the sound of footsteps softly receding. . . .

She had gone up the steep slope which led to the former entrance—but which now ended in an impassable mass of rock!

I had her!

Weymouth's instructions were forgotten. I meant to make a capture! This woman was the clue to the mystery. . . . It was she who had stolen the Chief's body!—and even without the clue provided by Rima's camera I should have known her in spite of disguise.

Madame Ingomar!

Scrambling over irregular masses of stone, I had not gone five paces, I suppose, before a definite fact intruded itself. Whereas the air in the lower passage was fetid, almost unbreathable, here it was comparatively fresh.

I came to the angle, rounded it, and stopped. . . . I shot the ray of a torch ahead, expecting a wall of rock.

An irregular opening, some five feet high, yawned, cavernesque, at the right of the passage!

Running forward, I climbed through, throwing the ray of my torch before me. This opening had been completed at some earlier time, closed and *camouflaged*.

I stood in a shallow pit. A ladder rested beside me, rearing its length into the darkness above. All this I saw as I stared upward, intently.

Light in hand, I mounted the ladder. . . . I found myself in a low tunnel. I stood still, listening, but could detect no sound. I pushed on, cautiously, the air growing ever fresher, until suddenly recognition came.

Switching off the light, I stared up to an opening where one pale star hung like a diamond pendant.

The passage ahead of me was empty. But I knew now where I stood, and I knew how the woman had escaped. . . .

This was *Lafleur's Shaft!*

WEYMOUTH nodded, looking very grim.

"We are dealing with a she-devil," he said, "and I suppose she came to look for her servant—"

He shone a light upon the upturned face of the man we had found in that chamber. It was a lined, leering face, hideous now by reason of the fact that the man had died from strangulation. Between the brows was a peculiar, colored mark—how produced I could not imagine. But it appeared to have been seared in the yellow flesh, and then enameled in some way.

"A Burman," Weymouth went on, "and a religious dacoit."

"What does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means that our worst suspicions were correct," Weymouth replied. "If ever I saw one, this is a servant of Dr. Fu Manchu! This carries me back, Greville, to a scene in Sir Lionel's house late in 1913—the death of the Chinaman, Kwee. It may be a coincidence but it's an odd one. Because Kwee met his death when he was engaged on the same duty which I presume brought this yellow demon here."

"The murder of Barton?"

Weymouth nodded.

"Precisely. It's more than strange, and it's very horrible."

"Yet surely there's hope in it," I exclaimed excitedly. "This man belonged to the enemy. He has been strangled. It is just possible. . . ."

"By heavens! It is!" he took me up. "After all he didn't die at the hands of his own friends."

"One thing is fairly certain," I said. "He came by the same route as the woman—by Lafleur's Shaft. What isn't certain is when a way was forced through—"

"Nor *why* a way was forced through!" Weymouth added. "What in heaven's name were they after? Is it possible"—he lowered his voice, staring at the procession of hideous, giant apes which marched eternally round the walls of the chamber—"that there was something in this tomb beyond. . . ." He nodded in the direction of the sarcophagus.

"Quite possible," I replied, "but lacking special information to the contrary the first thing any excavator would do would be to open the mummy-case."

"That seems to have been done."

"What!" I cried. "What!"

"Look for yourself," Weymouth invited, a curious expression in his voice.

HE DIRECTED a ray on one end of the sarcophagus; whereupon:

"Good God!" I cried.

The wooden rivets had been removed, the lid raised, and then replaced! Two wedges prevented its falling into its original position, leaving a gap of an inch or more all around. . . .

I stared in utter stupefaction, until:

"Have you any idea why that should be done?" Weymouth asked.

I shook my head. "Unless to make it easier to lift again," I suggested.

"If that was the idea," Weymouth went on quickly, "we will take advantage of it." He turned to Ali. "Hold the light—so. Now, Greville, get a grip with me, here. Don't move to any other part of the lid if you can avoid it—there may be fingerprints. And now. . . . See if we can raise it."

In a state of such excitement as I cannot describe, I obeyed. Simultaneously we lifted, steadily. It responded to our efforts, being lighter than I had supposed. . . .

When we had the lid at an angle of about forty-five:

"Hold it!" I called. "I'll take the other end."

"Right!" Weymouth agreed.

"Now!"

We lifted the lid bodily and laid it on the floor.

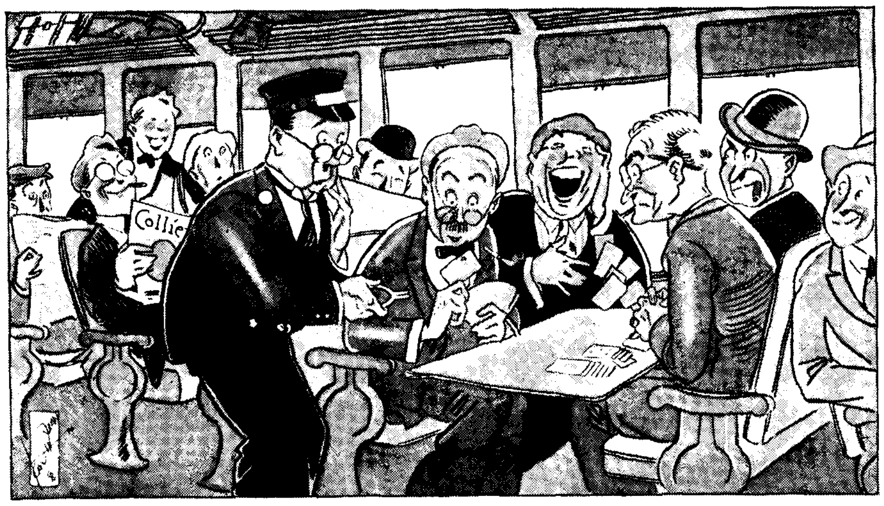
I could not have believed that that night of mystery and horror had one more thrill for my jaded nerves. Yet it was so, and it came to me then—an emotion topping all the others; such a thing as no sane man could have conjured up in his wildest imaginings. . . .

Amazed beyond reasonable articulation, I uttered a sort of strangled cry, staring—staring—down into the sarcophagus.

Overstrain and the insufferable atmosphere of the place may have played their parts. But I must confess that the procession of apes began to move about me, the walls of the tomb to sway.

I became aware of a deadly sickness, as I stared and stared at the gray-white face of *Sir Lionel Barton*, lying in that ancient coffin wrapped in his army blanket!

(*To be continued next week*)



The commuters' bridge game broke up the other morning when Mr. Winnow let the conductor punch the ace of spades instead of his ticket

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 6-5-4-2
H. 5
D. A-K-6-4
C. J-9-5-3

West
S. J-8
H. K-Q-J-10-7-3-2
D. Q-9-5-3
C. None

East
S. Q-9
H. 9
D. J-10-8-7-2
C. K-8-7-6-4

South
S. A-K-10-7-3
H. A-8-6-4
D. None
C. A-Q-10-2

TODAY'S hand (given in last week's Collier's) was called to my attention as having been played in a game of Duplicate Contract.

At Auction Bridge South would bid one Spade, West two Hearts, North two Spades, East and South would pass. West would bid three Hearts, North and East would pass, and South would bid three Spades. At Contract South would bid two Spades, West three Hearts and North four Spades.

South's two Spades at Contract would be justified because to make that bid it is only necessary to have a six-trick hand, at least three of which tricks are in high cards; and South has four high-card tricks plus the Queen of Clubs—the two small Spades in his five-card Spade suit meet the requirement for two more tricks. A hand that contains four high-card and two low-card tricks is stronger than one containing the three of each.

North has a combination of assets, all helpful for a Spade bidder, which fully justify the double jump.

In the past it has been difficult to measure the combined value of such varied assets; but now there is a table of unit counts which I find very dependable. In that table we reckon four cards of partner's suit as worth 2 points, a singleton in any suit but trumps as worth 4 points, and the Ace and King of any other suit as worth 10 points. The Jack-high four-card suit (Clubs) is not considered a measurable asset. Reckoned by that standard, North's hand counts 16. When a partner starts by bidding two of a suit, a jump to three should be made with 8, 9, 10 or 11 points, to four with 12 or more points. It could be made to five with 16 points if the original bid had been in a minor and five-odd were needed for game; but 16 is hardly sufficient to justify a slam invitation, which jumping partner's two of a major to five would be.

The Play

At all the tables West led the King of Hearts, which South won, and at some tables South immediately led a second Heart for North to ruff. East over-ruffed and led a Club; West ruffed that and led a third Heart. North ruffed and East over-ruffed a second time, and East then led a second Club, which West ruffed; so the adversaries made their four trumps separately and saved game. At two tables at which South led a Heart to trick 2 the disaster was even greater because South played the Ace on East's Club lead at trick 3 and consequently East's Club King captured a trick in addition to the four trump tricks won by him and his partner.

It seemed to me remarkable that any Declarer should fail to sense the danger of adverse ruffing in view of the unbalanced nature of the South hand and dummy, West's Heart bidding, and the play of the Nine of Hearts by East on the first trick. That play in itself should have suggested at least a possibility that East had no more Hearts, and it was practically certain that he had a trump and could over-ruff North. Probably the Souths made their slips as a result of supposing that a number of North's trumps would be needed for ruffing Hearts. If North could ruff one Heart without an over-ruff, South could get two discards on North's two winning Diamonds, and then the Club finesse could be tried; but before all this, to tricks 2 and 3 two rounds of trumps should have been led.

After the lead of the Ace and King of trumps from the South hand to tricks 2 and 3, having drawn all the adverse trumps, Declarer would lead a Heart, which dummy would ruff. Then he would discard a losing Heart and a losing Club from the South hand on dummy's Ace and King of Diamonds. The last small Heart in the South hand would be a sure trick as it could be ruffed by dummy's last trump. The next lead from dummy should be the Jack of Clubs, and it will be seen at a glance that whether East covered or not would be immaterial. South would make all the Club tricks and consequently obtain a grand slam.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 7
H. 8-7-4-3
D. 9-6-4-3-2
C. 7-5-3

East
S. K-5-2
H. 6-5
D. K-Q-J-8
C. A-Q-J-10

West
S. A-J-10-9-4
H. 10-9-2
D. 10-7
C. K-6-2

South
S. Q-8-6-3
H. A-K-Q-J
D. A-5
C. 9-8-4

Have you ever shaved on a film of Glycerine?

LISTERINE
SHAVING
CREAM
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS MO U.S.A.

YOU know that glycerine is good for the skin. But do you know its *lubricating* benefits in a shaving cream?

It works wonders.

And the way to find out is not by wading through a billow of words. But by sliding your razor through a thick, creamy blanket of Listerine lather.

You realize that this new cream is different the instant you brush it up. It absorbs water like a sponge. It feels soothing and moist. It *is* moist. It *stays* moist. And next to your skin, it deposits a microscopic film of glycerine.

That makes a royal road for your razor. The sharp steel fairly glides along on the path made smooth and easy by that cushioning film of lubricant. Since there is no friction, most men find that it instantly ends dreaded scrape and pull.

There is no sticky feeling. No heat or harshness. Instead, your skin feels clean and contented, pleasantly protected and exhilarated by the antiseptic essences of Listerine.

Is it high-priced?

That all depends on your point of view, and on the toughness of your beard. This cream is the "baby" of the Listerine family. On it our chemists have lavished the attention always given to the last-born. So it is a superlative product. Price 50c for the big tube containing 118 inches of cream, enough for four to five months of painless shaving.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Shaving Cream

Real Fun for Real Boys

Oh! Boy, What do you want? You can have over 300 prizes by being a Crowell Junior Salesman and delivering three of the best known magazines to regular customers. It takes only a part of your spare time, and you need no experience to start. Score a home run by sending your name and address at once for information and supplies to—

Jim Thayer, Dept. C-56, The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Turbulent Mistress of the West

YOU have to see Chicago to believe it. There's nothing quite like it in all the world. Nowhere else, surely, is magnificent achievement so strangely overshadowed by blatant politics and violent crime.

You might circle the globe without finding a sight more thrilling than the picture of that new city of splendid towers. North, south and west from the Michigan Avenue bridge over the river your eye is caught by towering masses.

Chicago has not copied. Exultantly the mid-continental metropolis has created a new and a beautiful architecture. New York, Washington, Paris, London, none of the famous centers of civilization has been built upon a more gorgeous inspiration. The Chicago of great new buildings is in reality one of the wonders of the world.

That is one aspect of the city. It has others. Pick up a newspaper and you discover an honorable judge beginning his exhortation to a Cook County grand jury in these words: "While there may be a greater degree of lawlessness in other American cities, Chicago is popularly known as the most lawless."

Read your paper a little more and you discover that Chicago, richest city after New York, has no money to pay its twenty-four thousand odd public employees.

Years of misgovernment under the most raucous of American demagogues brought the city government to virtual insolvency.

A lot of people live in Chicago and they are not all of one breed. The same West Side which harbored Hull House and Jane Addams, world-famous leader of humanitarian causes, is also the refuge of the beer barons, the merchants of vice and the killer gangs.

If Chicago has its whisky rings, there is another Chicago which led all the world in providing playgrounds for its children and public recreation places for all its people.

The most amazing things are being accomplished. One group of business men centering in the Chicago Plan Commission gave the people a vision of a beautiful city.

Within a few years the Chicago River was lifted from its bed and given a new and straighter channel. Wide boulevards were projected and vast areas were cleared so that great highways might be created.

Along the banks of what was once the dirtiest of rivers palatial buildings and elevated boulevards have been constructed. Commercial enterprise is erecting monuments to its own glory as in another era the military Napoleons rebuilt their Paris.

Creators go grimly about their work, each absorbed in his own pursuits. Out south the University of Chicago stands, and wherever men care about science and scholarship the fame of its leaders is cherished. Four times the Nobel prize for scientific achievement has been awarded to Americans and three times to men whose work has been done in the University of Chicago.

Out on the Midway stands the Billings Clinic, named in honor of a great Chicago doctor, built to bring the best of medical service within the reach of people of modest means. Long after the Capone gangs are but evil memories the work carried on in that great hospital will be a comfort to sufferers everywhere.

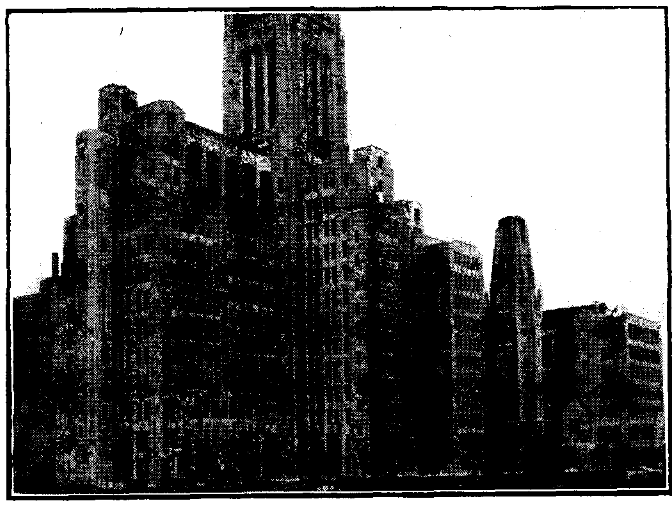
You can add to this record of admirable achievement almost endlessly. Chicago's Symphony Orchestra stands high in the world of music. Musicians who have never heard of the demagoguery of "Big Bill" Thompson know of the fine accomplishments of Frederick Stock. So it runs on.

How does it happen that a city which has built so soundly and so brilliantly should have permitted its fame to be obscured by abominable politics?

Perhaps a part of the answer is to be found in our very diversity. Chicago is not merely one city. It is many cities, populated by men and women of vastly different customs, traditions, political habits and ideals.

The pioneer spirit also is strong in Chicago and the pioneer was often lawless even though he was a builder.

Ask a Chicagoan the answer and he will tell you that he just hasn't had time to clean up his political front yard. Give him time and tomorrow he will take that on. Perhaps he is right. Certainly what has already been accomplished in so short a time is promise enough of any achievement.

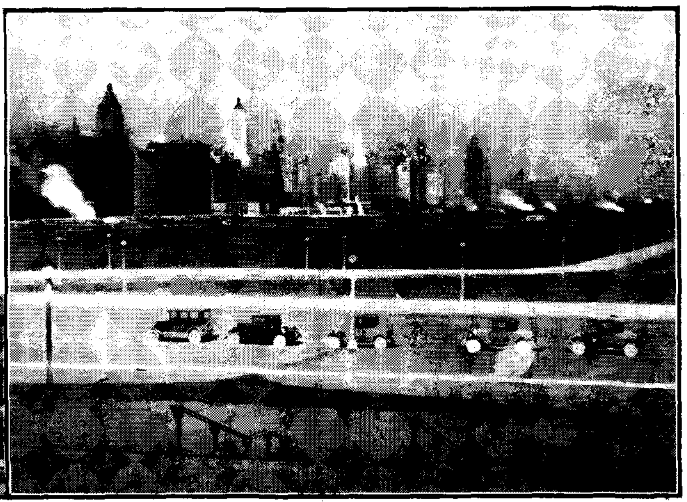


Underwood & Underwood

A group of buildings at Northwestern University, including the nineteen-story administrative office building

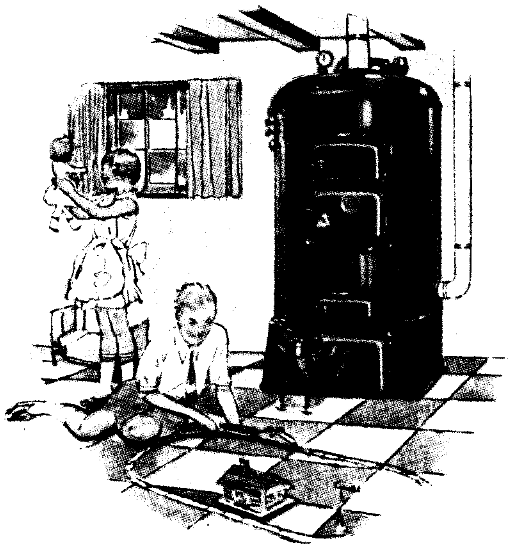
Underwood & Underwood

Collier's Chicago offices are in this modern building at 333 N. Michigan Avenue

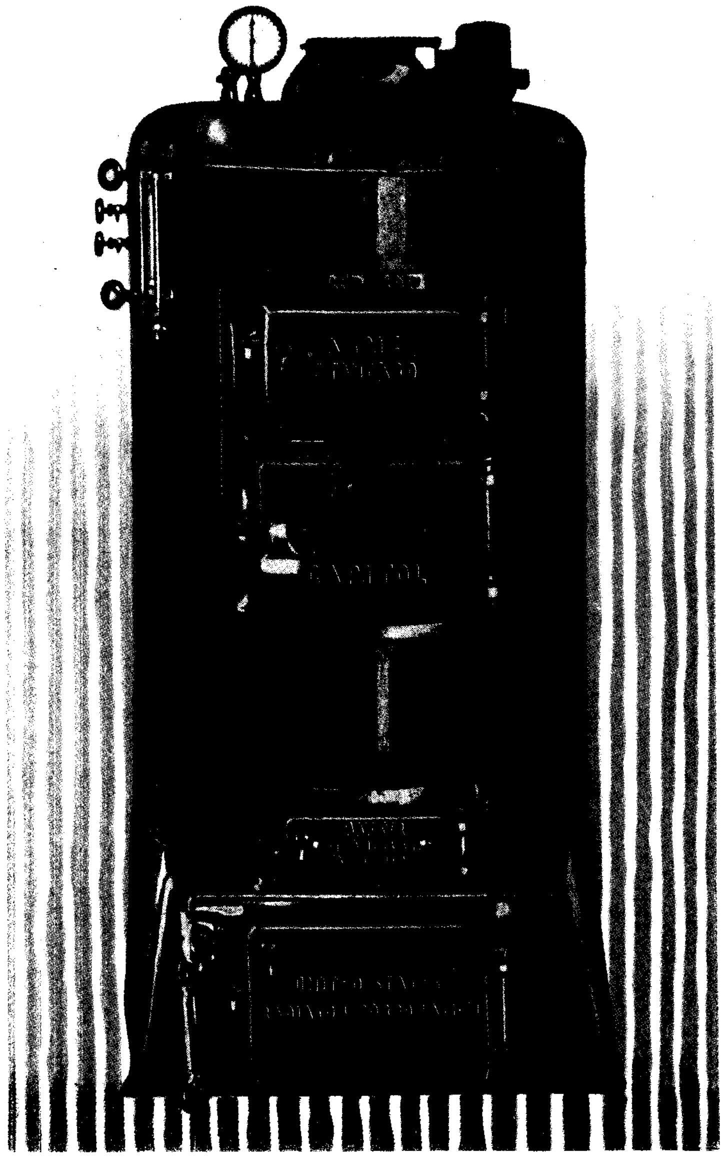


Wide World

A section of the Chicago skyline, as it appears from the steps of the Field Museum, looking toward the northwest



Why is the Red Cap better for oil heating?



The Capitol Red Cap

Because it embodies every improvement known in round boilers, it is a good boiler to use with oil or any other fuel. A staunch jacket of baked enamel is in red and blue. A thick blanket of rock wool, the finest obtainable, suggests its quality in every particular.

. . . Let us ask you another . . .

Why is a truly great race horse better on any kind of track? Because his breeding and stamina and speed will tell, whether the going underfoot is fast or heavy.

In exactly the same way, the truly fine *Capitol Red Cap* proves its heating qualities, no matter what the fuel. Capitol engineers have designed it to permit easy installation of any type of oil burner. They have given it the plentiful combustion space, the long fire travel, important with coal or coke and especially important with oil. But primarily, the *Red Cap* is better for oil burning because it is a better boiler. Every advantage that it has with coal is present equally or magnified with oil. Whether coal or oil is burned, it saves fuel, heats rapidly, has ample reserve power, and operates easily.

Actual experience of home-owners burning oil in the *Capitol Red Cap*, *Red Top*, and *Red Head*, as well as Capitol unjacketed boilers, proves their merit. A check of Capitol boilers recently installed shows a remarkable percentage being fired with oil. If you have not fully recognized the pinnacle of modern heating represented by Capitol boilers with the fuel of your choice, see your heating contractor. And write to us for the interesting and valuable book on present day heating, "A Modern House Warming."

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION - DETROIT, MICHIGAN

8 Factories and 35 Assembling Plants Serve the Country—For 40 years builders of dependable heating equipment

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THE PACIFIC STEEL BOILER CORPORATION—Division of the United States Radiator Corporation, builds welded steel heating boilers for large installations — business buildings, factories, schools, hotels and large apartments.

Guaranteed Heating WITH

Capitol Boilers

AND RADIATORS

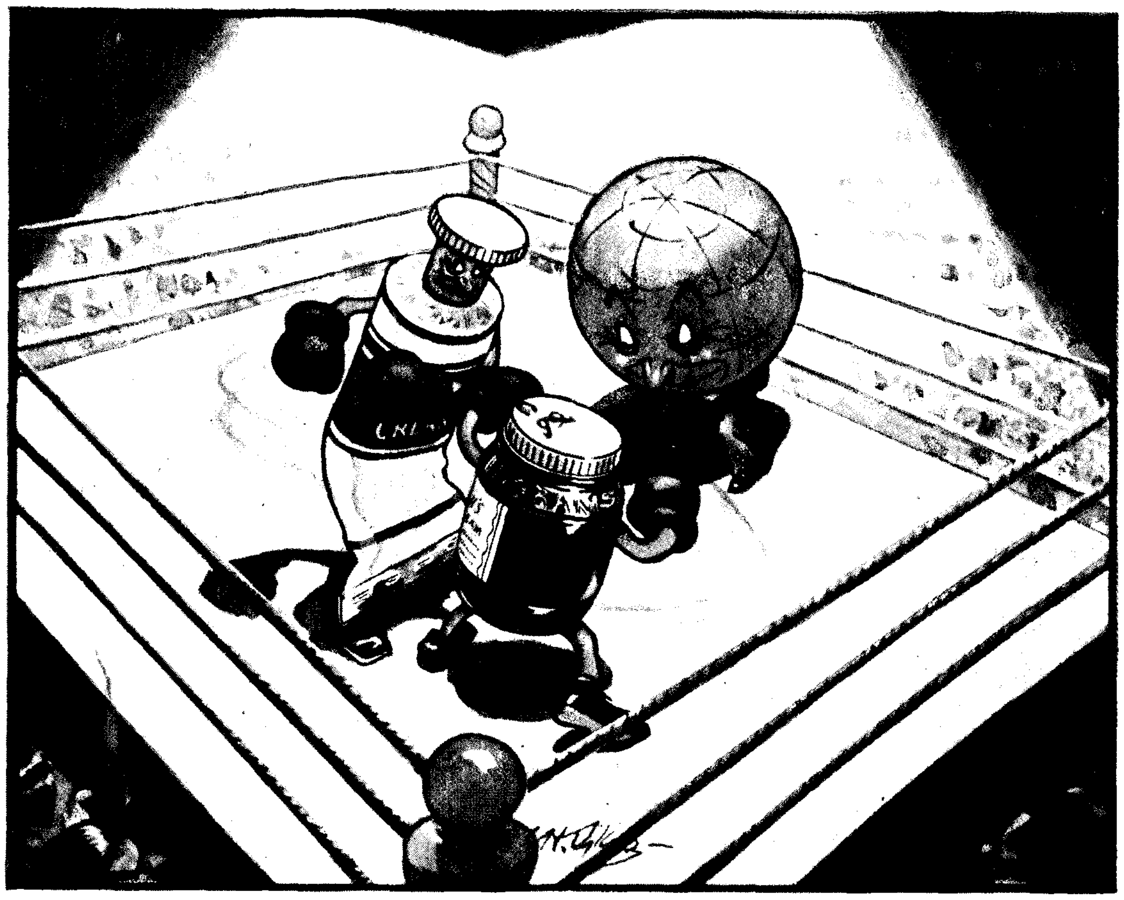
The $5,000.00 Contest has started a Company fight

The Pacific Coast disputes the Factory's Prediction! Contest open to everybody! 328 Cash Prizes!

"I pick the tube," says G. G. Harwood,
Manager
Western Branch

"The new Ingram tube is a sure success because it contains the coolest and best cream a man ever used. Whether it outsells the jar this year or not, a tube appeals to most men. Don't forget that when you make your predictions!"

Geo. G. Harwood



"The jar looks good" says W. M. Bristol, Jr.,
Vice-President
in Charge of Production

"When the discussion of a contest first came up, I realized a lot of men would be strong for the tube. I don't say it isn't going over well, but it will be a long time before it outsells the original Ingram jar! That jar has the preference of a million men!"

William McL. Bristol Jr.

WITH the Ingram Shaving Cream $5,000.00 prize contest barely under way, even the company officials are arguing about it!

Yet this contest—unlike most others—is free from tricks and red tape. You are merely asked to predict how our sales of the tube will compare with those of the famous Ingram jar during 1930!

Ingram's was introduced in a tube shortly before January 1st. Previously it was packed only in the little blue jar. Now you can get it in either jar or tube. The jar may be no beauty, but in five years it built one of the largest shaving cream businesses in the world! And don't forget—a million men like it!

Here are Ingram's sales:

1926..............	751,392 Jars
1927..............	1,148,628 Jars
1928..............	1,560,828 Jars
1929..............	1,992,998 Jars

The real reason for Ingram's remarkable growth is the cream itself—the first and best of all *cool* shaving creams! Some men like the jar. Others prefer a tube. Which will sell better? We don't know!

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less,* how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	**$1,000.00**
Second prize	**$500.00**
Third prize	**$250.00**
Next 325 prizes . .	*each* **$10.00**

Ingram's gives you a new conception of how bracing your morning shave *can* be and *should* be. Because of three special cooling and soothing ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin *while you shave.* You can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a week's supply of *cool* Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 596, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, *in whole or in part, for advertising or other* purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

* * *

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
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